

*Robert Lancaster*







# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

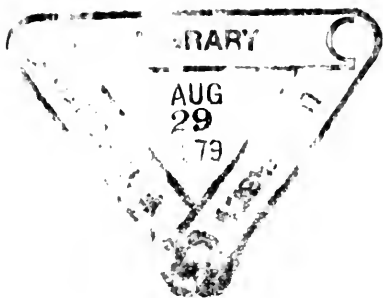
## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

A. H. BAILY & CO., CORNHILL.

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# BALLY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes



VOL. XXXV

1889



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# BAILY'S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 239.

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JANUARY, 1880.

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VOL. XXXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. G. F. LUTTRELL.

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1880.

# DIARY FOR JANUARY, 1880.

M W.  
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## OCCURRENCES.

- 1 TH Manchester Steeplechases. Rufford Coursing Meeting.
- 2 F Manchester Steeplechases.
- 3 S Meeting of the Gun Club at Notting Hill.
- 4 S SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
- 5 M
- 6 TU Epiphany. Currie, Dumfriesshire, Coursing Meeting.
- 7 W Meeting of the Gun Club at Notting Hill (Winter Cup).
- 8 TH York County Ball.
- 9 F Lichfield Fair.
- 10 S Meeting of the Gun Club at Notting Hill.
- 11 S FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
- 12 M Buckingham Fair.
- 13 TU Sale of Hunters, &c., at Rugby, by Messrs. Tattersall.
- 14 W Altcar Club Coursing Meeting.
- 15 TH South of England Coursing Meeting.
- 16 F
- 17 S Meeting of the Gun Club at Notting Hill.
- 18 S SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
- 19 M Rowing Match on the Tyne.
- 20 TU Howden Fair.
- 21 W Oakley Hunt Ball.
- 22 TH Rugby Hunt Ball.
- 23 F Aylesbury Fair.
- 24 S
- 25 S SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
- 26 M
- 27 TU Special Sale of Hunters, &c., at Rugby, by Messrs. Tattersall.
- 28 W Ridgway Club Coursing Meeting.
- 29 TH Chester Fair.
- 30 F
- 31 S

\* \* Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.





*G. A. Smith*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. G. F. LUTTRELL.

ON a terraced sward, with a grand background of moor,

‘Purple of foxglove and yellow of broom,’

the Bristol Channel and the Welsh coast on one side, and a fair deer park on the other, the Quantock hills forming a distant foreground, stands one of ‘the stately homes of England,’ a home of mark in the west country—Dunster Castle. If of not so venerable an age as many of our historic castles, yet on the site of the existing building the West Saxon kings had a fortress during the Heptarchy, and Dunne’s Torre (tower on the downs) is mentioned in ‘Domesday.’ It belonged then to the Mohuns, who were Earls of Somerset and good fighting men to boot; fighting, too, on the right side against the usurper Stephen, and for the daughter of Henry Beauclerc. Some two hundred years or so later, in the reign of Edward III., the Mohuns had fought themselves out. The brave old race had failed to perpetuate their name, at least in the male line, and so a Luttrell married their heiress and became the owner of Dunster Castle.

In the glow of a summer evening, when the sun’s rays are lingering on Dunkery Beacon, and before the shadows darken on Croydon Hill, when the somewhat muddy waters of the Bristol Channel take a clearer tone, and the park lies calm and tranquil under the castle walls, there are few more striking or beautifully situated places than Dunster. Indeed, under any circumstances, seen as probably it is at the time we write, the white mantle of winter as its covering, Dunster Castle cannot fail to command admiration. It commands respect also. It stood some hard knocks during the Great Rebellion, and made a memorable defence for King Charles I. against the rebels in 1644-5, when Colonel Windham was Governor; and the crop-eared Parliamentarians placed his mother, who had been taken prisoner, ‘in front to receive the first fary of his cannon.’ It is satisfactory to know that the brave old lady, who exhorted her son to do his duty, was rescued, and the siege raised.

But these are old-world stories. We are in the living present, with the lineal descendant of the old Luttrells, who, originally a Lincolnshire family, became, as we have said, in the early part of

the fourteenth century, the possessors of Dunster Castle. There they have lived in state and bounty until now; and Mr. G. F. Luttrell, the subject of our sketch, is the present owner of the castle and the family estates. Born in 1826, he passed through the usual *curriculum* of Eton and Oxford, being Captain of the Boats in 1845, and taking his degree at Christ Church in 1850. A fox-hunter from his earliest years, Mr. Luttrell, on the death of his father in 1862, succeeded to the Mastership of a pack of hounds with which that gentleman—a Peninsula and Waterloo officer—had hunted the country in the neighbourhood of Dunster; and with a small subscription continued the pack, until he succeeded in 1867, on the demise of his father's elder brother, to the family property. Then Mr. Luttrell determined to take no subscription, and from that time he has hunted that rough and difficult country, on which, perhaps, Quornites and men from the shires would look down, with the zeal and enthusiasm of a true sportsman. It is a country where men, horses, and hounds have to work hard; but Mr. Luttrell knows every acre of it, and to him it is a labour of love. Warmly attached as he is, however, to the sport, he does not make it the sole business of his life, but fulfils the rôle of an English gentleman of good estate, and takes upon himself the duties as well as the pleasures of that position. He had lately the honour of being the host of the Prince of Wales, when his Royal Highness came down to the west to enjoy some sport on Exmoor with the wild deer, and much as our Prince has seen of all that is grand and beautiful, he was, we believe, much struck with the somewhat wild and picturesque beauty of Dunster Castle.

## TOM JENNINGS'S JUBILEE.

### A LEGEND OF NEWMARKET.

THERE are 'high jinks' to-night  
 In the right little tight  
 Little town, where at seasons we're wont to alight,  
 Some half-dozen times in the course of the year,  
 As the dates of the 'principal races' draw near.  
 Newmarket has sworn  
 That Tom Jennings forlorn  
 No longer shall pine 'neath resentment and scorn,  
 Of that beast many-headed, the multitude, born:  
 So from garret to gutter  
 She's all of a flutter,  
 And lays in her stock of the 'best Irish' butter.  
 In the tenderest terms I'd allude to the matter,  
 The source of so much irresponsible clatter,  
 When some persons unknown  
 Raised a hiss and a groan  
 At certain proceedings, for ends of their own,  
 And a rough demonstration  
 Caused high indignation

Among Tom and his friends, who to shun the 'ovation,'  
Were compelled to sheer off in a cab to the station.

We've referred to this act,  
And we hope with some tact,  
For the purpose of placing on record the fact,  
That those in high places,  
Whose patronage graces  
Each town of assize on the circuit of races,  
Were unanimous quite in acquitting the Count  
And his trainer of what might be said to amount—

But such delicate ground  
I'll no longer beat round,  
All I wish to make clear is that Jennings, content  
With the whitewashing process, so far as it went,  
Yet through conscience' compunction  
Required 'extreme unction';

And his party accordingly carried a vote  
To bestow on their friend (an expression to quote  
Of the plumber and painter) 'another fine coat,'  
Which took, after sharp, short, and sweet consultation,  
The conventional form of a 'jollification.'  
But the feast—let us run through a list of the guests  
Who nodded assent to its founder's behests:

The talent and trade  
Of Newmarket made  
Such a capital show, such devotion display'd,  
That covers for quite half a hundred were laid.  
Both trainers and traders came well represented,  
And few were the civil excuses invented;

But the Dawsons three,  
Though they fully agree  
With the aim and the objects of this 'jubilee,'  
'Must really decline,' don't you know? don't you see?  
For Joe's got a terrible twinge in his knee,  
And John 'hardly ever' goes out on the spree,  
And Matthew invariably gets home to tea;

Which all savours strongly of 'fiddle-de-dec.'  
But they hasten to proffer the best of good wishes  
For the present consumption of delicate dishes,  
And the future abundance of loaves and of fishes.

And they *quite* sympathise  
With the gathering, that tries  
To lessen the flow from poor Jennings's eyes.

But the rest come drest  
In their Sunday best;  
There is dapper Tom Brown  
From the 'Top of the Town';  
Joseph Hayhoe the trim,  
Johnny Jewitt the slim,

And the portlier, statelier form of him  
 Who trains for the 'lord of the curly brim,'  
 And the rest of the fish in the Machell swim :  
 Fat Gilbert, who 'gets to a Nunnery' each night,  
 Dick Marsh, quite a swell in the very first flight ;  
 And old Peter Price  
 Dons his specs in a trice  
 As he forces the running for something that's nice ;  
 Charley Blanton, the husky,  
 Is calling for ' whuskey,'  
 For solids and sweets before whetting his tusk, he  
 With Jarvis and Enoch is 'crowning the bowl,'  
 While Manser's moustache gives a tone to the whole  
 Operation of purging Tom Jennings's soul.  
 The law, represented by Yorke, fills the chair,  
 But devil a prophet was asked to be there ;  
 Jack Lynton is 'vice,' *ex officii virtute*,  
 Harry Morris for 'Ring Continental' does duty,  
 But 'professional horse-watchers' furnish no leavening  
 'At the special desire of the guest of the evening.'

I might go through the *menu*,  
 All quite *en grand tennu*,  
 But would not, for worlds, with descriptions enchain you,  
 Of all that mine host, fairly put on his mettle,  
 Had furnished for spit, gridiron, oven, and kettle,  
 'In his very best style, to his guests' satisfaction'—  
 But previous to clearing the tables for action,  
 There are one or two *plats*, *specialites* quite,  
 Requisitioned to garnish the table that night,  
 I might be allowed to 'particularise,'  
 Like gourmets the truffles in Perigord pies :  
*Imprimis* the 'pottage'

Was none of your cottage  
 Concoctions, a compound of garlic and grease,  
 But a triumph of art, *à la bisque d'Ecrevisses*,  
 Interpreted thus, for behoof of the stray fish  
 Who can't tackle French—just a soup made of *cray* fish,  
 A sweet little delicate *bouche* by the way,  
 So called, I presume, because caught in the Cray ;  
 But whether the haul's  
 From St. Mary's, or Paul's,  
 I really can't say, you've all heard of the latter,  
 But beware how you mention this delicate matter,  
 Or you'll drive Mr. Weatherby mad as a hatter.

To resume,  
 The *legumes*  
 Were served, as in France ; and removed to make room  
 For the *pièce de résistance*—  
 I'll stake my existence



That rarely, when shooting, you've got within distance  
Of this *rara avis*—

Not *perdrix* nor *navis*,

Nor songster as free of his 'notes' as 'John Davis':

But a quarry unheard of in annals of sport,

A fabulous kind of a creature. In short,

Of the boiled and the roast,

What pleased them the most

Was that *morceau recherché*—a Phoenix on toast!

And the art of the cook

Had made the bird look

(Whether copied from nature or out of the book)

Like that ancient creation of mythical brain,

Who crows 'Here we are from our ashes again!'

At the 'Phoenix Fire Office' in Nicholas Lane.

Now the cloth is removed,

And the loyalty proved

For 'Queen,' 'Prince of Wales,' 'Army, Navy, Reserves,'

Time, temper, occasion, the President nerves

For the 'toast of the evening,' the man we delight

To honour, when sober, or mellow, or tight.

'Yorke, you're wanted,' arise

And extol to the skies

The guest who returns in such affable guise,

The bows of acquaintances, nods of his friends,

And winks of familiars. See, smiling he bends,

And a roar of applause from the table ascends.

For the speech from the Chair

A few lines we must spare,

Such legal acumen, such critical care,

Were its characteristics so racy and rare;

The sentiments all were encouraged to share.

'We're met here, my friends,

'To make some amends

'To a man whose repute as a trainer is known

'To the civilised world from the pole to the zone;'

(Hear, hear,

And a cheer.)

'And I fancy with me you'll be found to agree,

'In expressions of sympathy, deep and sincere,

'For the treatment he met with at Epsom this year,

'For the insinuation

'Of pulling' (sensation)

'Which justly provoked his profound indignation:

'We've known him too long

'To imagine he'd wrong

'His master, himself, or the public, so strong

'In their futile attempts to excite a jobation,

'And to blacken our excellent friend's reputation.'

The cheering that greeted the Chairman's conclusion  
Redoubled arose, as in conscious confusion

Tom arose to reply,  
With a tear in one eye,

Though its fellow appeared most remarkably dry,  
And winked in a style inexpressibly sly;  
And they scarcely know whether to laugh or to cry,  
As he takes up his parable, pithy and short,  
And proceeds something after the following sort :

‘ They might readily guess

‘ He could hardly express

‘ His thanks for their kindness, so much in excess

‘ Of all he could hope for : for years five and twenty

‘ He'd trained for the Count, and occasions were plenty

‘ For congratulations :

‘ Such cordial relations

‘ Twixt master and servant had always prevailed,

‘ And never too close to the wind had he sailed.

‘ His best thanks were due

‘ To those chivalrous few

‘ Who the “ Epsom *fiasco* ” had seen him safe through,

‘ To “ jolly Sir John ” and obliging “ Sir Garge,”

‘ Through whose intervention he still was at large,

‘ And ready to make,

‘ For his own credit's sake,

‘ A match for a billion or Banbury cake,

‘ 'Twould be P.P.\* of course—he'd a deal more to say

‘ In self-justification—but ah ! well-a-day !

‘ The sublime satisfaction

‘ Of straightness in action

‘ And of utter contempt for a querulous faction

‘ Was his chief consolation—

‘ From a man in his station

‘ They'd not be expecting quotations in Greek ;

‘ He couldn't say more, though he stood there a week,

‘ Both his heart and his stomach were too full to speak.’

Then rung roof and rafter

With shouting and laughter,

And song followed speech, ‘ with a sentiment after ’;

In bringing before them the toast of ‘ the chair,’

Commissioner Morris felt bound to declare,

He had mated with Tom from the days of youth,

And never had known him to ‘ walk round the truth’;

As to ‘ ringing the changes,’ that vile accusation

On the face of it carried its own refutation ;

No wonder the Count like a ‘ Jew's eye ’ apprised him,

For the pureness of motive that characterised him.

\* Query Phœnix v. Paul's Gray.—*Printer's Devil*.

And so on in this strain  
 Till Tom Jennings again  
 Would just trouble the comp'ny a bumper to drain  
 To his brethren in arms at Newmarket who train ;  
 He need not descant on  
 The merits of Blanton,  
 And the very best thing he could wish Cetewayo,  
 Was a good sweating gallop each morning with Hayhoe.  
 Then Lynton, with passionate pathos and feeling,  
 Referred to his friendship for Jennings, appealing  
 To the 'high sense of honour' and 'love of fair dealing.'  
 And the rest of the evening was 'strictly convivial,'  
 The serious tone yielding place to the trivial,  
 And all went home to bed,  
 Rather jovial and red,  
 But got up the next morning without any 'head,'  
 Having done a good deed at this jubilee bout  
 And whitewashed Tom Jennings within and without.

A.

---

'WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.'

AT twelve o'clock on the night of Tuesday, the 11th of November, the ancient ceremony of lopping and topping trees in Epping Forest was performed by the commoners of Loughton for the last time. It is generally supposed that the right to lop trees of the Forest for firewood had been granted, at some time or other, in compensation for the injury done by the deer to the gardens of the poor, and that the right depended upon the carrying out of this custom. The privilege had been grossly abused, and the wanton destruction of hundreds of trees, which might otherwise have become ornamental timber, had almost devastated the Forest. It was high time that lopping should cease, if anything but scrubby hornbeam were to remain; and the right having now been extinguished by Act of Parliament, the law will from this time forward be strictly enforced against any one destroying or injuring the trees.

We hear that the Committee to whom the care of the Forest has been confided have appointed Mr. A. McKenzie superintendent, at a salary of 500*l.* per annum. We trust that the choice that they have made is a good one, for upon that officer the fate of the Forest depends. The post requires no landscape gardener, no designer of vistas here or openings there, who in a few hours might destroy what would take a lifetime to replace; but rather one jealous of the use of the axe and bill-hook, who will be content to leave to Nature that which she can do so much better than man. The new superintendent will have ample scope for showing his taste in planting the spaces of the Forest which have been laid bare. Those 250 acres adjoining the Warren look bad enough, without a stick

upon them, save and except the few willows on the banks of the Chingford brook ; and so does that large space of ground on the east side of the Woodford and Epping road, where the pony races used to be held, and many other spots as well require his attention. Wherever an oak could stand he could never do wrong to slip in an acorn.

What has hitherto been done has been done judiciously : the broad green ride from Queen Elizabeth's Lodge to High Beech Green will have a noble appearance, even if some sportsmen object that it has been made through the best ground for woodcocks in the whole Forest.

The Sotheby oak, or Cuckoo oak as it is sometimes called, cleared of the rubbish that previously kept it out of view, stands out well. A rustic bench placed around its base would not be out of character. Nothing, however, has been done in the way of planting, with the exception of an avenue of lime trees leading up to the Forest Hotel.\*

The limits of the grand old Forest have been grievously curtailed since the days when Mr. Long Pole Wellesley played high jinks at Wanstead House, where he kept a pack of staghounds, in a style of princely magnificence, to hunt the wild red deer. These hounds were not foxhounds entered to deer, but the old-fashioned staghounds, such as King George the Third used for the purpose. The servants were dressed in Lincoln green. There were constant hunt breakfasts at the Eagle, at Snaresbrook (then in the midst of the open waste), where all were bidden at Mr. Long Wellesley's expense. Everything was done with the most reckless extravagance ; and he would scatter sovereigns to countrymen in the hunting-field as readily as other liberal sportsmen would give shillings or sixpences. The pace was too great to last ; and, in the course of a very few years, Mr. Long Wellesley had dissipated his fine fortune. Being indebted to his steward in a large sum of money, for which he was pressing him, 'Take Hoghill Farm,' says he. The crash came, and Mr. Wellesley was forced to leave the scene of his former splendour and take refuge abroad. When the establishment at Wanstead was broken up, Tommy Rounding managed to secure a few couples of the hounds, which he kept in a rough sort of way at the back of his house, the Horse and Groom, at Woodford Wells. It may seem passing strange to the present generation that a publican, living within nine miles of the London stones, should have kept hounds to hunt wild red deer ; but there are those living who can vouch for the fact. Rounding was a capital sportsman, and so were all the family ; his brother Richard, who had died previously, and his brother Robert, who only died last year. We must borrow

\* What shall we say of the Forest Hotel, erected by private enterprise, upon the Warren ? We can hardly speak too highly of the magnificence of the banqueting-room, of the solidity of the manorial staircase, or of the gorgeous fittings of the six private dining-rooms, each furnished in a different style. We rather fancy that Jemmy Jessamy, when ordering dinner for himself and friend, will select the room in the Watteau style.

from Mr. Thomas Hood, who knew him well, a description of the man himself :

‘ A snow-white head, a merry eye,  
A cheek of jolly blush;  
A claret tint laid on by health  
With Master Reynard’s brush.’

And so the game was kept alive until an order came that the red deer were to be caught up and taken to Windsor Park. This was carried out as far as practicable : the few that had escaped the toils of the yeomen prickers gradually fell victims to poachers and pot-hunters, until of the whole herd only one old stag remained. This stag was hunted by Tommy Rounding, and, after a great run, was killed at West Ham ; and so ended the chase of the wild red deer in Epping Forest. For years afterwards, at the festive gatherings at the Horse and Groom, a handsome silver cup used to be handed round, with the inscription : ‘ From LONG WELLESLEY abroad to ‘ TOMMY ROUNDING at home.’

But those old times have passed away, and the like will never return. How can we hope to revive the ancient glories of the Forest ? Hainault has been dissevered from it and destroyed ; and we might almost say the same of Snaresbrook ; and the grand old oaks of Fairlop and Wanstead have disappeared. There is not one really fine tree in the whole of the woodland that remains. Lords of the manor, tenants holding assignments, commoners, and squatters, by the use of axe and knife, have all, in various degrees, contributed to this result. The restoration of the dismantled Forest can only be effected by judicious planting upon an extensive scale. We have ample evidence that the soil is well adapted to the growth of oak, beech, elm, and chestnut, to say nothing of holly, birch, thorn, and other trees of an inferior size. On some spots we rather think that larch might well replace the stunted hornbeam. One word more, and we have done. We entertain the strongest objection to the introduction of foreign trees or shrubs. Epping ought to be maintained as an English forest, as it was in the days of the monks of Waltham, and not be degraded to the level of a huge nursery garden.

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## RUMMAGER.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HOUND.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest hound who did his duty in and out of the kennel had more claims upon the consideration of the public than the lap-dog who stayed at home, and only talked of the indignities and abuses to which our race is exposed. My own experience, which, let me observe, goes back as long as seven years, has taught me that whether with men, with horses, or with dogs, the way to command the respect of those about us is, to do our duty to the best of our abilities. Depend upon it, that is what pays

best in the long run, at any rate in the kennel; for out of the hundreds of hounds with whom I have associated, some have been brilliant, some handsome, some noted for extraordinary quickness of scent; but it is the hard-working, plodding hound that in the end gets the best word from a discriminating master. Looks are all very well I know; though that is rather a sore point with me for reasons to which I shall presently refer; and occasionally I admit that beauty of symmetry and excellence in work go hand in hand. Look for instance at Captor, who is a year my senior, and the handsomest hound in our kennel; when visitors come to Ascot Captor is certain to be called up as a show-hound, and to be patted by many a hand, aye, and by many a lady's hand too; not that I envy him one little bit, although Captor is a good hound as well as a handsome one; but at such times I always think to myself, 'I know that I am valued by my dear old master, Mr. Goodall, and I care more for his good opinion than for the flattery of people who cannot distinguish between a staghound and a beagle.'

But it is time to tell you something of my antecedents, and to begin from the very beginning, as the saying is, I must tell you about my parents. My father was a celebrated foxhound, belonging to Lord Portsmouth, named Nobleman; his father was Mr. Parry's Sportsman, and his mother was Lord Portsmouth's Needful, both of whom trace back to some of the best blood in England, so that, you see, I have no reason to be ashamed of my pedigree. My own mother's name was Ringlet, who did good service in her Majesty's pack for many years, and produced besides myself Roderick and Ruby, both of whom, now in their sixth season, are doing good work in this kennel. As I have before said, I was never a handsome hound, but whatever good looks I may have possessed were marred by an unfortunate accident; in fact, I may as well state at once that, though I have worked hard, and am a favourite with those who know me best, I am after all, a 'Bobtail' hound.

This is how it happened: It was during forest-hunting in 1876 that our master took out forty couple of hounds, and uncartered a good hind, named Abbess, at Gravel Hill. We ran away, leaving Bagshot Park on our left, and back by Cæsar's Camp, crossing the nine-mile ride, and over Easthampstead Park, through Lock's Wood to Luckley Park, and on to the L.S.E. Railway, where we got a view of the deer, and raced down the line for a mile towards Guildford. You may fancy that forty couple of hounds pretty well fill up all the space in a railway cutting, so that one hound can hardly see what his neighbours are doing. Anyhow, just at that moment, down came a train right on the pack, killing one of us, laming four couples, and finally cutting off 'my tail.' You can imagine what a scene it was, Mr. Goodall not knowing at first the extent of the injury done; but it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and from that day dates a love and sympathy between my master and myself, to which death only will put an end. I was taken home to the kennels, separated from the pack, and cared for

by Mr. and Mrs. Goodall, as though I had been a child rather than a hound. I was not fit for much duty that year, but I determined that when the time came I would do my best to repay the kindness I had received.

Ever since that time I have made up mind to look after my master while in the field, and to see him safe through the perils which any one riding with our hounds must undergo. In April, 1877, we met at Knapp Hill, and, as I always now do, instead of joining in the early part of the run with the rest of the pack, I kept near Mr. Goodall. At length he got a heavy fall, and I am proud to say that when he was picked up by some of his fellow sportsmen they found me licking his face, and doing what I could to restore him. People talked a good deal about instinct, though why they should call it by that name I can't, for the life of me, imagine. Surely it must be a first principle among all us living creatures to do good to those who have done good to us; at any rate I, as a hound, feel it so, and of course Man, as a superior animal, can take no more limited view of the matter.

I have already mentioned that I had made up my mind to devote myself to the care of my master in the field; but I do not mean by this that I do not do my fair share of work with the pack; only at the first start when the scent is fresh, I can well afford to leave to the younger hounds the task of 'cutting out the work,' and when the field is tolerably thinned down, and Mr. Goodall, therefore, in less danger of being ridden over, I go forward and take my place as near the front as I can, but I always keep an eye on him; for instance, in October this season, we were running very hard over the heath and furze about Easthampstead—any hound can carry on a line in a country like this—and I felt that the pack could do without Rummager; so I dropped back, and watched my master, who was galloping full pace down a grass ride in view of the hounds. Whether his horse pecked or slipped I know not, but in a minute I saw him pull up evidently in great pain. He thought no one was near him, till I gave a good long whine, as much as to say, 'It's all 'right, Rummager won't leave you,' and the look he gave me, and the words he said, are only new bonds in an old contract.

Talking of the dangers in the field with the Queen's Staghounds reminds me how these dangers arise. Though I am only a hound, I can't help seeing the difference between good riding and bad, and I am sure that four-fifths of the falls which occur do not arise from the fault of the country or of the horses, but from the ignorance of their riders. I understand that the majority of our field consists of gentlemen from London, and (as our most gracious Queen provides hounds for all who care to ride with them) I do not question their right to hunt if only those who join in the sport would comport themselves as sportsmen. Now, I do not think that their errors, both of omission and of commission, arise, as a rule, from anything but ignorance, and if this is so they may be capable of improvement. For instance, we will suppose that the deer has been uncarterd some

twenty minutes, and that the field are all anxious for a start (I do not, of course, refer to the case of the 'parties who start with the 'stag,' because they are beneath the contempt even of a staghound), but ere the huntsman can pass the throng of carriages which fills up the lane, numbers of horsemen pressing to the front have divided the hounds. In this case valuable time is lost before the pack can get together; but when the run has once begun and the field divides the hounds in some such case as the above, the evil is doubled. These forward riders never calculate that by cutting off half their hounds they diminish in a like proportion their chance of sport. It is very difficult, often impossible, for the tail-hounds to recover the ground which they have lost owing to the bad riding of the field, and many a good run is thereby thrown away. All we, as hounds, ask for is time; give us only time to settle fairly to a scent, and then you may ride as hard as you like without fear of troubling us.

Having made mention of her gracious Majesty, it would ill become me to forget a certain recent visit which she paid to our Kennels, where she inspected us and our belongings with much interest and kind consideration. It may be gathered from my previous remarks that I am not seen to advantage 'on the flags,' and, in fact, that I have an objection to publicity generally. I fear I somewhat disgraced myself during the Royal visit by refusing to leave my master, when, after being shown to her Majesty, I was ordered to rejoin my comrades. If these lines should ever meet her eye, I trust that she will understand that I do not love her less, but him more.

But, as I am a hound for work and not for show, perhaps my readers would like to hear in what our duties consist. I myself belong to the Tuesday pack, which hunts in the Harrow country, and I offer the following as a sample of what is expected of us:—We are fed about 10 A.M. on a Monday, and after a couple of hours' rest are trotted, perhaps to Hillingdon (seventeen miles); that night we go supperless to bed, nor do we taste food before taking the field on Tuesday, when, if we have a good stag before us, we often leave off hunting from thirty to forty miles away from our kennels. We invariably return to Ascot by road on the Tuesday night, sometimes invigorated by a few loaves of bread if our master can procure them; but our natural food does not come to us till our arrival at home at from 6 to 9 P.M. I never did complain, and am not going to begin now; but I do say that to go through such a two days' work requires us to be in faultless condition. I hear of many neighbouring packs being accommodated with a van, which saves them some thirty miles road-work *per diem*, and I know that many of my brethren would appreciate the relief; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that we are expected to hunt but once a week, while many of our foxhound friends come out twice. I suppose that hounds are like men in one point, and that they all have one ambition in life. My ambition may be easily guessed from what I have said of my pedigree. Happy and respected I may be, but sometimes I cannot get rid of the thought that a foxhound's calling is preferable to my own. It



must be such a grand thing to find for yourself the quarry you are going to hunt, instead of having it found for you. Surely such a thought must quicken the energy of the chase, and must sweeten the morsel to which the final 'Who-hoop' entitles you. With us it is a different thing. We know and almost respect many of the deer whom it is our duty to pursue, and we should no more think of putting an end to them than a lawyer would think of extinguishing a client out of whom he is making a handsome and regular income.

Somehow I fancy that if you could hear the opinion of the Master of the Buckhounds as to the relative merits of stag-hunting and fox-hunting, he would not differ with old 'Rummager.' Until he met with the accidents which prevented his joining us in the chase, I have seen Lord Hardwicke ride in the first flight with our hounds, and it is much to be regretted that his health precludes his repeating this performance this year, although I fancy that his best sympathies are with the packs in Leicestershire and Gloucestershire, where he used to shine. All Ascot is proud of him as he appears in that picture of Mr. Hopkins's, mounted on Loose Lot, and from what I can gather, it always appears to me that those who have known Lord Hardwicke the longest like him the best.

I have brought my experiences as a hound up to this present year of 1880, and it is time that I ceased to give tongue. I have lived to the age at which hounds naturally expect a rest from their labours, and look forward to the obligations and pleasures of a married life. If such is to be my lot I can expect no pleasanter old age than to see my progeny duly entered in her Majesty's kennels, with enough good looks among them to secure the approval of Mr. Goodall and to efface the memory of their father's bob-tail. As to my own future I am given to understand that we hounds are placed on a different footing from the lords of the creation, who are looking forward to a future state. But this, I think, must be a mistake, because I observe the generality of men who seem to live for no other object than the present gratification of themselves and the filling of their stomachs or of their pockets. I heard a stranger the other day ask my master what became of the old hounds who were past work. Mr. Goodall answered in a very low tone, which I could not hear, but he pointed with his finger towards some big trees which overshadow our garden. Well, in the garden or in the churchyard, what matters it? They who have lived in the cause of duty can lie down in peace, be they men or only hounds.

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## THE PERPLEXITIES OF SALMON GROWTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.'

THE distinguishing feature of the salmon season of 1879—commercial and angling as well—has been that in spite of a short supply, a considerable number of big fish—fish ranging from thirty-eight to seventy pounds weight (!) have been taken. Nowadays monster

salmon are happily no rarity. In the Museum of Economic Fish Culture at South Kensington used to be seen models of two salmon (there may be more now) which in their lifetime attained the extraordinary weight of sixty-nine and seventy pounds respectively; the heavier of the two represents a Tay fish, the other a foreigner from the Rhine. Both last year and this year (1879) hundreds of salmon above thirty pounds weight have been taken: I have myself seen on one day no less than thirty-seven fish, each of which weighed more than thirty-two pounds. Salmon weighing about forty pounds are now quite common.\*

\* It is gratifying to be able to record, that in addition to the capture of many large specimens, the average weight of salmon has been increasing during these latter years, and may, at the present time, be set down as being perhaps all over two pounds weight per fish better in 1878-79. It was calculated by a lessee of northern salmon fisheries about thirty years ago, that the average weight of fish had fallen to between 15 lbs. and 16 lbs.; now I have it on good authority, in fact, from statistics furnished to me by the most extensive lessee of salmon fisheries in Scotland, which are here subjoined, that the average has greatly improved:

TABLE No. 1.—Number and weight of salmon caught in February on my principal spring fishing from 1865 to 1877 inclusive:—

Year.	Number of Fish.	Gross Weight.	Average per Fish.
		lbs.	lbs.
1865	159	2,330	14 $\frac{2}{3}$
1866	141	1,247	8 $\frac{6}{7}$
1867	171	2,671	17 $\frac{1}{4}$
1868	178	2,560	14 $\frac{1}{3}$
1869	153	2,759	18
1870	76	1,338	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
1871	90	1,748	19 $\frac{1}{3}$
1872	62	1,282	20 $\frac{2}{3}$
1873	119	2,415	20 $\frac{1}{3}$
1874	131	2,263	17 $\frac{1}{4}$
1875	139	2,628	18 $\frac{3}{4}$
1876	149	2,564	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
1877	89	1,623	18 $\frac{1}{4}$

(An average of a little over 17 lbs. per fish.)

TABLE No. 2.—Number and weight of salmon caught in July on one of my chief summer fishings:—

Year.	Number of Fish.	Gross Weight.	Average per Fish.
		lbs.	lbs.
1865	591	9,074	15 $\frac{1}{3}$
1866	361	5,739	15 8-9
1867	1,149	19,815	17 $\frac{1}{4}$
1868	(No return.)		
1869	390	6,934	17 $\frac{3}{4}$
1870	680	10,104	14 6-7
1871	229	4,231	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
1872	664	12,617	19
1873	661	12,388	18 $\frac{2}{3}$
1874	715	13,378	18 5-7
1875	405	7,446	18 $\frac{3}{8}$
1876	493	9,495	19 $\frac{1}{4}$
1877	367	7,004	19

(An average of a little over 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. per fish.)

The capture of a fish weighing say, fifty pounds, being taken for granted, the problems of its age and the features of its growth present themselves to the already perplexed naturalist for solution; and it must be admitted, despite of what has been written upon and about the subject, that the perplexities of salmon growth are quite as numerous and ill to deal with to-day as ever they were. At any rate, those who have studied the matter most profess to be least able to reconcile the varied anomalies which present themselves in considering the subject; whilst the noisy men who are prone to boast of their knowledge of salmon life—and death—have too often been found jumping to conclusions which did not in the sequel prove to be conclusive.

The correctly ascertained facts of salmon life—that is to say, the amount of positive information which we possess about its natural history—are anything but numerous, and the rather misty inferences which imaginative biographers in times past have drawn from actions of ‘fish of the salmon kind’ have so confused those who possess real knowledge as to prevent them from making known what they do know. The salmon during the last sixty years has been accompanied from its cradle to its grave by never-ending controversy on every feature of its life and growth. The parent fish have been spied upon in their breeding beds, their eggs have been nursed into life under inspection, the infant salmon have been most zealously guarded during the preliminary stages of their growth; the par have been seen changing into smolts; the smolts have been escorted to the sea, and a watch has been set on the growth of the grilse, because the identification of the fish, as it was gaining form and substance, has been over and over again questioned. A par, it has been said, is not a young salmon; a par, it has also been asserted, never becomes a smolt; nor does a grilse, it has been maintained, ever grow into anything but a grilse; moreover, we were recently informed that salmon do not spawn every year, and that these fish do not therefore annually visit the stream of their nativity, as some naturalists have taken for granted. In short, the perplexities which surround the life of the salmon in its various stages of growth seem annually to grow more numerous, while the nonsense, of which these perplexities have from time to time formed the theme, becomes more and more eccentric and ill to bear as it becomes more and more apparent.

A brief summary, therefore, of what is known, as distinct from what is surmised, with regard to some of the more curious phases of salmon life and change, may not prove devoid of interest, seeing that the fish is of great importance to the national commissariat, and therefore of considerable value, not to speak of the speculations to which it has given rise in the arena of natural history, or the active parliamen-

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Several of my angling friends have even this year (1879) been credited, so they tell me, with some exceptionally large fish, but as I did not *see* any of them I accept the statements made with a considerable grain of salt. In my opinion this has not been a good angler's year either for quantity, quality, or size.

tary and local legislation of which it has formed the subject, nor of the affection with which the salmon is regarded by the sportsman.

Harking back for a period of half a century, we find ourselves in the very thick of the par controversy. It was then beginning to dawn upon one or two thinking people that such an abundant fish as the salmon must have numerous parentage endowed with a great power of multiplication; 'but where,' it was asked, 'are the young 'ones?' No one seemed to be concerned about them, no one indeed seemed able to identify them. Old observers were not at one period awanting who maintained that they knew, and had long known, the young of the salmon; but unfortunately there prevailed in the early part of the present century such a confusion of nomenclature, that what was in reality the same fish, i.e. the young or fry of the salmon, was everywhere distinguished by a different nomenclature. A dozen different names might be quoted, all of which have since resolved themselves into one—par; and par, by many persons for many a long day, was held to signify a fish complete in itself; an independent fish breeding and multiplying on its own account and which never changed: hence its name, par. Although it would be too tedious to trace the various features of the par controversy, as the fight lasted for many years, and in some of its phases is not yet over, it will, nevertheless, be interesting to note one or two of the opinions which were entertained with regard to the natural history of that fish. In the 'Salmonia' of Sir Humphry Davy, in its day, and even yet, a charming work on angling and the natural history of fishes as known fifty years ago, the par is alluded to as being, in all probability, a hybrid, the offspring of a trout and a salmon, or of the sea trout and common river trout! Some curious ideas were propounded by Halieus, one of the characters introduced in the work in question, as that 'the *only* difference between the par and common 'small trout is in the colours, and its possessing one or two spines 'more in the pectoral fin.' Likewise: 'The river and sea trout 'seem capable of changing permanently their places of residence; 'and sea trout appear often to become river trout.' And again: 'Pars are exceedingly numerous in those rivers where they are 'found, which are never separated from the sea by impossible falls; 'from which I think it possible that they are produced by a cross 'between sea and river trout.'

These opinions, in the light of the knowledge we now possess, if enunciated to-day would be laughed at. One of the first men who bore intelligent witness to the par being the young of the salmon was Mr. Scrope, the deer-stalker and salmon-fisher, and he was supported in his view by Sir David Brewster. Another notable person that became convinced that par were young salmon was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, having had his attention directed to the subject by Mr. Scrope, said, characteristically enough, 'I will 'believe my ain een before a' the learned men o' Europe.' He had seen the par, as the scales of the smolt were growing upon it, and no argument would convince him that he was not right in his asser-

tion that he had 'fand oot' the young salmon. Another very positive speaker on the par question was Sir William Jardine, who at one time maintained that the par had no connection with the migratory salmon. 'I have no hesitation,' said that eminent naturalist, 'in considering the par not only a distinct, but one of the best and 'most consistently marked species we have, and that it ought to remain in our system as the *Salmo samulus* of Ray.' Sir William lived long enough to be converted and to admit that the par was the young of the salmon (*Salmo salar*). If par are distinct fish, how comes it that the female is never at any time found with milt, although the male is often found with roe? And how comes it, was also asked, that par are only found in those rivers which are frequented by salmon, and that salmon are never found frequenting streams in which there are no par? These, and a multiplicity of similar questions only served to render the piscatorial combatants more eager each to support his own side; and still, to-day even, there are many obstinate people who, notwithstanding what has been demonstrated before their eyes, will not believe that par are young salmon.

It is wonderful that it was left to James Hogg, of all men, to 'jump at the conclusion' of the par being the young of the salmon, when so many evidences of that being the fact were constantly being thrust before the eyes of better-trained men, for the Ettrick Shepherd had little learning and no science. In reading 'Salmonia,' we cannot but see that the discovery was at the mercy of such a man as Sir Humphry Davy, in fact it was thrust upon him over and over again, but yet he went out of his way even to argue that the fish must of necessity be a hybrid! By-and-by, however, there came a new man on the scene who was equally certain with Hogg that par were young salmon. 'The par is the young of the salmon, and I'll 'prove it,' said Mr. Shaw, gamekeeper to the Duke of Buccleuch, at Drumlanrig; and he was as good as his word—he proved it; but, strangely enough, his proof was doubted and his conclusions scouted. First of all, he gathered the eggs of salmon from their natural spawning beds and saw them with his own eyes hatch into par. To that mode of procedure, it was replied, 'You have proved 'nothing; the eggs you have hatched may, *must* have been, not 'salmon, but par eggs!' Shaw, knowing that he was right, was not to be put down. He caught salmon himself, deprived the female of her eggs, and the male of his milt; the result in due time—as he of course knew it must be—was a large crop of *pars*. As the eggs were hatched in a safe place under his own care, he was in good time able to show conclusively that par were young salmon. But he did more than that; he caught par in the river and kept them in confinement till they changed into smolts, that is, became scaled fish, which they were not before. Mr. Shaw, who had always been a keen observer of the salmon in all its stages, long before he ventured to make a public profession of his faith, had thought out the problem, and, after many experiments conducted in private, he *felt*

that he was right, and offered to show that his theory would stand practical demonstration, which it did. He was thoroughly successful in the end; he showed not only that par became salmon, but also that salmon were the parents of par; and all that he affirmed and accomplished was again accomplished and confirmed, many years after, at the Stormontfield salmon nursery, where par have been, and still are being, annually bred from the eggs of the salmon in hundreds of thousands in a way that is, at all times and seasons, open to all the world to witness. The absolute necessity for the greatest possible care being taken in conducting experiments having for their object the solution of knotty points of natural history has been often made manifest, and never more so than in the case of the investigations into the growth of the bull trout (a fish of the salmon kind) of the Tweed, *Salmo criox*. This fish is four times more numerous in the Tweed than the true salmon, *Salmo salar*; and the commissioners of the river, to solve a question as to whether the young fish locally known as 'orange fins' become bull trout or not, placed a lot of them in a pond at Carham. Some persons were satisfied with the experiments, but there were not wanting those who thought them, if not a failure at least imperfect; and now it is proposed to begin at the real beginning in such matters. The orange fins experimented upon having grown into bull trout, it is wanted to see, by careful experiment, if the spawn of the bull trout will in time grow into 'orange fins.'

After it was proved, and when most people had begun to believe that the plentiful par were really the young of the salmon, there arose a new controversy, which is scarcely even yet held to be settled, although what has occurred at Stormontfield should be sufficiently convincing for all but those who are determined not to be convinced. As is known, the salmon passes a long part of its lifetime in the sea, and in consequence of that fact a curious question arose, as soon as it was generally admitted that par became salmon, as to when the smolts (that is, the salmon in its second stage of growth) first visited the salt water. That par were always, summer and winter, to be found in the streams, was one of the chief facts relied on to prove that, whether or not it was a distinct fish, it could not be the young of the salmon, because young salmon must at some time go down to the ravening waters, and it was held as an article of faith that par never visited the sea at any time. That contention was, of course, literally correct, because it has been proved by experiment that par cannot exist in salt water, and not till the smolt stage has been reached do the tiny samlets seek the sea. At what age, then, are the young salmon imbued with the instinct of migration to the great deep, so protected by their scaly armour that the salt water cannot harm them? It was a very long time before Mr. Shaw's pars assumed the scales of smolthood; he had fancied, or assumed, as a matter of course, that the par would be able to migrate to the sea in a year or so from the time of their birth, but the experimenter was terribly staggered when he found a period of

twenty months elapse without his fish evincing any desire to seek the sea, and he was still more horrified at finding that some of the specimens of par contained milt ! The fates appeared to be altogether against him. It looked, at one time, as if his experiments would prove nothing that he was anxious to prove, and everything that would suit the books of his opponents. Time, however, revealed the truth, and, as is often the case, the truth was found to be stranger than any fiction that had ever been invented about the growth of the salmon.

Before, however, going any farther with what was said and done and alleged, and proved or wrangled over, forty or fifty years since, it will be as well to state at once what is now known and accepted, from what has been accomplished, and consequently proved, at the Stormontfield salmon nursery. At that institution for the breeding of salmon (it is situated on the river Tay, about five miles from Perth) the course of business is pretty much as follows: The pisciculturists go out upon the river in the course of the months of November, or early in December, and capture as many salmon as they can find; these fish must be ripe for spawning, in which case the eggs are exuded gently from the female fish into a shallow tub filled with water; the salmon, being treated during the operation as tenderly as possible, is, on the completion of this artificial spawning, at once restored to the river, and, in the majority of instances, seems to feel nothing the worse for what has been done. The male fish is similarly treated; the milt is exuded into the same vessel as the roe, and the two substances are gently mixed. One milter, it may be stated, has been found sufficient for the eggs of two or three females; and it may likewise be stated here that the milt of a tiny par has been found sufficient to quicken into life the eggs of a full-grown salmon ! After being rinsed in clean water, the eggs are laid down in boxes filled with gravel, over which flows a perpetual stream: they give no more trouble, and in about one hundred and thirty days, on the average, the shells begin to give up their fish. Let us take it for granted that a batch of eggs laid down about the end of November will be all hatched before the middle of April. The young fish will grow on for at least twelve months before any changes become observable, but in thirteen or fourteen months after their birth—and this is curious enough as a fact in the natural history of the salmon—one-half of the lot will have begun to assume the livery of migration, will have become scaled, in fact, and be ready to proceed to the sea ! The late Mr. Buist, when superintendent of the Tay salmon fisheries, told the writer that he was greatly surprised at only the half of the brood leaving, and still more that the other half remained another year in the ponds before they were ready to migrate. All previous theories were thus set at nought by what occurred—by the reality, that is. Mr. Shaw had formed a theory that young salmon remained as par for a period of nearly two years before nature clothed them with their armour of scales; whilst another practical person in the service of the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Young of

Invershin had arrived at the conclusion, after much inquiry and observation, that par became smolts in a little over twelve months from the date of their birth : it thus came about that both of these gentlemen were, at any rate, partially correct. But the division of the brood of salmon into two shoals brought additional perplexity to all who took an interest in the question of the growth of this fine fish. The idea was at once ventilated that the division must be a sexual one, and that the males went off in one season, and the females followed in the next ; but an examination of the fish soon showed that there was nothing in that idea, as those which went and those which remained were of both sexes in about equal numbers. No law has been discovered that explains this seeming anomaly, and we have no alternative but to accept the fact as it stands, and leave the explanation to follow. It must be kept in mind that the fish bred at Stormontfield are not forced to move out of the pond at any particular season ; they remain as long as they please, and are well fed during their stay with crumbs of boiled liver. As the experiments of artificial breeding have been going on at Stormontfield for about a quarter of a century, an enormous number of smolts have been bred there—probably, if we accept the figures of those interested, not less than ten millions!—and during the whole period there has been no change observed in the order of emigration : the half of any given brood only leaves when the fish are a little over one year old, the other moiety remaining in the ponds another year.

The salmon may be said to begin the battle of life when it has reached the dignity of a scaled fish. And on its way to the sea, and after it reaches the salt water, the battle is a fierce one, as the young salmon has to encounter, both on its way towards and in the sea, a horde of enemies. It has been calculated that, of salmon which breed naturally, not ten per cent. of those which are born ever live to repeat the story of their birth. Of eggs deposited by the parent fish—and all fish are exceedingly fruitful—probably more than a half will escape the fructifying properties of the milt ; and of the half which may be fructified fifty per cent. will be devoured by enemies ; while of the fish that do come to life, a very large number will never reach the sea, but will fall a prey to pike and other animals, which are always on the look-out for a dainty meal. A pike was once taken in the river Teviot with seventy-eight fine young par in his stomach ! If we may now take it for granted that we have seen the young salmon safely off to sea, we come to another series of perplexities regarding the period which the fish passes in the bosom of the ravening waters, what he feeds on while there, and how long he remains. Much evidence has been collected regarding these points of salmon life, but it is feared that some of the facts supposed to have been ascertained are not so reliable as they might have been—not from the want of *bona fides*, but simply from imperfect or uninstructed observation. It has been assumed by various writers on the natural history of the salmon that its growth is very rapid, and that it finds a rich store of nourishing food in ‘ocean’s wide domain.’



The truth is, however, that when the salmon is in the sea we lose sight of it, and know nothing, or next to nothing about it; we know not whither it travels, or how it passes its time, nor what it eats. Its digestion must be rapid, because salmon caught in the sea have invariably, as far as our knowledge goes, an empty stomach. Here is a far-away fact bearing on this point of salmon life—out of ninety-eight thousand Columbia River salmon examined at the cannery of Cook and Co., Clifton, Oregon, only three were found with traces of food in their stomach. The reporter to the 'United States Fishery Commission' asserts that salmon do not eat anything while in fresh water; but as our anglers find the fish rising to the fly with great eagerness at certain seasons, it is obvious that they take food in the fresh-water streams of Great Britain and Ireland, although it is among the ascertained facts of salmon life that these fish lose flesh during their visits to the fresh water. The late Mr. Buist, of the river Tay fisheries, who was an excellent observer, was careful in noting such points, and during three different seasons he was able to bring out the fact that salmon ascending the Tay, and which were caught at Newburgh and marked, had, when taken at a later date, fallen away very much in weight, although they had not then visited the spawning beds, but were at the time examined in one of the tributaries (the Islay) of the larger river.

A considerable proportion of the young fish bred in the ponds at Stormontfield were marked in various ways before they made their exodus to the sea as smolts. At one time, when a controversy was being carried on as to the rapidity of salmon growth, and whether or not a grilse ultimately became a salmon, many young fish were caught and carefully marked, and upon being again caught the increase of weight was noted and the fish restored to the stream, in the hope that it might once more be taken, and so admit of still further observation. We shall now cull a number of the best authenticated cases of salmon growth, as denoted by means of marking the smolts; the case of the grilse we shall consider afterwards. Of the smolts marked previous to leaving Stormontfield in the month of May 1855, many were recaptured after their return from the salt water within two months after their liberation, and it is important to note that a number amply sufficient to admit of a fair percentage being caught was marked. The mortality of salmon is, as has been already hinted, too considerable to admit of our believing in the recapture of as many as twenty fish out of one hundred that may have been marked; but, as more than two thousand fish were marked in one season at Stormontfield, indeed 1200 were marked in one day, we can quite believe in the return and capture of two per cent. of the number. About one smolt in every hundred that left the pond after the 24th of May was marked by the abscission of the second dorsal fin. By the 31st of July twenty-two of these marked smolts were captured on their return, their wounds being skinned over, and, in some instances, covered by scales. As smolts, on departing from the ponds, the fish would hardly weigh more than

an ounce and a half, some of them perhaps a little more ; on their being taken within a period of two months, the first of those which were caught weighed from 5 to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., and as time elapsed the weights increased to 7 and 8 lbs. ; while a specimen captured on the 31st of July weighed no less than  $9\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. ! The taking of these fish and the weights they had attained rests on the best of evidence ; so that the increase is proved to be quite as rapid as some practical men had asserted it would be. The next question which presents itself is, if a young salmon be found to have grown to the extent of 7 lbs. in the space of two months, what weight will it have attained after the expiry of a year ? We cannot answer such a question offhand, as it has never yet been determined how salmon 'fill in' their time.' Some fishery economists say that a salmon comes and goes to the sea twice in the year ; others maintain that the fish do not return from the sea till they have spent a year in the salt water ; hence the amount of wonderment which took place, and the keen controversy that arose over the twenty-two marked salmon of Stormontfield. The moiety of the fish left in the pond in 1855 remained in the par stage till April of the following year, when they began to assume the migratory dress of the smolt ; and from the 28th of April to the 24th of May they continued to leave the pond in greater or lesser numbers every day. It is calculated that about 120,000 young fish left the ponds in the year 1856. The experiments in the way of marking were continued : 1435 were marked in all ; 300 with silver rings, and 1135 by the excision of a piece of the tail. None of the 300 fish marked by the insertion of the silver ring were ever reported as having been captured, the percentage marked was too small ; but several of those marked with the tail cut were taken, one of which, captured on the 12th of July, weighed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. If it were to be assumed that salmon increased at the rate of six pounds a-year, a fish of the weight of fifty pounds must be, at least, eight years old ; and were any of the first-marked Stormontfield fish now living, they would be veritable monsters of the deep. Salmon seldom die a natural death, the hunt for them is too close to admit of that ; while any ailment, even of the slightest kind, renders them less able to cope with their numerous enemies. Still, occasional salmon are met with which have a very aged appearance, with 'scarcely a tooth in their heads ;' but the fifty-pounders which we examined last season looked as if they had been killed in the very pride of health and in the prime of life.

The perplexities of salmon growth have, during the last fifty years, been investigated by many earnest inquirers, and by none more diligently than the late Duke of Atholl, who took great interest in all that related to the natural history of the salmon. The Duke's experiments were carefully conducted ; every fish caught was weighed and ticketed before being allowed to resume its journey. As the result of such investigations, his Grace was able to state with authority that he had caught and marked salmon which, on being recaptured, were found to have increased seven pounds in weight during one

visit to the sea—that is, within a period of six months. Mr. Young of Invershin, who had ample opportunities of making and recording observations of salmon growth, was likewise in the habit of marking young salmon on the occasion of their departure to the sea for the first time, and his experiments resulted in his believing that, as a rule, the fish were not absent for a longer period than three months, and that during that time they attained a weight of several pounds. The grilse controversy need not be further referred to than to say that there are still many persons who do not believe that a grilse becomes a salmon. Grilse is but a name representing salmon of a certain size, and it has been undoubtedly demonstrated that every grilse may become a salmon, if only it live long enough. Fish that have never spawned are called grilse, and grilse are salmon ranging from two or three, to six or eight pounds weight. Some experiments are at present in course of being carried out with grilse on the river Tweed, a number (but, it is to be feared, too small a number) having been marked in September 1878, with a view to note if they became salmon.

It is not known for certain at what age a salmon begins to spawn. So far as known, the spawning season of all salmon is in the winter time, when the rivers are full of water and the fish quite able to reach with certainty their topmost tributaries. Very young salmon have been seen on the spawning redds—par even! The writer tried to ascertain from Mr. Buist if any of the marked Stormontfield fish were in spawn as they returned from the sea in July, as recorded, but that question had not been ascertained, although it is undoubtedly the most curious of all the questions connected with salmon's growth. It is obvious that we have yet much to learn of the natural history of the salmon; and as half a million of young smolts are annually being turned into the river Tay at Stormontfield, there are admirable opportunities of acquiring *exact* knowledge of many phases of salmon life of which we are yet ignorant, and of confirming the accuracy or the reverse of some of the more dubious experiments of a former time. It would be of singular interest, as illustrative of the economy of a salmon river, if we could tell with exactitude how old a salmon of any given weight was at the date of its being captured. It would, we think, be quite possible for the authorities at Stormontfield to determine this point. During the spawning season, too, they might weigh and distinctly mark all the fish they capture (probably several hundreds of big salmon), with a view to note if the same fish—granting that any of them might be captured—were ready to spawn next year. In the case of the sea trout (*S. Trutta*) it has been ascertained by marking that, in the river Nith, the same animal returned again and again to the same part of the stream: one was taken three years in succession, and was 'marked, taken, liberated, taken again, and re-marked.' It is much to be regretted that a series of experiments in the marking of smolts at Stormontfield has not been again instituted, and continued throughout several seasons; we should much like to have all the

conclusions formerly arrived at verified by new men. There are no practical difficulties in the way of marking salmon by the abscission of the dead fin—a few thousand fish could be operated upon by two or three active men in the course of an hour; in ten days, at any rate, ten thousand might be so marked, and that number would be a sufficient percentage of the whole to depend upon for future identification.

Apropos of Stormontfield and the Tay, there ought, if half a million of well-developed young salmon are really added every year to the stock of the river from the breeding boxes, to be a very large stock of fish now in that river. It is, of course, impossible to take a census of the salmon population of the Tay, which, the stream being a large one, must be enormous, taking in fish of all ages, from the tiniest par of a week or two old to the giants of the water, the fifty and sixty pounders which have been caught in the course of the two last seasons. Whilst we pen these remarks, the tributaries of the main stream in which salmon breed will be crowded with par born in April and May last, as also with a moiety of those born in April and May 1878, which have not yet assumed the migratory dress of the smolt. The smolts of the year will, we may presume, be now ascending as grilse seeking their spawning beds. As we have seen, it is *possible* for one salmon of a particular brood or hatching to be a ten-pound fish, whilst the half of its brothers and sisters will not weigh much over an ounce! The only possible way of arriving at a census of the marketable fish which are in any particular salmon river, is to calculate the number by means of the rental. Assuming the rental of the river Tay to be at present 20,000*l.* per annum, it may be estimated that, to pay that amount of money, provide for the wages of fishers, the wear and tear of the machinery of capture, and allow a fair profit to the lessees of the various fisheries, two sums of a like amount will require to be added to the rent-charge, which makes 60,000*l.* in all; to pay which a sufficient number of fish must be captured. How many salmon then must be taken? For easy calculation and illustration we shall say 120,000 fish, each of the weight of ten pounds, or a number equivalent to the gross weight here indicated, and each producing a sum of ten shillings to the fisherman, or lessee of the fishery. If then so many as 120,000 salmon may be taken from the river Tay in one season with impunity, how many are likely to be left in the water for future use? The salmon, as we know is, like all other fish, very fruitful. A twenty-pound salmon will yield twenty thousand eggs, and a forty-pound salmon double that number, and if half these eggs come to maturity as fish in about eighteen months after being hatched, it is quite obvious with such fruitfulness and great rapidity of growth, that the stock must be enormous. If we might accept it as a fact that ten per cent. only of the whole marketable fish are annually caught, then the stock would number 1,200,000 individual salmon, which, assuming each fish to be a ten-pounder, and worth at wholesale rates, ten shillings, would represent a money value of 600,000*l.*

We do not include either par or smolts in the count; were we to do so, we would have to estimate the total number of fish of the salmon kind in the river Tay as being in all probability ten millions. We estimate that a fifty-pound female salmon growing at the rate of six pounds per annum and spawning every year will yield in the course of her life, estimating that she will begin to spawn at two years of age, not less than 168,000 eggs; whilst her children, grandchildren and their descendants will have been able to contribute an incalculable number to the general stock, allowing for all accidents and misfortunes. By the time the original parent has reached her eighth year, six generations of her kind will be annually adding their quota to the salmon stock of the river which they inhabit. These figures are only given by way of making a guess at the salmon stock of such a river as the Tay, and must just be taken for what they are worth. No public statistics of the number of fish captured in the river Tay are taken, nor are statistics taken of the capture of fish in any Scotch salmon stream. It must be exceedingly gratifying to the Tay proprietary to know that the average weight of the salmon killed in their river is being annually increased by the capture of many large fish; the taking of a few salmon of the size of those which have signalised the present season shows that the river is healthy and that there is plenty of food (presuming that salmon *do* feed in fresh water), as also abundant room for the fish to move about and grow big. There is a feature in salmon fishing that may, in conclusion, be referred to; it is, that the salmon being an individual fish, caught while living, might be in season all the year round. Persons who are engaged in salmon fishing know a *clean* fish when they see it, and when any such are taken they could easily be restored to the waters. In some seasons, and in particular this season, few fish have been taken, because of the water being shallow during the summer heats; and it would be well, in the interests of all concerned, both lairds and lessees, if the fishing could in such seasons be legally prolonged for a fortnight after the usual time. With the hard-and-fast law now in operation it is, of course, illegal to capture salmon with the nets after a given day, but in the circumstances named a prolongation of the open season might be granted, care being taken that only clean fish should be removed from the water. This may smack of heresy, but to do as is suggested is not in the least impracticable; there are plenty of clean salmon in all salmon rivers all the year round; moreover, as we know, most rivers have different seasons, and much as we value the close times, it seems to us perfectly reasonable that if clean fish can be obtained after the official closing of the river, they ought to be taken. Every salmon-fisher on Tweed or Tay knows at a glance the quality of the fish he is handling, and can tell in a moment whether it is a 'baggit' or a 'weel-mended kelt.' Recent fishing seasons have proved disastrous to the tacksmen, many of whom say they have not paid expenses. A better arrangement than the present one of letting the fishings by auction on their past reputation would be for the lairds

to take payment by a 'royalty.' This mode of doing business would be more equitable than that which now prevails; it would ensure a fair rent to the owner, and would save the lessee from undue loss in the shape of rent to pay which could not be earned. A still better mode of conducting a salmon fishery would be for each river to be converted into a joint-stock company, the lairds obtaining shares according to the value of their different fisheries. By such a plan economy in fishing would be secured, as also unanimity of action. When the fish were late in running, the fishing might be prolonged for a fortnight, or when a sufficiency of salmon had been taken early in the season, then the river might be all the sooner closed. The number of salmon to be captured each year might even be determined—for a salmon stream will only breed and feed a given number of fish. If the river be over-populous the stock will be all the leaner and lankier; if, on the other hand, the stock should be rather below the normal number which the stream can feed, the salmon will all the more flourish and grow fat.

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### AN INDIAN SCARE.

THE grand tour was a fine institution a century ago when the Englishman of a certain position set off for foreign parts to rub away his insularity, and, travelling *en vrai milord*, scattered his guineas on the route with almost as reckless profusion as his courier distributed the 'oaths of British commerce in the language of Cockaigne.' After the great Napoleonic wars the continent of Europe became a hackneyed promenade, and men of wider ambitions and broader horizons pushed on to the land of the pagoda tree and the nursing mother of tigers, to use the Horatian phrase. Gordon-Cumming, Parker, and Harris made the land of Ham a fashionable hunting-ground to the wealthier descendants of Japhet. Now, however, in the present decade, the tide seems to have set in a westerly current.

'Westward the course of hunting holds its way,' and not only is this true of hunting, but of touring, camping, fishing, and settling permanently or temporarily. There has been a constant stream of migrants to the western territories of the great American republic ever since the close of the Titanic civil war, and whether the land lust—the gold and silver fever—or the passion for sport possessed them, Englishmen have been continually following in the wake of pioneers like Lords Milton and Dunraven, of Palliser, Ruxton, Fremont, and, to come to very recent times, of that pleasant writer Sir Rose Price. A very perfect and even luxurious service by land and sea has brought the rocky mountain range, with its rivers, parks, and cañons, its fauna and flora, its wealth, superficial and subterranean, within the limits of a long vacation tour and the resources of moderate means and ordinary powers, and a man may now see

the Goodwood Cup run for, spend ten awful minutes under the watery abysses of Niagara, push on to Denver and Central Cities, and diverging through the hunting-grounds overlooked by Pike's Peak, gain heads of cinnamon and grizzly bear, buffalo, elk, mouflon, panther, black buck, antelope, wolf and coyote, besides acquiring skins of beaver, marten, fox and musk-rat, and be back in time for the cream of English hunting, when the foxes have learnt to travel and horses and hounds are in the zenith of condition. Nay, more than this, if his wife can rough it a bit, and is accustomed to walking with the guns in the land of the McGregor, and holding her own in the shires, she, too, can share a good deal of the excitement of the wild nomad life, and the climate, exhilarating as laughing gas and strengthening as the quintessence of ozone. Of course the presence of ladies 'in camp' will involve greater preparation, larger escort, and must increase anxieties and limit operations; nor would the life suit many. What I maintain is, that some ladies can enjoy this sort of life under certain conditions, and with little more roughing and privation than many officers' wives have ere now encountered in following the colours in war or peace, minus the excitement and the glorious temperature. Of course there is a reverse to this idyllic picture. The golden fleece even nowadays is not obtained without labour and privation, and watchful dragons guard the golden fruit of the Hesperides now as, in the mythic period, the youth of the world, *selon* the arboricide of Hawarden. Bears, cinnamon and grizzly, may prove as scarce as foxes do occasionally in spring; they follow the fruit as regularly as schoolboys, and wander far for the bilberries, wild currants and raspberries of the underwood. The buffalo of the woods are scarcer and shier than the great herds of the plain. Elk and black buck are wanderers, and may elude the hunter for days. Clumsy trapping will scare away the beaver colony from its most populous 'town' in a couple of days. And the panther is an excessively wary 'wild fowl,' whom you are never likely to meet in numbers, and can only hope to stumble on by accident. The same remark holds good of the *Ovis ammon*, or mountain sheep, whose acquaintance I never had the good fortune to make in rather extensive wanderings in these mountain solitudes; but the great terror, the *croquemitaine*, the fly that spoils the sweet savour of your ointment, is the Indian shadow, the haunting dread that, wary as you may be, a wilier and warier nature may be observing your comings in and goings out; that you can never hope to meet him on equal level terms; and that in the battle-field, which he will choose, the advantage will always be overwhelmingly on his side.

Whether the Indians have degenerated (like English racehorses) since the days of Cooper, it is hard to say. Certainly the savage is not 'noble' now, nor have the frontier settlers and pioneers of the West tended, by precept or practice, to develop the Christian gifts and graces in the red man. Sit in the bar-room of an advanced ranche, or 'public,' and you will hear a strange mixture of 'bear' and 'Indian' tales. I recollect one which made me shudder, and

which I hope was but a hideous romance. Here it is. A prospector with his waggons got jammed in a pass, or 'creek.' He had to abandon his team and go for help. In his absence an Indian band pounced on his goods, and carried off his flour, 'the darned cusses'! But he was equal to the occasion. Next time he returned with strychnined flour. The waggon was upset purposely, and the marauding Indians were soon in the condition of Sennacherib's host.

Old Cato, according to Livy, used to bore the Roman Senate by saying Carthage must be wiped out. The frontier men say the same things of their red neighbours, and carry their theory into practice. Hence a feud internecine between Redskins and white, and though neither Navajo, Comanche, or Sioux brave has any special quarrel with the 'hunting' Englishman, he is neither a geographer nor ethnologist, and will show little discrimination of scalps or property; nor can the English squire, with his keen instinct of property and game preservation, and repression of poaching, blame 'Sitting Bull,' or the 'Lone Wolf,' if he, too, carries out his game laws and trespass acts in a fashion more summary than soothing, more in accordance with Jedwood justice a few centuries ago, than the proceedings of quarter or petty sessions!

Somewhere about a decade and a half ago, ere the Pacific Railway whistle had been heard in Nebraska or Colorado, or Express rifles were in every one's hands, I recollect forming one of a party of American hunters, who, emerging from Idaho or Blackhawk 'city,' had wandered off through the North Park in the direction of Utah, and 'O, my life in Egypt!' we had had 'a real good old time of it.' After the first day or two, when rabbits and squirrels were our sole representatives of 'game,' we had lived on the fat of the land. Elk, antelope, and deer gave us good hunters' soup and steaks; the 'Grande' and the Fraser streams were full of glorious pink trout, caught almost as easily as Mrs. Bond's ducks. We had trapped a good many beaver, and shot what we believed was a silver fox. Grizzly we had met, but had not fought, and everything was going on smoothly when one of our party came back to 'camp' with the news that he had met a Rapahoe or Arapahoe scout, who was on the look-out for the Sioux, said to be on the war-path. The Rapahoes were our good friends, the Sioux were not. In any case we were in parlous position, and we 'concluded' to make tracks back without loss of time. So peltry was packed on the ponies, a ration of bread was handed to each of us, the rifles were carefully loaded, and with a certain store of bouccaned venison, or deers' flesh, dried in the sun to leathery chips, off we set, homeward bound. Now we had carefully 'blazed' the track we came by with our tomahawks, and we could not well miss it; but in an evil moment we attempted a short cut, the object being to make a certain pass called the rabbit eared, from its aspect in certain bearings. Somehow we missed it, and wandered about in a desert of artemisium brush and alkali springs for what seemed an interminable time, till selves and horses



were well-nigh worn out from fatigue, and bad food and drink. On what particular day after rising a hill we espied tents and horses in the distance below us, I cannot recollect just now, but it was like a sail to the shipwrecked, a life-buoy to the drowning! We could not make out whether the indications were of white men or red, but we sent two of our party on an embassy, with a prayer for food. The tents were those of white men, of stomachs like our own, only better filled. Oh, that orgy on coffee and soda cakes! Did turtle and milk punch ever gladden the inner man like that simple fare? I trow not! We were near 'home,' too, or rather to 'Empire City.' But on the way we met a sulphurous hot spring gushing from a rock, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, or rather Borcette. This was the very climax of luxury and relief to man and weary, way-sore beast. So far as I know, we all retain our scalps.

### THERMOMETER BELOW ZERO.

*Scene, BOODLE'S CLUB—ST. JAMES'S STREET as white as a table-cloth—LORD ROBINSON CRUSOE, M.F.H., in an easy-chair, looking ruefully into the fire, soliloquises. [With many apologies to the ghost of the poet Cowper.]*

I have nothing but snow to survey,  
 My hunting-crop hangs in the hall,  
 The skaters have all their own way,  
 And my horses remain in their stall.  
 To amuse me *now* everything fails,  
 On the white waste I can't bear to look;  
 'Tis oh! for the stiffest of rails,  
 Aye! and *even* the 'Wissendine brook.'

'Tally-ho!' what a glorious sound!  
 'Tally-ho!' how it brings to one's mind  
 The challenge or whimper of hound,  
 As an old dog fox slips down the wind.  
 Ah! luxury, where is thy gain?  
 By the club-fire I sit down and mourn,  
 And pine for the cheery refrain  
 Of the sound of the musical horn.

South winds that have made me such sport,  
 Bring back to me now 'in my lair'  
 Of a genial thaw the report,  
 And save me from utter despair.  
 In fancy allow me again  
 To hear 'Music's' and 'Reveller's' tongue,  
 To feel the tight grip of the rein,  
 And to catch the sharp crack of the thong.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !  
When I picture once more ' the first flight,'  
Straight riders who ne'er look behind,  
Whom no fences or water affright :  
When I think of the loved covert side,  
How fondly I wish to be there ;  
But alas ! for a fox-hunter's pride,  
I find myself still in my chair.

*Mitcham, Christmas, 1879.*

F. G.

### OLD HAMPSHIRE HUNT SONGS.

WE may say ' *Tempora mutantur,*' in regard to the chase as well as everything else, and a glance back to these old rhymes shows change indeed in our manners and customs socially as well as our methods of conducting the chase. Hunting men were always given to mirth and song, and probably are as much so now as they were a hundred years ago ; but we should be very much surprised to find the members of a hunt club, meeting monthly at some hotel to dine and spend the evening in chanting even such spirited verses as the late Whyte-Melville's, Mr. Bromley Davenport's, or Egerton-Warburton's. Both sport and conviviality have taken a strong turn since then, nevertheless a great deal of interest hangs round such songs as we now present to our readers, and we may note the change that has come over Hampshire as a hunting country. We submit in the present day it is little likely so to cheer any one as to cause them to burst into song ; but then, it is evident, matters must formerly have been much better. In the first place, there were no great game preserves, and although foxes might not have been so plentiful as they are now, in the days of Mr. Evelyn or his successor, Mr. Thomas Ridge, when no doubt the blue-coated squires assembled by daybreak at the covert side, and hunted by the drag up to their fox, when found they were both older and stronger, and, moreover, the coverts not being preserved, could be hunted at all times and seasons, and foxes made to fly from them. The great change, however, that has come over the country, as far as hounds are concerned, is the breaking up of the old downs. From what has been done in this way within the recollection of middle-aged men, it is very clear that our great-grandfathers must have had a very different country to hunt over to the Hampshire of to-day. Cultivated in the vales no doubt it was then, but the hills were to all intents and purposes one huge sheep-walk, of gorse and maiden turf, across which hounds could race without let or hindrance, while the fox had no one more than an occasional shepherd to turn him from his point. Hence Hampshire then held a much higher place in the estimation of hunting men than it is ever likely to do again, and in the list of members of the Hampshire, or, as it was first called, Kilmiston, Hunt are to be found the names of many men of note from other counties. This Club was one of the most exclusive in England, and admission

to it in those days was eagerly sought and much prized. In the 'Hants Chronicle' of March 8th, 1784, is the following advertisement:—"The Noble Diversion!" The Members of the H.H. Society are requested to meet at Mr. Vernon's at Popham Lane.' And in another notice, March 29th, of the same year, they are for the first time definitely styled the 'Gentlemen of the Hampshire Hunt.' Mr. Ridge maintained the hounds entirely at his own expense for many years, but his family expenses so much increased, that he announced his intention of resigning them. His friends, however, came in a body and begged him to continue as their chief, and offered him a small subscription, which he accepted. Mr. Ridge had twenty-one children, nineteen of whom grew up to be men and women. Joe Hall was Mr. Ridge's huntsman, and Phil Gosling, a Stockbridge man, his first whip.

Monthly Hunt dinners were held at the Wheatsheaf, at Popham Lane, and served at half-past three, and very sociable and convivial meetings they were, and no doubt this was the direct cause of the songs, which we give below, being written by the Rev. Charles Poulett, the Laureate of the Hunt, and brother to Mr. William Poulett-Poulett, who was subsequently Master of the Hounds. The Rev. C. Poulett was the Rector of Itchen Abbas, or, as the celebrated Mr. Arthur Orton, in one of his letters to 'My dear Mama' called it, 'Inching Abeys,' which clearly showed his ignorance of Hampshire geography. The dinners were afterwards held at Alresford, and the interest of the fair sex looked after in the form of balls, which were eagerly anticipated. But country inns were really places of comfort in the age of which we write, and the best of everything could be got in them, though such was the hatred of our ancestors to anything that was French (as bad as the Russophobia at present), that French wines were forbidden to be ordered or put on the table at the dinners under a heavy fine, and so our grandfathers drank port to an extent that would have astonished Sir Wilfred Lawson or Doctor Richardson. It will be gathered from the good old parson's verses that they had an equal hatred of fops and foppishness, and the patent leather and nosegay gentlemen of the present era, who carry half a greenhouse in their button-hole, would have had anything but complimentary remarks passed on them had they turned up at Thorny Down.

This song is headed—

VAUDEVILLE, 1786, FOR THE H.H.

Free from care, from pain, from sorrow,  
Haste to Thorny Down to-morrow,  
There shall our steeds outstrip the  
wind,  
Whilst time and age creep far behind.  
No long vigils of love we keep,  
Nor evening's cups protract our sleep,  
But ere the sun has reached the skies  
Fresh as the morn we gaily rise.

Then free from care, from pain, &c.

See from France *yon petit maître!*

Thus exclaims the puny creature:

*'Comment sortir avant l'aurore*

*'Sans déjeuner?'* 'Tis a great bore.

No trifling fops can ever know

From the brisk chase what pleasures  
flow;

Joys above those of power and wealth,  
Vigour of mind and rosy health.

Then free from care, from pain, &c.

The Mushroom Cit, who rolls in riches,  
Curses the gates, the woods, and ditches,  
'What for *warmin'*,' vilely cries,  
'*Wenture* your necks and *wound* your eyes.'

But we will teach the wary *Jew*  
We've our *douceurs* and premiums too:  
Bacchus at night the sportsman warms,  
And Venus gives us all her charms.  
Then free from care, from pain, &c.

Hills and woods with music sounding,  
Every heart with pleasure bounding,  
What transports in our bosoms glow  
When first we hear the 'Tally-ho!'   
Bridegroom and Bachelor lead them on,

Soon they give way to Turpin's son,  
Now to the head young Herod strives,  
Old Windham roars and Wilful drives.  
Then free from care, from pain, &c.

Checked by sheep-ots in the valley,  
Men of weight gain time to rally;  
Mopping his front and double chin,  
Each heavy blue comes puffing in.  
Juniper hits it down the way,  
Magpies and crows his point betray;  
Through the wet mead and chalky soil

The villain runs his tainted foil.  
Then free from care, from pain, &c.

Distressed at length he gains the village,  
Where of late he roamed for pillage,  
Midst his old haunts he finds no friend,  
And Joe's 'Who-whoop!' proclaims his end.

My rhymes are done; once more excuse

Your ancient Laureate's limping Muse,  
And here in Dian's joyous court,  
Drink in full cups the noble sport,

Then free from care, from pain, &c.

#### OLD HAMPSHIRE HUNT SONG, 1789.

Draw near, ye frail mortals of every degree,

Who heartily sigh and complain,  
We'll find you a medicine without any fee

Shall quickly alleviate your pain.

Would you drive away care,

To the Wheatsheaf repair,

Where mirth and good-humour embrace,

Our Hampshire Hunt join,

While young mirth and old wine,

Enliven the joys of the chase!

The squabbles for party, and contest for power,

We leave to the great ones at Court,  
The fox-hunter wishes to charm the dull hour,

With vigour to keep up the sport.

Here the soldier forgets

His old wounds and his debts,

The sailor his rocks, sands, and storms,

The priest his solemn face,

The doctor his grimace,

The lawyer his pleas and grave forms.

Would you drive away care, &c.

A Soldier\* accomplished appears in our front,

Whose valour no danger can check;

With the same eager spirit he led on the hunt,

As Wolfe led him on at Quebec.

Here he meets with new toils,

Other conquests and spoils,

War and hunting pursue the same ends;

Yet his laurels fresh bloom,

In the field a like doom,

On Montcalm, sly Reynard attends.

Would you drive away care, &c.

A chieftain† intrepid now crowds to the van,

His canvas wide spread to the gale,

With the ardour displayed on the sea of Japan

He gallops o'er mountain and vale,

All the horrors combined

Of fire, water, and wind,

Ne'er could check him in glory's bright race;

Steering still the same track,

He disdains to look back

When Joe gives the signal for chase.

Would you drive away care, &c.

\* General Shirreff, of Upton House.

† Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, who distinguished himself in an action with the Dutch on the Dogger Bank, August 5, 1781.

A sportsman \* came next, who in plain  
 English style,  
 French manners and foppery defies,  
 His countenance spoke him the man  
 without guile,  
 The truth you might read in his  
 eyes.  
 When he points out the way,  
 We with pleasure obey,  
 And cheerfully follow his call;  
 O'er the fences we bound,  
 But if some reach the ground,  
 We laugh at the cockneys who  
 fall.  
 Would you drive away  
 care, &c.

On tithes and oblations no longer intent,  
 The parson† came hobbling along,  
 To forward the sport ever anxiously  
 bent,  
 Though feeble and last in the throng.  
 His weak muse and his horse  
 Have alike run their course,  
 Long hackney'd, exhausted, and lame,  
 Yet the veteran entreats,  
 In return for past feats,  
 Your favour he humbly may claim.  
 Then to drive away care,  
 He'll to Vernon's repair, [brace,  
 Where wit and good-humour em-  
 The Hampshire Hunt join,  
 While young mirth and old wine  
 Enliven the joys of the Chase.

### JOE HALL, THE HUNTSMAN'S LAMENTATION IN A FROST.

#### BALLAD FOR THE H.H.

What cursèd luck is mine,  
 With Hounds so stout and fine,  
 To suffer this horrible frost!  
 Come, Phil,‡ and help to swear,  
 My patience cannot bear  
 To think of the half-crowns we have  
 lost.

The pack that looked so well,  
 Are now all as black as —,  
 I freely could lie down and cry,  
 'Tis caused by the snow,  
 Measter says 'tis not so,  
 And throws all the blame upon I.

The sun shines out so clear,  
 No signs of thaw appear,  
 But all a hard winter portend.  
 The Cat and Venom sneeze,  
 The Pails and Gutters freeze,  
 And Snap's shining coat stands on end.§

Ah! what a mournful sight!  
 The Meads thus cloth'd in white,  
 And Snow scattered over the ground,  
 The Smoke upright ascends  
 With Rime the covert bends,  
 And loudly our Footsteps resound.

Of Drink and Food debarr'd,  
 The Crows infest the yard,  
 When thirsty the shyest are bold.  
 My courage to restrain,  
 I strive, alas! in vain,  
 The Gin runs down tasteless and cold.

The Blues so blithe of late,  
 Are all in piteous state,  
 No arts can their sorrow beguile.  
 Our newly-married Squire ||  
 Sits moping o'er the fire,  
 Ev'n beauty attracts not his smile.

A Dab at ev'ry Fun,  
 The Captain¶ loads his gun,  
 And rarely he misses a shot.  
 Thus when we come to chase,  
 He takes the foremost place,  
 Through him many pounds I have got.

Amidst this load of grief,  
 One thing might bring relief,  
 And lighten my heartfelt distress,  
 Oh! could he get a boy,  
 Even now would give me joy,  
 I ever must wish him success.

\* Mr. Thomas Ridge, the Master of the Hounds.

† The Rev. Charles Poulett, the Rector of Itchen Abbas.

‡ Phil Gosling, Joe Hall's first whip.

§ Snap was a favourite hunter of Mr. Ridge's.

|| Laver Oliver, Esq., of Kilmiston, who afterwards lived at Brill in Bucks,  
 father of Mr. Oliver-Massey.

¶ Captain Blagrave.

Cast down is our Divine,\*  
And well may he repine,  
For few winters more can he brave,  
Yet when the old boy dies,  
In hopes he soon may rise,  
'Hark forward!' I'll mark on his  
grave.

But ere my Rhymes are done,  
The clouds obscure the sun,  
The wind hurries round to the west,

A gently-mizzling rain,  
Begins to ease my pain,  
And lays all my sorrows at rest.

Our pockets too shall swell.  
For this rings Reynard's knell,  
And pleasure long banish'd renews.  
Dear Phil, then push the glass,  
Here's to your fav'rite lass,  
With health and good sport to the  
Blues.

## THE BLUES.

A HUNTING BALLAD FOR 1788.

Tune, *Le Tonnelier*.

Deep-bosomed clouds obscure the sky,  
A fog the distant mountain covers,  
The pavements weep, the trees are dry,  
And smoke around the chimney hovers.  
These are of scent the certain signs;  
Joe at the door no more repines,  
And every Blue with joyous face,  
Starts from his bed to join the chase.

And every Blue, &amp;c.

When to the wood the hounds draw  
near,  
With eager haste they show their  
mettle,  
Soon as the Master's voice they hear,  
Quiet and sure to work they settle.  
Gulliver dashes through the brakes,  
Her usual bound old Wilful takes,  
While every Blue with joyous face  
Tightens his girths, to join the chase.

While every Blue, &amp;c.

Trickster and Lawyer strike a drag,  
Hark! the sharp tongues begin to  
double,  
Where is the dastard heart can flag  
When conquered thus is every trouble.  
Here feuds subside and party ends,  
Alike forgot are foes and friends,  
While every Blue with joyous face,  
Spurs up his steed and joins the chase.

While every Blue, &amp;c.

To Popham first they make their push,  
Again to Thorny Down returning,  
'Cross the wide fields abreast they rush,  
Fallow and road and sheep-stain  
spurning.

Like meteors Kempshot sees them fly,  
And Southwood trembles with the cry,  
While every Blue with anxious face,  
Flogs his blown steed to join the chase.

While every Blue, &amp;c.

Through St. John's Wood they hold  
their speed,

In one great heap with fury driving,  
By turns each hound attempts to lead,  
Over the course like racers striving.  
Then the deep vale the villain tries,  
And there in Sherborne Fields he dies,  
While every Blue with joyous face,  
Praises his steed and puffs the chase.

While every Blue, &amp;c.

When at the festive board we sit,  
Our wondrous feats with glee relating,  
Laughter is ours, and friendly wit,  
From satire free, true mirth creating.  
There, too, the gods of Love and Wine  
Their myrtle wreaths and ivy twine,  
While every Blue with joyous face  
Fills up his glass and drinks the Chase.

While every Blue, &amp;c.

## OLD H.H. SONG BY J. D.

*Poto! Potas!*  
Come fill the glass  
Ye friends that here assemble,  
Joy marks each face  
With the love of the chase,  
Then, O ye foxes! tremble.

*Horum Corum,  
Bumperorum,*  
Wine and biscuits plenty,  
Shim Sham Obadiah!  
Heel-taps and daylight,  
We all love Strap *in presenti*.

\* The Rev. Charles Poulett.

*Potemus* all around,  
Here's blood to the hound,  
That first the drag shall cry on,  
Hark! Riot, good bitch,  
By George! that's a *titch*,\*  
That tongue you may rely on.

*Horum Corum,*  
*Unkennellorum,*  
Noise and Halloo plenty,  
Scream, Squall, Farmer Smith,  
Silver Jack, and Darking,  
They all love a fox *in presenti*.

*Fugito, Fugita,*  
'Hark Halloo!' away!  
To Ashley see they're stretching  
Little Treasure take heed,  
Or you'll soon lose the lead,  
For the pack their ground are fetching.

*Horum Corum,*  
*Scamperorum,*  
Woods and flints in plenty,  
Somborne, Parnholt,  
Mitchelmarsh and Ampfield,  
You'll have dirt enough *in presenti*.

But oh! alas!  
See that *damm'd* ass,  
The fox into Parnholt has headed,  
Back this way he went,  
You're all upon the scent,  
This check is the thing I dreaded.

*Horum Corum,*  
*Devillorum,*  
I wish he had been at Truro.  
*Presto!* tight your girths,  
Comb his mane and tail, sir,  
You'll not have time *in futuro*.

*Tenta, Tentas,*  
Let 'em try upon the grass,  
Quick, cast 'em across the next riding,  
Hey! Bacchus well hit,  
Good fellows, that's it,  
Again what glorious chiding.

*Horum Corum,*  
*Est Divorum,*  
Crash and music plenty,  
Jovial, Lusty, Positive, and Friendly,  
Will be at his *as in presenti*.

*Perdito, Perditus,*  
Why is he not with us,  
What the deuce is become of George  
Ricketts?  
Sure Jonville's not awake,  
Or has made some grand mistake,  
And he's snug in Blackwood thickets.

*Horum Corum,*  
Under lip 'orum,  
Oaths and vows in plenty,  
Curse Joe, 'tis too bad,  
How can Ridge contrive so,  
By Jove! here am I *in absento*.

*Curri, Currito,*  
Mark how Gift carries Joe  
O'er hedge, ditch, gate, and stile, sir;  
Like wild geese on the wing,  
See the Blues in a string,  
From the first to the last in a mile, sir.

*Horum Corum,*  
*Sunt Equorum,*  
Jades and hackneys plenty,  
Brickburner, Salesman, Lawn Sleeves,  
and Old Clothes,  
They're not worth an *as in presenti*.

*Sylvæ, Sylvas,*  
The outwoods we pass,  
'Tally-ho!' there he skirts the next  
pasture,  
The rascally crows  
Insult him as he goes,  
And Joe 'gins to grin upon Master.

*Horum Corum,*  
Don't ride o'er 'em,  
Haste and hurry plenty,  
Slap-bang! rotten hedge,  
Yawning ditch and timber,  
Sit tight on your *as in presenti*.

*Titubo, Titubas,*  
I'm sorry, but, alas!  
As you drove your mare up the last  
hill, sir,  
She was so much blown,  
I must honestly own  
I thought you would soon get a spill, sir.

*Horum Corum,*  
*Tumbleorum,*  
Jilts and cockneys plenty,  
New boots, hunting-whip,  
Periwig, and hat-band,  
Are all in the dirt *in presenti*.

*Fumus, Funeris,*  
Death to all common is,  
And tho' he has run it shrewdly,  
Ridge swears he must die,  
For vain 'tis to fly,  
From Trojan, Tryall, and Lewdly.

*Horum Corum,*  
*Who-ooporum,*  
Knives and saws in plenty,  
Snip, snap, slice the brush,  
Cut and thrust and tear him,  
You shall have a pad *in presenti*.

\* Hampshire pronunciation of touch.

*Vinum, Vinum,*  
 Fill the glass high,  
 To the Chase the confounder of sorrow.  
 Good Fellowship, thy right,  
 Shall engross us to-night,  
 And let Reynard look to the morrow.

*Harum Scarum,*  
*Pactarum,*  
 You have all had enough of rhyme, O!  
 Hip, hip! hunting, honest hearts, and  
 hugging,  
 We all love the H.H. *in primo.*

There is no doubt but the first song was the most popular of the Hampshire Hunt series, and there are men now alive who can remember hearing it sung at the Hampshire Hunt dinners, as well as at other festivals where sportsmen gathered together. We were much astonished at hearing a Yorkshire gentleman say this was once the song of the Bramham Moor Hunt, a favourite meet of that Hunt having been substituted for Thorny Down; but the mystery was solved when, looking over the old Hampshire Hunt books, by the kind permission of the late Mr. Marx, the secretary, we found amongst the old members the name of Mr. Fox Lane, who in 1782 resided at East End House, Alresford, and there is little doubt but he took the song back with him to Yorkshire, and that it thus became naturalised in the same way as our National Anthem has been imported from Prussia. Here we must get off the line a little to show how ignorant many Englishmen are of this fact. In 1857 we were at a royal wedding festival at Biberich, on the Rhine, with a good, honest, simple old English parson, who as soon as the band began to play the National Anthem, stood up in the carriage and took off his hat, and urged us to do the same, to the astonishment of the natives, and said somewhat shortly, on being told to sit down, 'They are playing "God " " save the Queen " out of compliment to the English present' (probably half a dozen). Greatly wounded was the good man, when we rejoined that it was the National Anthem of the country, and that the English had annexed it. So equally puzzled were we on hearing 'Free from care, from pain, from sorrow,' claimed as a Yorkshire song. One thing always astonished us, which is, for what reason Thorny Down should have been so immortalised—why our grandfathers were all requested to go there the next morning in preference to any other covert in the hunt? We have never heard of any great run to give it a special reputation, as is the case with Tar Wood in the old Berkshire country; Great Wood, in the Duke of Beaufort's; Waterloo Gorse, in the Pytchley, or Billesdon-Coplow, in the Quorn. In our opinion it must have been selected as much with a view to rhyme as sport—a word of three syllables was necessary, and Thorny Down came more pat to the poet's purpose than any other, for, after many years' experience, we can safely aver that we have never seen a good run from it, or, perhaps we should say, a better one than from the other big coverts. Certainly the Thursday or west side of the H.H. country, in which Thorny Down is situated, is not to be compared with the south-eastern or Tuesday country. And we are sure that a hundred good runs have occurred from Beauworth for one from Thorny Down. At the latter place, unless there is a wonderful scent, a fox will hang half a day; and even if



hounds can make him move, and he goes away, there are Itchen Wood, Mitcheldever, and Dodsley or Chilton Wood to receive him, and The College Woods and Woodmancote Holt but a very little distance away, so that if he is out of one great wood he is at once into another, perhaps still bigger, and the whole day is spent in going from wood to wood. Neither are matters mended in the present day, as the Master, Mr. Deacon, is not allowed to draw some of these coverts until after Christmas, so that it is impossible foxes can be taught to fly.

As it may interest some of our readers to see who were the members of this celebrated Hunt, we append the list for 1782: Mr. Thomas Ridge, President, Manor House, Kilmiston; Sir Willoughby Aston, Crawley House; General Shirreff, Upton House, Old Alresford; Mr. William Poulett-Poulett, Little Sombourn, afterwards at Lainston House; Rev. C. Poulett, Itchen Abbas; Mr. H. Bonham, New Alresford; Mr. T. Bonham, also of Petersfield; Sir Henry Tichborne, Tichborne Park; Mr. J. C. Jervoise, Herriard; Mr. Robert Thistlethwayte, Southwick Park; Mr. Dehany, Kempshot Park; Mr. Woolls, of Faringdon; Mr. Harris, New Place, Alresford; Mr. Yalding, Ovington House; Lord Stawell, Marelands and Hinton House; Mr. W. G. Ricketts, of Bishop's Sutton, afterwards Candover House, finally at Lainston House; Admiral Sir Hyde Parker; Mr. Blagrove, Rotherfield Park; Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay; Captain Brown; Sir T. W. Gardner, Roche Court, Fareham; Mr. Winstanley, Brown Candover; Mr. Pigott; Mr. Samuel Leeke; Mr. Hodges, Bramdean; Mr. Holder, Ashe Park; Captain Greville; Mr. Bathurst, Lainston House; Mr. Lethbridge; Mr. Shakespear, Twyford; Mr. Repington; Mr. Laver Oliver, Kilmiston House; Mr. Charles Græme, Rotherfield Park; Mr. Purvis; Mr. Fox Lane, East End House, Alresford; Mr. Grierson; Mr. H. Powell, Andover; Lord Gage, Westbury House; Rev. R. Lowth, Hinton; Mr. Drummond, the Grange Park; Mr. Francis Love Beckford, Basing Park; Sir Charles Mill, Mottisfont; Mr. Charles Taylor, The Holt.

On Mr. Ridge's resignation the old Kilmiston Hunt, or original H.H. Club, was broken up; and at a meeting held at Winchester, April 25th, 1795, it was reformed. It was then resolved that the club should consist of twenty-five members, besides the president; that it should be called the Hampshire Hunt; that it should meet on the 12th of October and every first Friday in every month to April, inclusive; that the hounds should be kept at Bishop's Sutton from the second week in October till the first week in March; that Mr. W. Poulett-Poulett be perpetual president, and the huntsman and other servants be entirely under his control. The uniform was a blue coat, with white waistcoat, with yellow buttons, having the letters 'H.H.' and the Prince of Wales's crest engraved on it. Two stewards were taken in rotation, beginning with the oldest members of the late club. For the monthly meetings dinner was to be on table precisely at five, and the bill called for at nine o'clock by the president watch.

The original members of the new club were Mr. W. Poulett-Poulett, Little Sombourn; Sir Henry Tichborne, Tichborne Park; Mr. George William Ricketts, Twyford; Mr. John Shakespear, Twyford; Mr. Charles Græme, New House, Ropley; Mr. Charles Taylor, Rotherfield Park; Lord John Russell, Stratton Park; Mr. Francis Love Beckford, Basing Park; Mr. Fox Lane, East End House, Alresford; Mr. Richard Meyler, Crawley House; Mr. R. Bingham Newland, Rotherfield; Mr. John Smythe, Cheriton; Mr. George Kerr; Mr. James Holder, Ashe Park; Mr. J. C. Middleton, Chawton Park. Mr. Thomas Ridge was an honorary member. Mr. Poulett-Poulett was manager of the H.H. until 1802, and during his mastership the following gentlemen joined the club: Sir Charles Mill, Mottisfont; Mr. Baine, Lainston, 1796; Mr. Calmady, Woodcote House; Mr. J. T. Villebois, 1796; Mr. Sympton, 1796; the Hon. George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers; Mr. John Duthy, New House, Ropley; Hon. J. Gage; Mr. G. W. Sparrow; Sir Henry St. John Mildmay; Lord Powis, Woodcote, in 1797; Mr. Iremonger; Mr. Francis North, afterwards Lord Guilford, 1798; Captain Scott, R.N., New Place, Alresford; Captain Cumming, 11th Dragoons, afterwards General Sir Henry Cumming, K.C.B.; Mr. Thomas Kingscote, of Hinton House; Mr. Henry Villebois; Lord Gage; Mr. Abel Rous Dottin, Bugle Hall, Southampton; Major, afterwards General, Seymour, 1801.

## Reviews.

### NO. I. HISTORY OF THE BRITISH TURF,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY.\*

Mr. JAMES RICE, patronised by the 'Most Honourable the Marquess of Hartington, M.P., and the Right Honourable the Earl of Hardwicke, P.C.,' has condescended to give to the world a new version of 'Turf History, and it certainly is 'new' in more senses than one. He is so obliging as to inform his readers what they certainly would not have known but for his assistance, that 'Horses existed in England before histories, and that the earliest of our historians do not appear to have taken the trouble to make any extensive inquiries as to where our native breed originally came from.' This being so we are the more obliged to Mr. Rice for informing us, and he says that they came from Gallic sires and dams; and that when dinner was done, and they had been well fed, they went to the play. And he furthermore says that it is apart from the design of his work to import into its pages unnecessarily any matter that is

\* 'The History of the British Turf.' With Portraits of the late Admiral Rous and Mr. George Payne. By James Rice. Dedicated by permission to the Marquess of Hartington, M.P., and the Earl of Hardwicke, P.C., Stewards of the Jockey Club. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. Two vols. 8vo., price 30s.

not covered by the title, and accordingly he gives a parting kick at Homer, Solomon, Greece, Judæa, the Stuart Princes, Tregonwell Frampton, and the British Isles ; and then is good enough to tell us that Juvenal was the Father of the Turf, that Epsom Races are run on Banstead Downs, that the horse is a distinct genus belonging to the *Pachydermata*, that men and women indulge in dancing, but men in archery—what will Mrs. Horniblow say to this we wonder ?—leaping, vaulting, and other harmless recreations, may games, Whitsun ales, morris-dances, and the sports of the maypole, all of which are, according to Mr. James Rice, so intimately associated with Turf History. He says at page 82, vol. I., that Sam Chifney rode Eclipse, and at page 98 that Captain Newland backed himself for a heavy wager to ride 140 miles in eight hours on hackneys which he got from the landlord of the Swan at Chichester, and that they were of good stamp, had heads like snakes, necks like swans, backs only a span. If they were of this stamp we would much rather that Captain Newland had the mount than ourselves. At page 100 we have the history of a dog fight, which must be so very intimately connected with the Turf. It will also be surprising to many partakers of that delicious compound known as Epsom salts that they are not composed of sulphate of magnesia, but of ‘calcareous nitre,’ with 280 more grains to the gallon than are contained in the Dog and Duck in St. George’s Fields.

Goodwood is despatched at a little more than half a page, and with no reference to it of a later date than the year 1846, though this History professes to be brought up to the present time ; but as trotting matches and other amusements taking place in the United States of America are of more importance in the History of the *British Turf*, we are treated to upwards of seventy pages of record. Ascot does obtain rather more recognition than Goodwood. A few pages, here and there, are ostensibly allotted to Ascot, though for the most part they are occupied by games at cards, E. O. tables, and other subjects but very remotely connected with the Turf, unless that term ‘comprehends all vagrom.’

The famous Captain Barclay (page 99) was twenty-two years of age, stood 5 feet 11 inches in height, fed heartily on boiled fowls, drank strong ale ; but at page 111, he was 30 years of age, wasn’t named Barclay at all, and was only 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches in height in his stocking feet, and weighed 12 stone 13 pounds. It is only just to Mr. Rice to say that these records refer to two different exploits ; though for what purpose so minute particulars are given is not very apparent in a History of the British Turf.

As a fair sample of the Author’s style and of his lucidity we quote from page 261. It is, like Othello’s description of Desdemona, ‘one entire and perfect chrysolite’ :—

‘James Robinson, a contemporary of Chapple, enjoyed a still greater fame as a master of the art of riding. He was born at Newmarket on the 22nd of June, 1794, the son of John Robson, the trainer to Mr. Panton. At the beginning of the present century Robson enjoyed a unique reputation as a trainer, and it

'was esteemed a privilege to get a boy apprenticed in his stables. To young Robinson this favour was accorded, and in Robson's stables accordingly he began his Turf education. He rapidly showed to the eye of his astute master that he was made of stuff out of the common, and he was soon taken from the common routine of stable-work and exercise to the more responsible but better practice of riding in practice trials. He deported himself so well in his earliest essays in the racing saddle, that the delighted Robson exclaimed, over and over again, "Why, he can't be a boy, he must be a little man!"'

At page 348 we are informed that The Baron is generally credited by the Jennings connection with the authorship of Monarque. We think this is a mistake, and that the Jennings connection have always attributed the sireship of Monarque to The Emperor. At page 348 we have the following startling announcement, 'Fisherman, like Monarque, was a "bastard," for his pedigree was given as by Heron, Stork, or Gobler.' We should much like to be informed by whom this information was given, as there never was such a horse as Gobler, and Stork was a few weeks younger than Fisherman, both being foaled in the year 1853. We are also told that Cowl was own brother to Surplice, the fact being that one was by Bay Middleton, the other by Touchstone. At page 248 we are informed that 'every one of the 32 sires and dams that appear in the pedigree of Voltigeur can be deduced from the Godolphin Arabian'—a statement not only absurd but untrue. At page 165, Vol. II., there is a whole page of rignarole which professes to be a tabulated pedigree of Eclipse; this is not only absurd and untrue, but impossible. At page 172 we are told that 'Flying Childers was bred in and in; but his descendant King Herod had a numerous and distinguished progeny.' What the meaning of this is Rice only knows, for it is new to us that Flying Childers had many descendants in the male line, but if he had Herod was certainly not one of them. We are told that 'the late Mr. Atwood was the last man who ran half-bred Arabs with a view to winning on English racecourses.' We do not believe that Mr. Atwood ran any horses at all within the last thirty years; indeed, we have more than a strong impression that it was made a condition, on his accepting the Managing Directorship of the Stanhope and Wear-dale Company's Iron Works at Tow Law, in Durham, that he abandoned racing altogether, and since that time hundreds of half-bred Arabs have been run. To go no farther back than Real Jam, one of her ancestors was an Arab stallion named Shebdeez. We are told that See Saw was bred at Middle Park, and that he was a first-class horse; the facts being that he was not bred at Middle Park, nor was he anything like a first-class horse. We are informed that 'Cremorne's dam Rigolboche was by Voltigeur (Lord Zetland's big coach-horse);' the fact being that Rataplan, and not Voltigeur, was the sire of Rigolboche, nor was Voltigeur at any time Lord Zetland's coach-horse. We are told that 'Madame Eglantine was one of the smallest mares ever trained.' Let us ask Mr. Rice if he ever saw Little Lady, Nutbush, Bounceaway, or Roma. We believe these were all of them smaller than Madame Eglantine.

In the hackneyed phrase of the day, will Mr. James Rice be

‘surprised to learn’ that Kingsclere was *not* Sir Joseph Hawley’s stud-farm, but his training-ground, though he says at least twice over that it was the breeding-farm? He says that Blue Gown was perhaps the second-best horse of Stockwell’s get; but everybody else believes him to have been one of Beadsman’s get and not Stockwell’s. He says that Lord Glasgow’s roans were ‘weedy.’ All the roans belonging to his Lordship that we ever saw were the reverse of weedy. Fancy a writer of History to be ignorant of the familiar fact that what is called the ‘bloody hand’ is to be found on the escutcheon of *every* baronet, and is the arms of the Province of Ulster; yet he says the Holte family owe the presence of it on their coat-of-arms to the circumstance that in the seventeenth century Sir Thomas Holte murdered his cook. He seems also to be unaware of the fact that the Holte baronetcy is extinct.

About thirty years ago we knew a fine handsome-looking fellow of about forty years of age who was working as a ‘puddler’ at some ironworks in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. He was called by his mates, and believed by his employers to be, Sir John Holte, and most probably he was a genuine ‘B. of the B. K.’ to make use of the Claimant’s phraseology. But he was a manly fellow though poor, and did not care about empty titles without the means of supporting them, and probably let the title die out, or at any rate remain in abeyance. We have no means of knowing on what authority Mr. Rice says Sir Thomas Holte murdered his cook in the seventeenth century. We have the ‘Genealogical and Historical Account of ‘the English Baronets’ of that century now before us. We find that the Holte baronetcy is 33rd in date of creation, that Thomas Holte, High Sheriff of Warwickshire, was knighted by Elizabeth in the 42nd year of her reign, and that in 1603 King James I. advanced him to the degree of a baronet. ‘He was a man of great learning ‘and exemplary charity, and began to build the noble seat of Aston, ‘near Birmingham. He was nominated by Charles I. Ambassador ‘to Spain, but got excused on account of his great age.’ He does not appear a likely sort of person to commit a brutal murder. So far as our researches have extended this person seems to have been the only one named *Thomas*. The sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons for more than a hundred years afterwards were named respectively, Edward (the only son), Robert and John (the only grandsons), Charles (the only great-grandson), Clobery, Charles, and John (the only great-great-grandsons), and Clobery by his marriage with Barbara, daughter and heir of Thomas Lister, of Whitfield, had two sons, Lister and Charles. These bring the family pedigree up to a late date in the 18th century, and there is no mention of a Sir *Thomas* except the first Baronet. The family arms are: Azure, two Bars and in Chief a Cross Forme fitched Or; Crest, on a wreath a squirrel sejant Or, holding a hazel branch slipped Vert with nuts proper. Motto, ‘*Exaltavit humiles.*’ Seat: Aston, near Birmingham. No mention here of any especial ‘bloody hand’ or of any hot-blooded murder.

What a master of hounds Mr. Rice would have made—such a fine eye for a country. He says the country round Epsom is a ‘champagne’ (*sic*) country.’ He evidently *means* a champaign, i.e., flat or open country, though the term he makes use of, considering the quantity of champagne, or some other stuff going under that name, which is drunk at Epsom, would be the more correct, for the country around Epsom is the reverse of champaign; indeed, one more undulating on a small scale it is hardly possible to find. He copies from ‘Household Words’ some particulars of the provisions consumed in the stand, booths, &c., at the Derby in 1851, Teddington’s year. Then he says for himself, ‘*Now* if the figures given by Dickens were *multiplied by four* it would not exceed the consumption of edibles *in the Grand Stand alone.*’ This is the height of absurdity and the very contrary of the truth. The refreshment department of the Grand Stand has been considerably contracted since 1851, and so far from four times the quantity of edibles being now consumed in the Stand, than was then the case, we should say that the quantity is not half so much. If Mr. Rice judges of the consumption of edibles by the numbers of visitors to the Downs, we may inform him that there were not more than half as many witnesses of the Derby won by Sir Bevy as there were to witness that of Teddington. At page 19, he states, on the authority of a Mr. Pownall, that half a century ago there were 60,000 persons assembled on the downs to witness the Derby, and he gives it on his own authority that ‘now there are *much more than ten times* that number carried down on the ‘Derby day,’ so that he would have us believe that little short of a million persons are assembled at Epsom on the Derby Day. We have seen the Derby run and won well-nigh thirty times—but we very much question if Mr. Rice has ever seen it at all; his nonsensical allusions to the ‘champagne country’ and the racecourse on ‘Banstead Downs’ would certainly lead to the conclusion that he has *not*—and it is our opinion that not only have the numbers of visitors in Teddington’s year not been surpassed, but they have never been equalled. The year he selected for comparison happened to be an unfortunate one, as it was the year of the Exhibition; but let him take any other year, say the year before or the year after, and then we tell him that not only have those numbers not been quadrupled by those of recent years, but they have not been sensibly augmented. If the visitors to the Grand Stand are rather more numerous, those on ‘the hill’ are fewer.

Mr. Rice seems to be as much at sea in his geography and topography as in other matters. At page 9, Vol. II., he says that a century ago the Epsom racecourse ‘just outside the town was *one of the best in England.*’ Thirteen pages later he recants all this, and says the course on Banstead Downs is ‘not naturally by *any means the best* in the kingdom, though its sharp gradients and ‘varied features probably try all the qualities of a horse as well, if ‘not better, than any other.’ The running track has been laid out ‘from time to time to the best advantage, and the *old four-mile*

'course for horse races from north-east to south-west, much frequented, has been greatly improved and altered in *modern times* !'

Then he says, 'the features of the track are almost too well known to need description here.' We may add that the real 'features of the course' are, indeed, well known; but the fanciful features given by Mr. James Rice are probably unknown to any one besides himself. We have ridden over and walked over the racecourse many times, but we utterly fail to recognise the following as anything like a correct description. 'The first ground covered is a steep ascent, followed, when the top of the hill is reached, by tolerably flat ground for three furlongs . . . The straight run in of rather less than half a mile is almost flat,' &c. Mr. Rice ignores altogether the alterations which were made some six or seven years ago at the starting-post; but, independent of that, we may say that at no part of the course is there three furlongs, or three yards even, which can be described as 'flat,' and we are speaking from the book, for we have now before us a plan and sections of the racecourse at Epsom made in 1848 by Mr. George T. Cloutt, surveyor, of Westminster. These sections do not give a flat surface at any part of either of the two courses—Derby and Metropolitan courses, and with the exception of the start on the Derby course mentioned above, the gradients are the same now as they were in 1848. Mr. Rice gives a somewhat diffuse account of an 'Epsom difficulty' which occurred nearly fifty years ago between the lord of the manor and the authorities, but altogether ignores the much more formidable 'difficulty' of about ten years ago. What a reliable history, then, this must be! Mr. Rice's notions of history also seem to be about as foggy as his geography. At page 283 he gives a cursory and absurd account of the Eglintoun tournament, and which from the context the reader will naturally conclude took place after the victories on the turf of Lord Eglintoun's horses Van Tromp and the Flying Dutchman. We may therefore inform Mr. Rice that the tournament—at which we happened to be present—took place ten years earlier, and at Eglintoun Castle, and not, as he says, at Ayr, which is some eight miles distant, Ardrossan being the nearest post town.

The general scholarship of Mr. Rice seems to be as deplorable as his acquirements in special branches of knowledge. He rakes up the 'Iliona' controversy as if it were a matter of vast importance, and again flounders. He says that 'Lord Maidstone' (the present Earl of Winchilsea) 'had taken a *first* class at Oxford, and *maintained at a white heat* that the "I" in *Iliona* was long.' The 'heat,' whether white or black, can of course be only matter for conjecture, but a matter of fact may dispose of Mr. Rice's insolence: Lord Maidstone did *not* take a *first* class at Oxford.' There were only six names in the first class on that occasion, and of that number we believe that Canon Miller is the sole survivor, even if he is alive, of which we are not certain. Lord Maidstone passed in the *second* class. Whether Mr. Rice has been endeavouring to emulate the part of Rip Van Winkle or not we cannot say, but at page 301, speaking

of the late Luke Snowden, he says, there is 'no other instance on record of a lad who was only eight seasons on the Turf and yet was victor in two St. Legers, second in two more, and a winner of the Oaks.' What has he to say to Chaloner, who, in 1863, when he had been little, if any more than eight seasons on the Turf, and yet was victor in two St. Legers, on Caller Ou and The Marquis, an Oaks on Feu de Joie, a Two Thousand and Derby on Macaroni, and who has since won the St. Leger on three other occasions, as well as the Two Thousand Guineas? Or, even more conclusive still, what has Mr. Rice to say to the victories of Archer—the Two Thousand twice, viz. on Atlantic and Charibert, the Derby on Silvio, the Oaks three times and the St. Leger twice? We think this licks the feats of Snowden, though we have no wish to disparage that jockey, who was really a very fine horseman. It is really deplorable to reflect upon the enormous amount of matter which in no way bears upon Turf history that finds its way into these volumes. For example, there is a case of cheating at cards, in which Lord de Ros brings an action against a Mr. Cumming, and which is introduced for no other purpose, so far as we can perceive, than to bring Mr. George Payne upon the scene as a witness. After occupying some four or five pages with the case, one would naturally have supposed that the *result* would have been given; but no, Mr. Rice suddenly breaks off and leaves his readers to conjecture the verdict of the jury. We may as well inform our readers that it was in favour of the defendant, and that Lord de Ros left town next day for Stuttdgardt. Mr. Rice has a happy knack—which in other and less celebrated writers would be regarded as insolent impertinence—of making his readers' mouths water for something and then leaving them unsatisfied. For instance, when speaking of George the Fourth he says: 'The amorous devotion of Florizel to Perdita, or to Saccharissa, the doings of the fascinating Mrs. Robinson, or of the respected Mrs. FitzHerbert, have no place in these pages.' Then why, let us ask, were the names of these fair frail ones introduced at all? Was it in mere wantonness? and does Mr. Rice consider it fine sport thus to trifle with the time and intelligence of his readers? The king's passion for Perdita and her sisters does not seem to have been excessively strong, for on the next page we are told that, 'In him (George IV.) love of racing and racehorses was the ruling passion.'

The blunders and confusion of names and circumstances are not only numerous, but in most instances quite indefensible. For example, Mr. Briscoe, the lord of the manor of Epsom, was not M.P. for the *Eastern* division of the county, but for *West* Surrey. Eclipse was not the same horse as Escape. Mab, the dam of the horse called Running Rein, was never known by the name of Queen Mab; Davidetta for Darioletta; Yellow Jacket for Yellow Jack; Glensaddle for Glen-Saddel; Lucia for Lucio; Jenny for Jerry; Canty Boy for Canty Bay; Tom for Ion, are quite inexcusable.

The present John Day is confounded with his father, or rather



such a jumble is made of the Scythian case, and Danebury mixed up with Findon in hopeless confusion, that the whole thing is made a sad hash of. Lord Glasgow's Clarissimus was not a filly as is alleged at page 332; nor did Queen Mary throw in successive years the eight foals named on page 341. Between Haricot and Blooming Heather, whose births are given in 'successive years,' four other foals intervened. Faugh-a-Ballagh is credited with two mothers; at Vol. I., p. 343, Guiccioli is given, but in Vol. II., p. 248, a nameless Pantaloon mare is given as his dam. We know that Mr. Rice means to say that this mare was the mother of Faugh-a-Ballagh's son Leamington, but why on earth cannot he say so, instead of leading his readers into hopeless confusion?

The books written by 'The Druid' are very largely copied, and in most instances without any acknowledgment. It is true that at the end of Vol. II. Mr. Rice gives a list of works relating to the Turf, said to be 'consulted in the compilation of these volumes.' We very much question whether he has consulted half of those which he has catalogued; if he has, he has made but a poor use of his 'consultation,' and some others could have afforded him no information of a reliable kind if he had consulted them. For example, what Turf historian would go to Wright's penny book of handicaps, or to the byelaws of Sylvanus for information? It is evidently a catalogue of the names of books picked up at random. The name of Pick's Turf Register is given, but we have failed to find any quotations from it or references to it. On the other hand Orton's Turf Annals of Epsom, York, and Doncaster, have been laid under tribute to a very considerable extent, and that work is not so much as named in the catalogue. Several American books are named, though the best one, 'The Perfect Horse,' by Murray, with an introduction by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, is unaccountably overlooked. But we are really tired of fault-finding or of correcting childish statements and stupid blunders, or we had marked many more paragraphs for quotation. But in mercy to our readers we withhold our hand and leave Mr. Rice to such fame as his book will bring him until oblivion overtakes it.

P.S.—Since the above criticism was penned we have had brought under our notice the following gems of puffery. As:—

'Volumes full of information, instruction, and entertainment.'—*Times*.

'A great deal of interesting and entertaining information.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

'This work will speedily find its way into every sporting library.'—*Court Journal*.

These notices further illustrate the truth of Mr. Puff's maxim, that when the critics 'do agree their unanimity is wonderful!' But the 'Daily News' is resolved to outstrip all rivals. The following is an entire extract from that journal of the date of December 24th:

'The two solid volumes devoted by Mr. James Rice to the "History of the "British Turf" (Sampson Low and Co.) are certainly not an unreasonable allowance of print and paper for a subject so extensive. The writer's chapters are eminently entertaining, while they are not wanting in the sober historical

'qualities of Mr. Whyte's history, which, being now nearly forty years old, is necessarily much behind the present time. Mr. Rice does not weary the reader with remote researches into antiquity, but sets about the work in hand in a spirit at once business-like and lively. He deals in turns with all the great racing centres, depicts their topographical features, records the origin of their racing fame, describes celebrated races and celebrated winners, sketches bygone celebrities, and altogether invests the subject with attractions which may secure the favour even of the reader who cares personally little for the associations of Newmarket or Epsom. With these matters Mr. Rice has anecdotes to tell about men and horses, about famous bets and famous matches, about lucky horses and memorable sales, about disputed stakes and actions at law, and an infinite number of other topics. He gives also the pedigrees of the best horses—a feature likely to be appreciated by professional readers. Altogether Mr. Rice's work—which is the first book of the kind really entitled to be called a history of the Turf—seems to exhaust a very large subject.'

What are we now to think of the honesty or the intelligence of the criticism to be found in the leading journals?

Had the late Admiral Rous only lived a few months longer he would have reached the fulness of his fame. Being the son of an Earl he was born great; in divers ways did he achieve greatness; and had he only been perverse enough to live a little longer, he would have had greatness thrust upon him in the unspeakable honour of having this work dedicated to him. *Now*, this crowning immortality has been reserved for the two estimable noblemen whose names adorn the dedicatory page, and who will have their names handed down to an admiring posterity in company with that of Mr. Rice and his erratic book on the 'History of the British Turf.'

## NO. II. THE GAMEKEEPER AT HOME.\*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES WHYMPER.

SOME months since we gave a cursory notice to the 'Amateur Poacher,' a work by the same author. That notice was not intended to be very 'fetching,' yet we have the authority of a Master of Hounds for saying that it enticed him to purchase a copy of the book. He read it, and then made a present of it to his boys. They mastered it, and in the days and weeks past—'weather prevailing'—they have taken the gamekeeper and huntsman 'in tow,' cross-examined them in a manner worthy of Serjeant Buzfuz, Ballantine, or Robinson, dumfounded them and puzzled them—short of turning them inside out—and then left them in a 'brown study' till next night—when in the interim they had 'interviewed' the Master who wondered how the young gentlemen got to know so much. They wished for evening to come again, when they could have a renewal of their diversion.

The book now under notice, 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' is an old friend, but with a new face in the shape of forty-one illustrations by Whymper. As the book itself is already so well known, criticism of it would not only be superfluous but impertinent. But

\* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. Price 10s. 6d.

we may be allowed to have our say—or whether ‘allowed’ or not we mean to have it all the same—about the illustrations. We do not exactly set ourselves up as ‘art critics,’ but we do pretend to be critics of art. We once, and once only, had a ‘private view’ of the Academy. We didn’t exactly condemn all the pictures, though we did most of them, but from different points of view to those of the ‘art critics.’ It is a very much easier task to criticise a work of art than to make one, as it is easier to praise or condemn a song—that real stumbling-block of poetasters—than to write a good one. So with this civil little introduction we take Mr. Charles Whymper by the hand, and whilst according him his full due, we must say that though admirable as works of art, they are hardly the representations of natural occurrences. For example, we are sure that no keeper’s son, whatever his name may have been, and whether right or left handed, ever held his gun in the manner represented at page 34. Nor is it likely that a ‘snarer’ of hares would tie his ‘wire’ to a thistle; if he did, the hare would be likely enough to run off with it; it cannot surely be intended to be a sustaining support, for the ‘peg’ which the poacher has in his hand, is a very dwarfed specimen of Jullien’s Wand. However, this is one of the very best Christmas presents a friend can make to a boy of sporting proclivities, or one fond of country life. Since White’s ‘Natural History of Selborne’ nothing so attractive has been written about rural life.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A Cattle Show Cargo—A Theatrical Ticket—Sporting Scraps.

‘MERRIE Islington,’ quotha? Dirty Islington and greasy withal. Islington of rough speech and manners, of Cheap Johns, Brummagem jewelry, never-ceasing omnibuses, and general row and discomfort. It may be that Islington does sometimes—let us suppose on a calm Sunday evening in summer—wear a peaceful aspect, and perhaps a merry one, but our fortune has never drawn us there at those times. We only know the suburb in the days when the cattle are those of a thousand hills, and the horses paw the sawdust in their strength. At these times the Angel and the parts adjacent seem given over to a social pandemonium, to which the manners of the Whitechapel rough give the tone. True, at the cattle epoch there is some relief in the heartiness of the bucolic mind, which inside the Hall of Beasts helps to keep the rough element in check, and at the Horse Festival in June it is still more restrained by hunting men and women and the *élite* of London society. But still outside the great hall at each season Islington reigns supreme, and like Papa Eccles in ‘Caste’ Islington is ‘not nice.’

But there was something nice inside the hall in the second week of December, when on the opening day of the Cattle Show, the genial and pleasant gentleman, who we verily believe is known as ‘Bob Leeds’ from John o’ Groat’s to the Land’s End, was doing the honours of the Show to some royal and illustrious neighbours of his down Norfolk way, and the Master and Mistress of Sandringham were inspecting the fat beasts, the grand Herefords, the ‘lovely’ (so they were called in our hearing) Shorthorns, the

picture-que Highlanders and the shapely Devons. The Mistress inclined much, so we hear, to the pigs, and made minute inspection of those noble animals as they lay up to their eyes in clean straw, happily unconscious of huge placards above their heads hinting at sausages. The Royal Lady is fond of the lovely porker, and there certainly appeared to be some very noble specimens, though critical eyes in our company looked, we are bound to add, but coldly upon them, even upon the Queen's Windsor breed, which were spoken of as 'fairly level,' and that was all. The Show, we believe, was a very good one, taken as a whole. There was nothing very good or striking—and this admitting the high qualities of the wonderful Wild Flower and the beautiful Leonora—but there was general excellence, and if you could not put your finger—and how many fingers there *were* put—on some great beast who towered as a king or queen among his or her fellows, you could have the intense satisfaction (and we believe this is really to many excellent judges the chief attraction of the Show) of prodding, pinching, and generally maltreating some score or two of 'fairly level' ones. It is an interesting show, even to the ignoramus who can't tell a Sussex from a Devon, or an Oxfordshire ewe from a Cotswold wether. It is such an exhibition of wealth and power, it is so flattering to our insular pride, because we know or choose to believe that no other country can do likewise, and like that other show in midsummer, when the noble animal is the hero of the hour, here England is unapproached and unapproachable. So the two exhibitions are in a certain sense national property, and we regard the cattle and horses with a sort of feeling of ownership, nearly as gratifying perhaps as that with which Mrs. Sarah Edwards contemplates the lovely Leonora or Mr. Richard Stratton the beautiful Wild Flower. This it is brings such a mixed assemblage to the Agricultural Hall in June and December, and makes the vast building, we trust, a valuable one to the company.

There was no perceptible falling off in the attendance on this occasion, though it did strike us that locomotion was easier except in that abominable hole called the Bazaar, where in a stifling atmosphere people pushed and struggled from the time of the opening of the doors to their close. As every lamp manufacturer in London had, so it appeared to us, sent his latest invention in illuminating power, and as specimens of each were brightly burning, the heat of these exhibits alone may be conjectured. But when in addition to this everything from cork-crews to corn plaster seemed to be offered there for sale, and when we say offered, we mean thrust upon you by lively young saleswomen who would take no denial, especially from a fresh-coloured countryman, when two gentlemen at the entrance to the 'bazaar' were loudly holding forth on the respective merits of glass cutters or something of the kind, and when the sounds of a melancholy piano rose occasionally above the din, our readers may imagine what it was and they are hereby warned to avoid it in future. We suppose the place is a sort of necessary evil thrust upon the Agricultural Hall Company, and there is no doubt it pays, therefore no more can be said. We incautiously looked in at the door and were drawn within the vortex before we knew where we were, but never again. It is pleasanter to stroll through the galleries and note the specimens of human ingenuity and skill there exhibited. Everything that could simplify labour, with a great many other things besides to which we could not give a name. Pleasant, too, is it to find oneself at the hospitable luncheon board at which Mr. Robert Leeds welcomes his many friends and acquaintances. He is suffering from severe cold, we were sorry to find, which has reduced his voice power to the minimum, but still he would talk to everybody, and told us of the Prince and Princess's visit and how much they were

both pleased. There, too, we have a little conversation with Mr. Sidney, the ever courteous and obliging secretary, who has been of course up to his eyes in work, but still is already thinking of the great festival in June, where he is more at home, we fancy, than among the fat cattle. There was not much agricultural depression visible at that table, and if there had been any, the depressed had taken the best of all ways to conceal if they could not cure it. Everybody looked very happy, the show was voted on all sides a good one, and as we struggled to our hansom and rapidly shook off Islington and Clerkenwell, we brought away pleasant memories of the Agricultural Hall.

The Cattle Show week, by the way, did not make that mark on certain phases of London life which it was wont to do. There used to be a decided Cattle-Show look about the throng of passengers in some of our great thoroughfares—Regent Street, Fleet Street, and the Strand, for instance—which this year we were not aware of. Some of the theatres were fuller than usual; but there was no crowd at Evans's, as of yore, when those much-altered supper rooms were really Evans's, and not as now given over to a reprobate mind. When poor Paddy Green went the way of all flesh, and a new management inaugurated a new style of thing, the old-fashioned school of agriculturists ceased to care about the place, and left it to their sons who found there a sort of bad imitation of the Argyll, without the good conduct and manners of the latter establishment. We say this *pace* the Middlesex magistrates and that remarkable chaplain of Clerkenwell Gaol, who was told by one of the interesting penitents under his charge that burglars went to the Argyll to meet butlers and footmen, and concoct robberies! What *was* that chaplain's name? We wish we could remember it, because it ought to go down to posterity somewhere, and not be lost in the archives of Middlesex Quarter Sessions. But this is a digression. We suppose 'hard times' had something to do with the tameness of the Cattle Show week. There were few roystering old boys; fewer fast young men with Alhambra tastes and silk-stocking proclivities. Well, perhaps 'twas better as it was. Ginger was wont to be very hot o' the mouth during those festive five or six days. It is a gain, perhaps, that hard times have cooled us down.

In the theatrical world there has been some notable events. But first and foremost we desire to put on record our deep sympathy with Mr. Toole on the bereavement he has sustained by the death of his only son. Such sorrow is almost too sacred to intrude upon, but still those who know and respect the father must offer their tribute, however feeble. The blow coming, too, at a time when he was prostrate by illness, has made all his many friends anxious; but we believe Mr. Toole is going on well, and the natural wish, of course, is that he may soon be able to be about again. Meanwhile, Mr. Byron has come to the rescue of the Folly Theatre, and in 'Not such a Fool as he looks' is giving the town one of his happiest impersonations.

Perhaps the benefit given to a meritorious actor, who has fallen on evil days, at the Lyceum, was one of the events of the month, and that on account of the resumption by Mr. Irving of the character of Digby Grant, in the 'Two Ro-es.' We all know it, or ought to do so well, and therefore it will suffice to say here that Mr. Irving again delighted his large audience by one of his most effective representations. There was the mean and fawning hypocrite, the craven in adversity, the bully in prosperity with all the minutiae of detail, not a movement without suggestion of a motive, that has made Digby Grant, in the opinion of many people, one of Mr. Irving's greatest triumphs. The comedy was presented with the greatest care; and so was the trial scene from *Pickwick*, in which Mr. Toole was to have been

the Sergeant Buzfuz he created years ago. In his regretted absence, Mr. Fernandez undertook the part and played it effectively, but the features of the performance were the Mrs. Cluppins of Mrs. Bancroft, and the Justice Stareleigh of Mr. Arthur Cecil. These two admirable artists were seen at their best. Mrs. Bancroft *was* Mrs. Cluppins, while the amount of confusion and wrong-headedness that Mr. Cecil contrived to fling into the judge was wonderful. We are glad to hear that the benefit was a real one, and that upwards of 1000*l.* was placed in Mr. Belford's hands.

The revival of 'Ours' at the Prince of Wales's, and the large audiences it draws shows, as did a similar revival of 'Caste,' what a hold Robertson's comedies have on the stage. True, we see them at Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's house under the most favourable conditions. The *ensemble* is perfect; the individual performances of a high merit. It has been our fortune, or fate, to see Robertson in the provinces when the crisp dialogue has fallen flat, and there has been no *ensemble* at all. This, however, might happen to any author; the divine William has suffered much in this way. But still, acted well or ill, there is something in the Robertsonian plays—some knack of construction—some happy turn of dialogue—that appeals to the taste of the time which, we fancy, will long make them popular. The caste at the Prince of Wales's has now only the Mary Netley of the original, but that is as fresh and vivacious as ever; while Miss Marian Terry gives a most delightful rendering of the other heroine. She is a true Terry; we cannot offer a higher tribute of praise. Very good in the two first acts, we hardly liked Mr. Bancroft in the third. He did not seem quite at home in the comic business with which that act is somewhat overlaid. Mr. Forbes Robertson's Sergeant was perfect, and we say this with a full recollection of Mr. Young's; and Mr. Conway was a worthy successor of Mr. Bancroft, though a trifle more serious, perhaps, but we are hardly inclined to quarrel with that. Mr. Arthur Cecil's Russian Prince was not quite Mr. Hare's; but still the whole performance is a remarkable one and worthy of the theatre.

We wish we could congratulate Miss Josephs on a play more worthy of her pretty re-decorated Olympic than that with which the house opened after a short recess. 'Such a Good Man,' the joint production of two clever novelists who have given amusement to thousands, and will, we hope, continue to do so, is another added to the many instances of authors who charm us in our easy-chairs but fail to do so before the foot-lights. There is no particular novelty in the idea of 'Such a Good Man.' The millionaire who has risen from the ranks, and poses before the world as a philanthropist of the highest order, but who is in reality a selfish and heartless humbug, not scrupling to sacrifice his daughter to save him from ruin, is a character we have been accustomed to meet in novels and on the stage. His managing clerk, who promises to save him from disgrace by the invention of a machine which is to be a source of untold wealth, and then destroys his invention when he learns what a sacrifice the unworthy father has compelled his daughter to make, he, too, is not quite a stranger. That destruction of the machine, by the way, which was meant to be the strong situation of the piece was terribly discounted by the fact that the audience had seen Sir Jacob's ward making a copy of it beforehand, and therefore were quite prepared for its re-appearance in the last act to make everybody rich and comfortable. There is some cynicism shown by the authors in making the selfish egoist, who has tried to make so many people miserable, appear at the close as the injured but forgiving friend of every one, and the dialogue contains many sarcastic allusions to the humbug and folly of the day. Mr. Righton, as a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, not troubled with many scruples,

but possessing an excellent heart, has a part that suits him well. Very good is his assumption of the character of a Turf prophet, and the harmless satire caused much amusement. We may especially mention Mr. Righton's correct and quiet get-up. He looked the racing man, but there was not the slightest extravagance of costume. The piece owed to his efforts all that there was amusing in it, for, truth to say, it was rather lugubrious when he was not on the stage. The audience, though they mildly applauded, were unprepared for this state of things, and the occupants of the stalls on the opening night were decidedly of opinion that 'Such a Good Man' was hardly Olympic form. But doubtless the fair lessee and Mr. John Hollingshead between them have something better in the background. We may add that the house has been decorated with much taste by Miss Josephs, and the rather sombre appearance it lately presented is now changed for a warm and rich colouring very pleasing to the eye.

When it was announced that the Poet Laureate was writing a play for the St. James's, and had chosen for his subject the old story from the 'Decameron' of Federigo Alberighi, his falcon, and his lady love, we imagine there was a feeling of surprise that Mr. Tennyson had chosen so undramatic a theme. That surprise was, we have no doubt, felt by the brilliant audience who crowded the theatre on the 18th of the past month to witness the first representation of 'The Falcon.' The poor story—poor, we mean, in its simplicity and unpretence—had been wedded to soft and graceful verse, occasionally rising to the dignity of passion. The setting, so to speak, was both artistic and gorgeous. Ser Federigo is discovered living in a cottage,—for the design of which Mr. Marcus Stone is, we hear, responsible—and mediæval Italian life is brought before us in its reality. Ser Federigo is a noble picture himself stepped out of an Italian frame, and well does Mr. Kendal look as the ruined Count, though the thought, that so poor a gentleman should be so bravely apparelled strikes one with certain incongruity. But there is nothing incongruous in the appearance of the Lady Giovanna, another picture of old Italy, a stately Florentine dame in her gorgeous robe of Titian red, flowing in rich folds, as perfect a picture as we have ever seen on the stage; and right well did Mrs. Kendal carry herself, and equally well did she give the melodious speeches put in her mouth. Indeed, the little poem—it is not a play—has been treated by all concerned, management and artists both, with the greatest deference and attention, and to repeat our words, it is a beautiful picture—but nothing more. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal gave all due expression to the Poet Laureate's graceful lines, and the only occasion afforded the latter of rising to passion was duly seized by her. But when that ceased the verse flowed on in its tranquil channel, and we listened without our feelings being in the least excited or carried away, with nothing to bring 'the crimson to the forehead, the lustre to the eye,' in the most impressionable. 'The lust of the eye' was appeased, it is true. The two central figures of the picture were all that could be desired, from the Titian robe, above alluded to, to the well-trained falcon that grips Mr. Kendal's wrist. But if the truth must be spoken it was somewhat dull. The audience were most anxious to be pleased, most devout in their deference, quite enthusiastic (towards the close) in their applause and calls for Mr. Tennyson, but we think there was a feeling of relief when the curtain fell. We hope to read 'The Falcon' by our fireside some day. The only inducement to see it again is Lady Giovanna's Titian robe.

'The old order changeth, giving place to the new,' but here and there it 'changeth' very slowly, and is determined to die very hard. So at least it struck us the other night in the Dormitory at Westminster, where—in accord-

ance with the almost unbroken traditions of the house—traditions reaching back to Elizabeth—a Latin play was admirably acted before an appreciative audience; and yet we are in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, before the end of which, we are sometimes informed, classical education is to be abolished as useless, because it fails to teach its recipients to order their dinner at a foreign restaurant, to build ugly railway bridges, or to add to the parental 'pile.' It may be, though, that the enemies of 'scholars and gentlemen,' for all their noise, are by no means as numerous or influential as they would have it believed, and that little danger need be apprehended from them even when led by such a brilliant renegade as Mr. Lowe. Our play was the 'Tri-  
'nummus' of Plautus, the story of which is so simple and yet so dramatic that we give it without apology for the benefit of our readers. Charmides (Mr. W. A. Peck), a rich Athenian, whose riches, however, stand no chance against his extravagant son, Lesbonicus (Mr. H. C. Benbow), goes into a far country with a view to trade. Before setting out he hides in his house a large treasure, the secret of which along with the care of all that is his, including his daughter, who does not appear in the play, and his son, Lesbonicus, he confides to Callicles (Mr. W. G. Sandwith). In a short time Lesbonicus, being in urgent want of money, advertises his house for sale, and Callicles, to prevent a stranger from getting hold of the treasure, buys it himself for 'a song,' and for so doing is abused by the noble army of busybodies belonging to the city. Their ill-natured gossip has such an effect on Megaronides (Mr. E. C. Bedford), that he proceeds to visit and castigate his greatest friend, who in self-defence tells him the story of the secret treasure. On learning the truth, he can only reply '*vicisti castigatorem tuum*,' and give vent to an eloquent and indignant tirade against the scandalmongers, 'who pretend to know everything and know nothing; who know' (according to their own account) 'what each person is thinking and is going to think; 'what the king whispered in the queen's ear,' and 'what 'Juno said to Jove.' Then comes on the scene Lysiteles (Mr. C. W. R. Tepper), who soliloquises for some time about love, which he declares should be avoided like the plague, and which he orders to 'get behind him.' His father Philto (Mr. H. R. James), an old man and *laudator temporis acti* with a vengeance, entering soon after the pair hold a long conversation of the copy-book order, at the end of which one feels rather inclined to borrow Sir Peter's words to Joseph Surface, and say, 'D— your sentiments.' Lysiteles, who is not a bad young fellow at heart—though a bore and a prig—urges his father to ask the hand of Lesbonicus' sister in marriage for him, and (in order to do a substantial kindness to Lesbonicus, with whom he has been on intimate terms) to request that the girl may be given him without a dowry. Philto, who loves his son, and would do anything for him, consents, and for the purpose sees Lesbonicus, who is accompanied by his slave Stasimus (Mr. H. W. De Sausmarez). Lesbonicus is quite willing that Lysiteles shall marry his sister, but insists on giving her as her dowry the only property remaining to him, viz. a field in the neighbourhood of the city. Stasimus, who sees nothing but starvation or military service for his master and himself, if the field be disposed of, is equal to the occasion, and calling Philto aside, tells him the most wonderful stories about its unhealthiness and the ill-luck it invariably brings every one connected with it, particularly to its owner. Philto, who has never been anxious for it, thereon declines it, and refers Lesbonicus to Lysiteles for further discussion of the matter. Stasimus goes off to inform Callicles of the betrothal of the girl, and then endeavours to make Lesbonicus, whom he finds in angry conversation with Lysiteles, agree to let her marry without a dowry. Lesbonicus, however, sternly and flatly refuses,



stating as his reason that every one would consider that by allowing his sister to marry without a dowry he had given her in concubinage, not in marriage. Callicles, as soon as he hears of the betrothal, determines that the girl should have a dowry out of the treasure, but not knowing how that can be managed without the story of the treasure getting abroad, consults Megaronides. He advises that a Sycophanta or loafing sharper (Mr. F. W. Bain) be hired, dressed in a foreign dress, and instructed to say that he has just returned from abroad with letters to Lesbonicus and Callicles from Charmides, and a thousand pieces as a *dot* for the latter's daughter; but before the Sycophanta reaches the house Charmides has arrived. He is the least prosy of the four old men in the piece, and the scene between him and the Sycophanta is very funny. He winds up by making a gallant attempt to obtain possession of the thousand pieces, which the Sycophanta says he has received from 'Charmides,' whose name he had clean forgotten till set right by the owner. He then meets Stasimus, and learns from him that his house has been sold to Callicles, and that his son is ruined. He is of course furious with Callicles, whom he considers to have grossly betrayed his trust; but an interview between them, it is needless to say, puts matters in a very different light. On Lysiteles coming in, he promises his daughter to him on condition that he accepts one thousand pieces as her dowry. He then, at Callicles' request, forgives Lesbonicus, but makes him promise that he will cease to be extravagant and that he will marry Callicles's daughter. The now reformed rake says he will be happy to marry her *and* any one else his father may order, on which Callicles observes, '*Miseria una uni quidem homini est affatim.*' An early day is fixed for the marriages, and the curtain falls on a piece without the semblance of a 'villain,' a piece, indeed, of which it has been well said, that all its characters are 'on the side of Virtue.' Of Charmides, Callicles, Megaronides, and Philto, nothing but good can be said, and the only fault of Lysiteles is that he talks like Joseph Surface, to whom in other respects he is very unlike. The spendthrift Lesbonicus, except in wit and geniality a superior Charles Surface, is a gentleman of the highest honour. Stasimus, the slave (and stage slaves, like their descendants stage valets, are 'chartered libertines'), is really fond of his masters, though of course his affection is not altogether disinterested; and even the Sycophanta in personating the friend of Charmides for the paltry sum (three pieces of money), which is the excuse for altering the name of the play, 'Thesaurus' for the worse, only aids in perpetrating a 'pious fraud,' by which no one can suffer. The 'Trinumus,' a thoroughly good acting play, is not without its *purpurei panni*—notably, in the conversations between Megaronides and Callicles; and the tone is healthy and manly throughout. Mr. de Sausmarez played Stasimus with great humour and power, and seemed fairly to revel in his part, while the very funny scene between Mr. Peck, as Charmides, and Mr. Bain, as the Sycophanta, was exceedingly well rendered. The acting generally was, perhaps, exceptionally good, and the elocution and declamation were worthy of high praise, and might have been studied with advantage by more than one of our leading actors. Their predecessors in the last century, particularly Garrick, took the greatest interest in the performance of the Westminster Play, but the *present* theatrical world completely ignores it. We say '*present*,' for at one of this year's representations was to be seen a gifted lady who had no equal when, some years ago, she left the stage she loved so well. The prologue dealt almost entirely with melancholy topics, deaths, wars, the weather, and agricultural distress, and its only comic lines were those relating to Mr. Parnell—in his *rôle* of the 'modern Gracchus,—a *rôle* the assumption of which by such an actor is enough to make the mother

of the Gracchi, and the supporters of those high-minded patriots, who never interfered with *private* property, turn in their graves. Of the 'modern 'Gracchus' it is consoling to know that an old Westminster called James Lowther is able to take very good care. The epilogue was light and amusing, Calicles appearing in the character of Dr. Schliemann, and very properly repudiating all connection with the autumnal and itinerant archæologists of Britain.

We confess to sharing in that feeling about infant theatrical prodigies experienced, we believe, by the vast majority of mankind. That feeling is not a favourable one, but there are exceptions to it sometimes. There is a very strong exception now at the Opera Comique, where that much-enduring vessel, 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' sails before the wind, manned with as strong a crew as ever in her many voyages she shipped on board. The united ages, from the gallant Captain to the little Midshipmite, would not certainly make a very grand total, and indeed we have heard it stated that the range is from six to sixteen. But the crew is wonderfully well officered and disciplined, each little man and little woman know their duty, and 'smartness' is, we should say, the characteristic of that afternoon cruise at the Opera Comique, which is now one of the great attractions of the Christmas holidays. We are not using at all extravagant language when we say that the performance of Mr. D'Oyley Carte's very clever troupe of children is about the most remarkable thing we have seen for some time. So many children we have known who were so many automata, *fantoccini* pulled by wires and uttering sounds without meaning that it is refreshing to find, at the Opera Comique, boys and girls who can really act as well as sing. The Josephine of Miss Grattan, from the moment she steps on the stage in her pretty costume (the one she assumes in the second act is not so becoming), is marked by perfect grace. In the interview with her lover she is a woman, and yet, at the same time, there is nothing precocious—as we at the present day understand the term—in her by-play. She was charming throughout, and, next to her, the Dick Deadeye of Master William Phillips, and the little Buttercup of Miss Effie Mason, stand out as wonderfully clever performances. Dick Deadeye is a difficult *rôle* for a man, a much more tough one for a boy, and yet Master Phillips has fully grasped it, and never for a moment forgot himself. A very sturdy and downright Buttercup, too, is Miss Mason, grave and self-possessed, even when announcing herself as a mother. Master Pickering deserves, too, more than a word of commendation for his very graceful performance of the First Lord. His dignity never failed, and the grave humour of the sketch was never lost sight of. Altogether, it is a performance to be seen, and the charming music, albeit we knew it so well, seemed to fall fresh as ever on the ear.

A successful performance of 'Blow for Blow' inaugurated the tenth season of the Romany A.D.C. at St. George's Hall on the 13th of last month. Mr. Westmacott was in the happiest of veins in the amusing part of Spraggs, and the somewhat lugubrious Mr. Trollope was at his best in John Drummond. Mr. Richards and Mr. Warburton were also good, the former as Dr. Grace, and the latter, in the thankless *rôle* of the unscrupulous old lawyer, Craddock, whilst Mr. D'Arcy's rendering of Sir Harry was full of 'go.' The lady element, that fruitful source of difficulty to amateurs, was, with the exception of Miss Beaucliffé as Alice, we are loth to admit, rather weak. 'To oblige Benson' enabled Mr. Allan to send a large audience away convulsed with laughter.

'Limmers.' So said the pretty *menu* before us as we sat one day in the

middle of last month in a coffee room of noble proportions, 'at the corner of 'Conduit Street, Hanover Square,' a room of handsome and æsthetic surroundings, our steps treading on velvet pile, our eyes lighting on curtains, dado and furniture, a luxurious and happy mixture of high art and old-fashioned comfort. But surely this was not the 'Limmers' of our youth. Where was the sand-floored coffee-room? where the unpretending chairs and tables? where the heroes who sat by those boards and walked (however unsteadily) by that way? Shades of Billy Duff and John Collins! Could ye revisit the glimpses of the moon and behold the new 'Limmers' that has risen on the ruins of the old, what would ye say? Fancy, Billy, a Ladies' Coffee-Room on the first floor, about the most charming room, as of course it ought to be, in the house; fancy suites of apartments for families, and above all, fancy 'Limmers' a family hotel. And yet that is what the enterprise of the proprietor, Mr. Haines, has raised on the foundations of the old building—an hotel replete with every luxury and comfort, and one of the best situated houses we need scarcely say, in London. New hotels are springing up in our great city year by year, and yet the demand for them still goes on. The new 'Limmers' certainly appeals with some confidence for a share of public patronage. It has splendid traditions, though not exactly of the family order. In the days of our boyhood it was the resort of the best known men of the time—the golden youth, the *galant* middle age of the early Victorian era. How they lived and roystered has been told by many pens. Their memorial has perished with them, and a new house has now arisen from the ashes of the old. The 'Limmers' of our youth, though affecting a somewhat Spartan disregard of luxury, was in reality one of the best hotels in London. There seems no reason why the new 'Limmers' should not be likewise.

We regret for some reasons that the Grand National Hunt Committee did not agree to Col. Harford's motion for the abolition of 'hunters' certificates,' as they are called. The proposed motion would hardly have done away with the evil though it might have been a check on it. All we can hope for now is that M.F.H.'s will for the future be a little more conscientious than some of them have hitherto been, and that when a man comes to the covert-side, be he friend, acquaintance or servitor, whether he says 'old fellow' or touches his hat, and in doing either announces that he has come to qualify the nag he rides for hunters' races, the M.F.H. will keep as keen eyes as they are capable of keeping on the horseman and his horse. These certificates, it is notorious, have been given to men who lay themselves out for hunters' races, and who send their thoroughbred nags to a meet secure of finding a complaisant Master. Lord Coventry's motion went to the root of the evil, it must be confessed, but like other sensible motions of that noble lord it was a little in advance of the age. His proposal that for the future all hunters' races should be confined to half-bred horses was rejected almost as a matter of course. Its success would have been a disastrous blow to many noble sportsmen we need scarcely say. One of the most fruitful of 'good things' has been, and is, the weedy thoroughbred, who, unable to do much with his own class, is a godsend among legitimate hunters. The exclusion of this, very often, wretched brute, from the field of his triumphs, would have been a very desirable thing, and have restored hunters' races to their real position and meaning, but as we have just said, the time was not yet. Lord Suffolk's proposal to exclude the yeomen, or as he not too finely put it, the 'breathless bumpkin,' was met by an amendment of the Duke of Montrose to the effect that persons duly qualified as gentlemen riders should ride in hunters' races. There seems a better era dawning we must say for the G.N.H. The com

mittee are awakening to a sense of their responsibilities and duties, and though we could have wished that the present farce of hunters' races had been driven off the stage by Lord Coventry's motion, we are thankful for what has been done.

Of course what is called 'a prominent topic of conversation in the racing world' has been the St. Augustine case, and the *pro* and *con.* arising out of it has been the cause of much ink-shedding, to say nothing of strong language. It is our misfortune to differ from most of our racing contemporaries in their view of the matter, and we cannot therefore join in the cry of indignation raised against the stewards of the Jockey Club for declaring St. Augustine the winner of the Kempton November Handicap. Neither can we sympathise with the confusion in which the bookmakers find themselves—for by settling on the race while it was still *sub judice* they were manifestly wrong, to say nothing of a want of courtesy evinced towards our highest court of racing appeal by this action. We now hear, indeed, that some of them have gone further, and, treating the decision of the Jockey Club Stewards with contempt, decline to recognise St. Augustine as the winner, and consequently to pay over him. We trust, however, that this ill-advised resolve has been abandoned. The Ring we have always looked upon as a law-abiding body, and we should not like to believe that because the law as interpreted, and, we believe, rightly interpreted by the stewards, runs counter to the bookmakers' preconceived opinions, that they would refuse obedience. No doubt their accounts are in much confusion, and great difficulty will be experienced in getting them settled—if ever they are—but we must beg to remind them that they have only to thank themselves for this. As to the decision of the stewards, we own we were not surprised. In the last number of 'Our Van' we took occasion, while commenting on the objection, to call attention to the omission in that section of rule 34 of all mention of what the penalty should be for a jockey neglecting to weigh-in without hood or clothing, and evidently the stewards took that view of this matter, that, as no penalty was expressed, an option was given them to fix what the penalty should be. Moreover, there was no pretence of fraud in this case, and we think, whatever the intentions of the original framers of the rule were, the justice of the case has been fully met by the decision. Sir Wroth Lethbridge, if he had lost the race, would have lost it through the neglect of his trainer; and here it was that a fine seemed the most suitable punishment to inflict, and the trainer the proper person to be the sufferer.

We were somewhat prophetic, by the way, in our remarks last month on this affair—because, without then venturing to give an opinion on the result of this appeal, we did say, referring to O'Connell's well-known boast that he could drive a coach and six through any Act of Parliament, that a Bayswater omnibus would be quite sufficient to demolish the entire racing code. Without comparing for one moment the collective wisdom of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to such a lumbering institution as a Bayswater 'bus, we cannot help seeing that the loosely framed laws of racing admit of many interpretations. The particular section of rule 34 which bears on this case is not embodied in that portion of the rule which expressly mentions disqualification as the penalty for a jockey not doing such and such things. The mention of the hood or clothing comes as a sort of rider to the clause, an afterthought of the framers, as it were, and whatever their intentions might have been, it is to be much wished that they had expressed them. Our private opinion is, which we give with all due deference, that they left the penalty an open question, and that where no fraud is intended, a fine—and a heavy one—meets the justice of the case.

We think also that we should not have heard the decision of the Stewards so much cavilled at as it has been, but for the unfortunately premature 'settling' that took place while the affair was still, as it were, before the court. We cannot also conceal from ourselves the fact that the bookmakers have in a great measure created all this disturbance, but we can only hope that their reported ill-judged determination to resist the Stewards' decision will be better thought of by them. It has been called 'a scandal,' and compared with the Running Rein fraud and the Phenix affair of this year, but surely this is an exaggeration, and one which the talented and well-known writer who gave it to the world will in his calmer moments acknowledge and regret. A scandal means something dishonourable or disgraceful; but what is there of either in the St. Augustine case? Some bookmakers have got themselves in a dreadful muddle, and *hinc illic lacrymæ*.

We are glad to hear that the Queen's had a really wonderful run on Tuesday, November 25th, when they met at Heatherden, crossing the cream of the Harrow country going by Denham, Harefield, and Ickenham through Ruislip, leaving Harrow-on-the-Hill on the right, by Greenford, where the hounds ran clean away from everybody, leaving only about half a dozen anywhere in sight of them, who trotted along on the line as best they could up to Sudbury Station, where they were amazed to find Goodall, the deer, and the hounds, but they failed to take him here, and breaking away he again ran on a couple of miles, where he was safely captured at Wembly after a run of two hours and twenty minutes, when every hound was at the finish. Goodall took the train back from Southall to Windsor, as he was thirty miles from Ascot. We doubt if even Towler or old Charley Wise, who must have hunted with the Queen's longer than anybody else, ever saw a better run, even in those days of which he is so fond of talking when he knew not what rheumatism meant. Alas! that ever he should have done so.

The Essex have had a fair cubbing season. They were out thirteen times, when James Baily, the new huntsman who came from the Duke of Buccleuch, brought five brace and a half to hand. The ploughs were very hard, and the country fearfully blind. The opening meet was on Monday, the 3rd, at Matching Green, when a good number put in an appearance, amongst whom were Sir H. Selwyn-Ibbetson, Mr. Loftus Arkwright, the late Master, in his carriage, Mr. Perry Watlington, Colonel Lockwood, Mr. Hervey Foster, Mrs. Arkwright, Mr. Bagot, and Stephen Dobson, to have a look at his old favourites, and several others. They first drew Brick-kilns Wood, which, for a wonder, was blank; then went on to Man Wood, noted for its stout foxes, where they soon found one of the right sort, who broke at once as if for Row Wood, but ran at a merry pace to the Gorse, which he did not enter, but went to ground close to Down Hall. Then they found again at Man Wood, and had a fine burst past the Poplars up to Cantfield Mount Earths, which he reached just in time to save his brush, and deprive the hounds of their meal. Thus ended a very good day's sport.

The Essex and Suffolk, owing to the backward harvest, did not begin cub-hunting until it was very late, but they went out eleven times, killed six, and ran eight to ground; but scent was very bad. They began regular hunting on November 4th at Elmstead Market, and had a very fair day. Present were Mr. Chaston, the Master, Major Holroyd, Major Osborne, Mr. Frank Davey, of Dedham, Mr. Dunnage, Mr. Eagle, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Watson, of Thorp, Mr. James Towers Clark, of the Royal Dragoons, from Colchester, &c. They found a good fox in Mill Grove. After dusting him up and down it twice, he broke in view of the field, with the running as if they were tied to him for fifteen minutes over a rough bank country, when

he went to ground in a strong earth, after which they had two more runs, and Harry Jennings killed a brace of foxes. But we are sorry to hear that the country is uncommonly short of foxes. On Friday, Nov. 28th, they met at Hadleigh, when Jennings actually drew from eleven until quarter-past four before he found a fox, with which they had a rattling five-and-twenty minutes, but he was obliged to stop the hounds for want of daylight, which was a great pity, as there was a burning scent.

Jack Hickman, we hear, has a strong lot of staghounds at the new Surrey kennels at Ray Lodge, all doing well, and he is very fond of his entry. He had three clipping runs on the hills before he began regular hunting, and also some very hard days, but the country was so blind that neither the deer nor the horses cared to go.

The South Durham hounds have dropped their old name, and are very properly called Sir William Eden's, as he now hunts the country at his own expense, and is very keen to show sport. They had some capital gallops in October, although the outstanding corn was a great obstacle when they began; but they have a good show of foxes except in one or two places.

Lord Zetland's hounds met on Tuesday, November the 3rd, at Aske, when present were Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax, Mr. and Miss Cradock, Mr. Gilpin Brown, Mr. Roper, Mr. Tate, Captain Maltby, Mr. Fife, Captain Powell, Miss Barclay, and others. They ran their first fox for twenty minutes and lost; then found another at Sedbury and ran home for twenty-five minutes to ground.

The East Sussex, notwithstanding a dry November and the falling leaf in their big woods, have been having good sport. On the opening day at St. Leonard's Green they killed three foxes, the last after a good run of an hour, killing in the town of St. Leonards. Friday, 7th.—They had a good run from Beckley of an hour and a half, killing at Brede. Tuesday, 11th.—At Battle they killed after a run of half an hour. Friday, 14th.—At Snailham, with no scent and several foxes, did nothing all the morning; in the afternoon they had forty minutes from Guestling Wood, killing in Knole Wood. Tuesday, 18th.—From Westfield they ran to ground and killed their first fox in Maplehurst. Found the second in Coghurst Wood, and stopped at dark in Knole Wood. Friday, 21.—In deep snow drew round Normanhurst blank and left off, the ground not being fit for riding. Tuesday, 25th.—From the Black Horse had a run of fifty minutes from Park Wood (Wilting), running to ground in Hollington Wood. Friday, 28th.—Finished up the month at Gardner Street with a ringing woodland run of three hours and fifty minutes with a kill.

The Southdown made a very good beginning on Monday, the 3rd. They did not do much with their first fox, which George Champion killed after a ringing run of about forty minutes. Then they found another in a small covert belonging to Lord Gage, which gave them a very good hunting run of two hours over a very stiff country before they killed him. Amongst others out were Lord Gage, Lord Lewes, Lord Henry Nevill, Mr. Campion, of Danny, Major Shifner, Mr. A. Donovan, who was Master of the Southdown from 1855 to 1863, Mr. James Ingram, of Ades, General Hepburn, of Hook, Captain Brand, and Messrs. C. and A. Brand, sons of the Speaker.

The Surrey Union have had their share of sport. Saturday, the 1st of November, was their first regular day when they met at the kennels and found directly in Mr. Hankey's coverts. After a ring, they went away through Fetcham Park to Norbury, where several foxes were on foot. After running first one and then another they got on to their hunted fox in Upden Wood, racing him hard over the Fetcham Downs to Bookham Wood, where

he took to the open to Polesden through the Park to Effingham Hill, through Lady Maxse's park to Lord Lovelace's plantations, after which they got on a view and rolled him over on the edge of Evelyn's Gorse, when he was as stiff as a poker. George Summers has a capital entry of fourteen couples, which have all entered well.

The Curraghmores had a first-rate day's sport on Tuesday, Nov. 25th, when they met at Pembrokestown, the seat of Mr. Power, the member for Waterford, with the big pack which Lord Waterford hunts himself. They found a brace of foxes at Ballyscanlon, and after some little persuasion they forced one to quit. He broke away over the hill for Kirwan's Rock, where, being headed by some country people, he turned back as if for Pembrokestown Rocks, but disdaining any shelter, he set his head straight over a fine wild country for Carrigreen Covert, which he succeeded in reaching, and got to ground in the main earth which was open. From point to point, as the crow flies, it was about seven miles, and, as the hounds ran, about eleven or twelve, and the time was one hour and ten minutes. The field were much scattered and showed a very long tail, but both Lord and Lady Waterford were well in front all through, as was also Mr. T. Widger, who is well-known between the flags, who was on a horse that could both gallop and jump.

In spite of intense frost, and six to eight inches of snow, we hear that on Saturday, Dec. 6th, the Fife had an extraordinary day at Lundin Station. Colonel and Miss Anstruther-Thomson drove to the meet in a sledge tandem, and Colonel Babington was the only gentleman who turned out to meet them. They found in Balcornie Den, but the fox soon went to ground. However, he was soon bolted, and with the hounds close at him they raced him to Balcornie Wood, which they went straight through on to Woodside Wood, through it and Colonel Thomson's covert by Peat Inn on to Scott's Farm, and lost near Lingo after a rattling run of two hours and seventeen minutes. The men rode the Ponies and got on very well, as frequently the roads were very handy. Miss Anstruther-Thomson also rode and saw the run all through.

There is very little to say upon hunting this month in Hampshire. Frost has been master of the situation, though in spite of it the Hambledon have killed twenty brace and run two and a half to ground. There was a slight break of frost on Wednesday, the 26th of November; the meet was Wintershill Common, one of the best meets in the Hambledon Hunt. Found in Durley a brace, one going away for Bishop's Waltham, then turned back by Wintershill over a nasty bit of blind country by Moss's; a ring out towards Snakemore, where all had enough to do to keep in sight of hounds; the fox then went clean away across a beautiful bit of country to Fair Oak; meeting a shooting party there he made a ring and on to Marwell, through Deeps and Upham Copse by Mr. J. Stares' round the village to Grasteds, where he did not dwell a moment, but went straight through over Stephen's Castle Down to Cleverly Wood, where hounds were whipped off in a snow-storm after two hours and twenty minutes. It was as fine a hunting run as any one could wish to see, and as close and stiff a country as any one could wish to ride over, empty saddles all over the place. The hounds worked beautifully and carried a good head throughout. All the young hounds are doing remarkably well and are as steady as old ones.

From another correspondent we have the following:

On Thursday, November 27th, the New Forest hounds met at The Shoe, Platford. Found at Platford, and went away towards Langley Wood; the hounds divided, about six couple going after a second fox, which was on

foot; but 'Jack,' the second whip, stopped them, and brought them back to Mr. Merrick, the huntsman. The pack were then all on the original hunted fox, they then turned and ran into Bramshaw Wood, which they twice ran round, and then pushed their fox out towards Fritham and then into Linwood Coppice, where, unfortunately, several deer were on foot, and the hounds had to be whipped off—time, three and a half hours, and the patient way the 'dog pack' hunted with a bad scent and a ringing fox called forth the admiration of all the 'sportsmen' who saw them. On Saturday, November 29, they met at Towley Pond, where Lord Henry Scott, M.P., a large land and covert owner in that part of Hampshire, always ensures a sure find and a sporting fox. Our first fox we had bad luck with as he ran to ground in a bidgeer earth, one of the numerous holes having been unfortunately overlooked by the earth stopper; but we were rewarded by finding, within ten minutes, another fox on the east of Towley Pond, which after hanging in the wood for a quarter of an hour went away at a good pace to Norley Wood, then on to Beaulieu Heath, where he was headed by a workman and turned over the Bog, and then on to the road, where the scent failed, but Mr. Merrick, the Master and huntsman, held the hounds well on down the road, and they hit it off and ran into the New Town House Plantations, out the other side, across the fields back again to Towley, out again the other side, and down some marshy fields by the sea, where the scent invariably fails; but the hounds worked pluckily on, and could scarcely speak to it, and we lost our fox, having tried every corner and hedgerow for him—time, one and a half hours. We are sorry to say Captain Waterhouse and his horse had a fall, and the former broke his collar-bone, but is going on well. There has been a very bad scent in the New Forest, as there are such quantities of dead leaves, but the hounds have worked well, and have run well in the open, and the young entry are showing well to the front.

The members of the Cleveland Hunt in the North Riding of Yorkshire, must be 'hardy Nor-men' in every sense of the word, for a correspondent writes that during the late bitter weather, when other packs were confined to the kennels, they were out once or twice a week in the snow, and on one occasion got hold of a fox which had been Christmasing on some turkeys at the expense of a neighbouring farmer. The chief promoters of the sport are the new M.F.H., Mr. Prowd, Mr. R. Colling, Mr. J. Clarke, and young Mr. Wharton of Gilling, who is now at home from Cambridge, where he has been graduating with the Oakley. It is said that they have educated their horses in the mysteries of the outside edge, but of that we cannot speak.

The Jersey Draghounds have also had to stop work, owing to the frost, which has been unusually severe for that favoured clime. Their popular Master, Mr. J. Smyth-Pigott, had the misfortune to break his thigh at the beginning of the season, and has consequently been compelled to resign his post, which has been most ably filled by Mr. Arthur Jones, who whipped in last season. Up to the frost they had some capital gallops, and owing to the blind nature of the country, not a few casualties occurred, but nothing serious. As the season closes early, owing to the forwardness of the crops in Jersey, an idea has been mooted of taking them over to the neighbouring coast of Brittany, and entering them to 'wolf,' but whether this will be carried out we can hardly say.

Any gentleman who has sons to educate feels interested in knowing where a first-class education can be obtained on moderate terms, and so we call our readers' attention to Trinity College School, Stratford-on-Avon, as an institution where both these qualifications are to be found. This school



provides the best possible education, combined with a most liberal diet and most careful domestic supervision, for fifty and sixty guineas a year. The staff of masters is always excellent and numerous, and great attention is paid to modern languages, there being always two resident foreign masters. Stratford-on-Avon is well known for the healthiness and mildness of its climate, is within an easy distance of London, and is altogether a suitable place for a school. If we contrast the advantages a boy receives at a school like this with those he receives at our large public schools, we find the balance considerably in favour of the former; for it has both a larger percentage of first-rate masters, and therefore a boy receives a more personal supervision in his studies than can be the case when there is one master to every thirty boys; and also, unquestionably, the pupils are better looked after there, and receive a better and more liberal diet than they do at the more expensive public schools. The school buildings, consisting of chapel, class rooms, studies, dining hall, dormitories, gymnasium, &c., &c., are all well arranged; the playing fields are large, and swimming is taught to every boy. The number of pupils varies from 110 to 130, and for these the warden, Richard F. Curry, M.A., is assisted by eight resident masters. We feel that we shall be doing our readers a kindness in calling their attention to this school.

Two annuals, both interesting and useful to all sportsmen, have appeared since our last, the time-honoured 'Ruff's Guide' and its younger relative, 'The Sportsman's Pocket Book.' Both keep up their reputation for containing much valuable knowledge and abounding with useful statistics thoroughly well compiled. 'Ruff' is bulkier than of yore, and the 'Pocket Book,' now neatly bound in cloth, contains much additional matter, such as a history of the Prize-ring championship, a chapter on cards (very well done), the 'Dog Derby' from its commencement until the present time, with many other items of sport both on land and water. One great advantage of the little work is that it really is a pocket-book—a term often a misnomer—and we trust the able editor will contrive to keep it in its present form.

And as a sort of commentary on 'Ruff,' comes the little green book of 'Judex,' in which that well-known writer summarizes and classifies the deeds of the two-year-olds, and is our guide, philosopher and friend to the great classic races of the year. Put before us plainly and tersely, 'Judex' gives 'the reason why,' and draws his conclusions with judgment. The way to the winning-post is a tortuous one, and beset with doubts and fears, but a perusal of 'Judex' may help to solve one or two of the chief problems of 1880.

We hear with pleasure of an exceptionally interesting cricket match as likely to take place this year, Huntsmen *v.* Jockeys, for the benefit of those two deserving institutions, the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society and the Jockeys' Benevolent Fund. The idea originated last summer, we believe, among one or two hunt-men, and already negotiations are on foot for having the match at Lord's, and the Saturday after the Derby is the proposed date. The huntsmen—among whom we may mention Tom Firr, Richard Summers, Dick Roake, Frank Beers, George Loader, Tom Goddard, &c., &c.—are very anxious for it, and we cannot conceive that the jockeys will be less so, particularly as there are such good men as Jem Goater, Tom Cannon, Custance, and I'Anson to be found among the ranks. So many Masters of Hounds are members of Lord's that we should fancy they would be glad to help the affair as much as possible; and among the many hunting men who would, we feel sure, like to see it brought off we will venture to name one who was great in his day with the willow, as the annals of the M.C.C. will tell, and who is so well known in the Vale of Aylesbury, and to our readers—the Hon. Robert Grimston. This will be much more than an ordinary cricket

match, therefore we trust those interested in it will do their utmost to secure its being played under the most favourable conditions possible. There is no reason why it should not be an annual one, and, moreover, a popular one to boot.

Rumours have reached us that the Road Club Steeplechases which, three or four years ago, afforded some good sport and amusement in the neighbourhood of Windsor, will be revived this year. One or two sporting members of the club have set the ball rolling, and the idea has been warmly taken up. The date is not yet fixed, but it will be on a Saturday towards the end of March or beginning of April, the *venue* probably down Uxbridge way.

The racing statistics of the past year our readers must be pretty well tired of by this time, and if they are not we are. But looking over the list of gentlemen riders the other day we failed to see an account of what our Irish friends had been doing in that line—we do not mean the ‘breathless bump-kins,’ but the well-known men whom we meet occasionally this side St. George’s Channel, but who are at home in that land *par excellence* of cross country riders—Ireland. We are glad, then, to find, and we are quite sure that our Irish friends will join with us in our congratulations, that an Englishman is very much to the fore among the winning jockeys of the Green Isle. Mr. Lee Barber has been with his regiment (3rd Dragoon Guards), now for some time in various parts of Ireland, and wherever sport was to be found or promoted, there was the young subaltern ready with something to enter and ride. He has ridden this year in fifty-eight races, of which he has won twenty-four, a very extraordinary average, something like two wins in five mounts, the former including most of the principal steeplechases in Ireland. We need only here mention, two, the Irish Grand National, which he took with his own Jupiter Tonans, and the Conyngham Cup with Yellow Girl. The next winner on the list is that good horseman Mr. T. Beesley, who scores a very creditable figure of nineteen wins. Then, curiously enough, comes a long *hiatus*, a remarkable circumstance in a country like Ireland. But we think Mr. Lee Barber’s good form deserves chronicling, and we drink his health and his family’s, and wish more power to him and the 3rd Dragoon Guards in the year just dawning.

We see with a regret which we feel confident is shared by the large majority of racing men, that the Epsom authorities have entered into opposition, so far as their Spring Meeting is concerned, with Sandown Park Club. It is officially announced that Epsom Spring will be extended to three days, and that the City and Suburban, the great attraction, as we are all aware, of the meeting, will not be run until the third day, that happening to be the first of Sandown Spring. Now, the meaning of this is obvious, and very sorry are we to find that the Epsom Grand Stand proprietors have flung down the gauntlet in such an unmistakable way. In the multitude of race meetings clashing one with another is sometimes unavoidable; but here there seems to be an intentional act on the part of Messrs. Knowles and Dorling to injure Sandown Park. It may be that they will find themselves mistaken in their reckoning, but this is not the question. Emulation in sport should be encouraged; but rivalry is an objectionable horse, and would be weighted very heavily if we were the handicappers. We trust that it is not yet too late for Epsom to see the error of its ways.

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VOL. XXXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF SIR TALBOT CLIFFORD-CONSTABLE, BART.

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1880.

# DIARY FOR FEBRUARY, 1880.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.
2	M	Reading Fair. Enghien Races.
3	Tu	Macclesfield Dog Show.
4	W	Burton-on-Trent Coursing Meeting. [boro' Hunt Ball.
5	Th	Kempton Park and Carmarthen Steeplechases. Market Har-
6	F	Kempton Park Steeplechases. Wolverhampton Poultry and
7	S	South London Harriers' Steeplechase. [Dog Show.
8	S	QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
9	M	Stamford and Ludlow Fairs. [Messrs. Tattersall.
10	Tu	Birmingham Steeplechase. Sale of Hunters, &c., at Rugby by
11	W	Ash Wednesday.
12	Th	Sussex Club Coursing Meeting. La Marche Races.
13	F	
14	S	St. Valentine's Day. Northallerton Fair.
15	S	FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.
16	M	Abingdon Fair. Enghien Races.
17	Tu	Lincoln Hunt Steeplechases.
18	W	Waterloo Cup Coursing Meeting. [Races.
19	Th	South Essex and South Wilts Coursing Meetings. Le Vesinet
20	F	
21	S	South London Harriers, Meet of.
22	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.
23	M	Maison-Laffite Races.
24	Tu	Sandown Park Steeplechases. Ashdown Park Coursing Meeting.
25	W	Sandown Park Steeplechases.
26	Th	Chester Fair. La Marche Races.
27	F	
28	S	Thames Hare and Hounds.
29	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

\* \* \* Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.





1867

1867

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### SIR TALBOT CLIFFORD-CONSTABLE, BART.

A BRANCH of the ancient and noble house of Clifford's of Chudleigh, in the county of Devon, Sir Thomas Clifford, the second baronet and grandfather of the subject of our present sketch, assumed in 1821, by sign manual, the surname and arms of Constable only. His ancestors had in the two previous generations intermarried into the Constable family, and had inherited some of their Yorkshire estates, among others Burton Constable, Wycliffe and Aston Halls, &c., the latter place, near Ferriby, the present Baronet's usual residence. Not that the family severed entirely their connection with the county which had been the cradle of their race, for the well-known Devonshire name of Chichester, in addition to the parent one of Clifford, appears often in the pedigree.

The face of Sir Talbot Constable, which our artist has depicted so truthfully, must, we feel sure, be a familiar one to Londoners when the season is at its height, more particularly on some fine Wednesdays in May or June when the pole-chains rattle as the long procession of the C. C. drives up to the Magazine. From his earliest days Sir Talbot's passion has been horses; and his highest ambition when a boy was that he might excel his father as a coachman. Soon after he attained his majority he had a coach of his own, and his love for the road has increased rather than diminished. He keeps three teams in good working order, using his coach not merely as one of the shows of the London season, but making it part and parcel of his domestic economy. Sir Talbot always drives from his place in Yorkshire to town, varying the journey sometimes by a *détour* into North Wales, shipping coach and team at Holyhead for Dublin, and thence driving to Cork and Killarney. Two years ago he drove from Ferriby to Paris and back, crossing the Channel at New-haven; so we think he may lay fair claim to the title of a working coachman. It used to be said of old Sir Henry Peyton—the Sir Henry—that when in town, if he wanted to buy a pair of gloves, he had out the yellow coach and the four greys and went and bought

them. Evidently Sir Talbot Constable shares in the ideas of that fine old sportsman.

For the rest, he has his harriers down at Ferriby in the winter season, with which he shows good sport. He keeps a few greyhounds, and is fond of shooting—in fact has all the tastes of a country gentleman, and his home is among his own people. He is a good landlord and an excellent friend and companion.

## TURF UNDERTAKERS.

WE did not adopt the title affixed to this article until after reflection had made it apparent that the expression, though perhaps slightly ambiguous at first sight, was the only one calculated to convey the exact meaning we intended it to bear. Do not let us be misunderstood. We are making no allusion whatever to the process, now happily less in vogue than formerly, among racing 'dairy farmers,' of draining the last drops of milk out of some hapless animal, dead for all purposes save that of the individuals interested in keeping it nominally alive as long as they are able for their own ends. The 'undertakers' of these unhallowed jobs do not come within the scope of our present strictures; though we may be allowed to remark, by the way, that their occupation has diminished more through lack of opportunity than owing to any improvement in the manners and morals of those conspiring to fleece the public. The latter has wisely taken up a strong position behind the intrenchments of post-betting, and awaits the result of its operations with greater confidence than before, albeit backers have to put up with shorter, if safer, odds about their tips and fancies. It is not, therefore, against a clique of conspirators practically defunct, at least for the present, that we take up our parable; neither let it be imagined that any strictures we have to make are directed against the wet-nurses and baby-farmers of the turf, who follow out a profitable and not dishonourable line of business in teaching the young idea how to race. Indeed, we deem it better for the sucking aspirant to turf honours that he should purchase his experience in a market where he may expect to receive a certain return for his money (if the lessons learnt therein be duly taken to heart), than that he should wander out of his way in the wilderness, certain to become, in the end, a ready prey to the many wild beasts which have all along been dogging his footsteps, and only await his final submission to their designs. For the tyro, ignorant of the ways of the racing world, but willing to pay his footing therein, nothing can be more convenient, not to say necessary, than the existence of an apron, to the strings of which he may attach himself without the fear of going very far astray. If he heeds not the friendly 'cluck' of the well-feathered matron to whose charge he has voluntarily committed himself, that is his own fault; but, in general, he is ready enough to



be guided by the superior intelligence and experience of his Mentor. In him the brood must needs have the same blind, and yet sublime, confidence which the untravelled Britisher, unversed in foreign tongues, reposes in his courier, who, though he may occasionally value his own services too highly, yet takes care that others shall not dip their hands at random into the bag slung over his shoulder. There are scores of useful offices which the callow fledgling, totally unversed in stable administration, in transactions in the yearling market or purchase of seasoned horses, in nominations and engagements, in the choice of trainers and jockeys, and, above all, in speculative operations—may reasonably desire to have performed for him by the guide, philosopher, and friend who devotes himself to this *spécialité*, and the pupils of whom have mostly shown themselves fully capable of holding their own in the racing world after leaving the shelter of the parental wing. Hard things have been, and we doubt not will continue to be, said concerning the instructors of the young idea; but though their method of gaining a livelihood (we had almost written of amassing fortunes) may be so tortured and twisted as to place them in the category of those designated by the title of this article; we have travelled out of the indictment so far for the purpose of showing that they are not the individuals *digito monstrari*—the undertakers *par excellence* of the British turf.

No one can hold in more thorough or earnest respect the claims which dead men, or, more properly speaking, the friends they leave behind them, possess in respect of judgment to be passed upon them by their fellow mortals; but the venerated adage *de mortuis, &c.*, must not be suffered altogether to override the duty we owe to society in holding up to reprobation the deeds, if not the names, of offenders against its laws. And, because the particular section of society to which we address ourselves is that addicted to racing pursuits, it is no additional excuse why we should be sparing in our comments upon the ‘undertakers,’ whose schemes have furnished food for so many and great scandals during no small portion of the last half-century. Quickly following one upon another, the deaths have been lately recorded of individuals, both confessedly ‘regarding man as their ‘prey,’ and whose doings, in connection with the victims over whom they established so complete an ascendancy, will be had in remembrance longer than the names of successful racers with which they were casually connected. We say casually, because the real love and genuine enthusiasm in the cause of sport for its own sake, were entirely subordinate to the lust for lucre; and equine achievers of distinction on the turf were regarded in the light of mere instruments of dealing and trafficking, and as the means of striking sensational bargains with novices possessed of more money than brains. In cases where the former important commodity existed only to a limited extent, or perhaps not at all, ‘accommodation’ was also forthcoming at usurious interest from the pockets of these ‘universal providers,’ who undertook to furnish addle-pated youths with a perfect outfit for the turf, and to put them on the high road

to ruin perfectly equipped for the journey with all save the means of righting themselves after the fatal step had once been taken. Once launched, the frail bark, with the most inexperienced of directors at the helm, was left to shift for itself, or the compass was designedly set for those shoals and quicksands in close proximity to which the wreckers were 'awaiting, in grim repose, their evening prey.' Sales of alleged Derby 'certainties' were shamelessly negotiated 'over the 'mahogany' when men had well drunk, and reckless bargains made with the weaker brethren in their cups were enforced with all the arguments which threats of exposure, hints at legal proceedings, and other means of intimidation could suggest, in case the victims exhibited indications of a desire to cry off bargains clenched in a drunken brawl. All the machinery for acquiring and maintaining a hold upon victims was so artfully designed, and negotiations so strictly kept within the letter of the law, that retractation and retreat were hopeless, even had it entered into the head of the impetuous youth to have resort to any means of escape from the toils so industriously woven round him. Advantage was taken of the nominal success occasionally attendant on the purchase of the 'genuine article' at exorbitant prices, to foist upon the foolish and unwary horses of utterly worthless pretensions, the rankest of rank impostors, forced down the throats of gaping gabies by the instrumentality of a flash trial, or assurances of what they could do 'at home.' The advance of ready money was speedy and easy so long as personal or real security deposited with the undertaker was not too heavily drawn upon; but when the crash came, there was no mercy shown nor quarter given, nor pains taken to remove the bloodless carcase from where it quivered in the web, a significant yet bootless warning to other gay and toothsome insects hovering round the parlour door of the spider. Sad has been the fate of many a poor fly, but is it on that account less attributable to those who 'undertook' him, and made his destruction a leading feature in the plan and programme of their ostensibly staid, sober, and religious lives? We have drawn an unpleasant, maybe, but not an untruthful picture, a sad replica of the old story of confiding youth and conspiring maturity, but not for the purposes of a sensational narrative, nor from a desire to exhume and to expose to the light of day festering carcases long hidden away, and better buried in forgetfulness. Such things as we have described have been, and may be—we had almost written must be—again; but now that the last of the old order of undertakers has departed, what is there to prevent us from uttering an emphatic protest against the system and its professors, and to speak out boldly against that policy of weak-minded adulation which bows obsequious acquiescence in the line of action pursued by the 'turf-undertaker' while living, and sings his praises in a like sycophantic tone when he has ceased from vexing the souls of his victims. Prone as mankind may be to worship wealth, and to prostrate themselves before its accumulators, there must remain (at least among those who refuse to lose sight of the man through the glitter of his gold) the consideration of how it was

acquired ; and on ordinary occasions of the decease of the usurer, the money-lender, or the accommodation agent, there is none of that lamentation which arises upon the fall of a prince of the people. Why should those who illustrate phases of contemporary life and history upon the turf be so apparently imbued with the spirit of optimism (to use as mild a term as possible) as to provoke unfavourable comparisons by their method of dealing with memorial notices of those who have lived and died with an evil odour clinging to their names? Why should the veracious chronicler go out of his way to sing praises, evidently forced, concerning those the kindest tribute to whom would be found in the nearest approach to silence, or the barest record of their having ceased to exist?

‘ Oh ! breathe not their names, let them sleep in the shade,’ should be the aspiration of those who have nothing good to say of departed ‘turf-undertakers’: in place of which there seems to be a contrary disposition to gild the blackness of their memories, and to talk of the ‘eminent financier’ and the ‘squire of Bareacres’ as if they deserved well of the racing community, instead of degrading the circles they profess to adorn, and prostituting to selfish and greedy ends the name of sport. Such predatory birds as we have described, instead of being nailed to barn doors as cautions to their imitators, have in too many cases received ‘honourable mention’ in company far too good for them—nay, more, have actually rubbed shoulders and wagged palms with the ranks of society from which their supply of victims was mostly recruited. Now that the chief turf-undertakers have been themselves undertaken by a superior more inexorable even than themselves, and when racing (after having passed through a period of depression in common with trade and agriculture) shows signs of a revival—it seems to us the fittest opportunity for raising a warning voice against deliberate and cold-blooded conspirators, who take advantage of the ardent and enthusiastic temperament of youth, and his eagerness to engage in the warfare of the turf, to tempt him with ways and means for gratifying his ambition. The ‘little game’ is an eminently profitable one, and doubtless there are plenty of professional undertakers, whether in the guise of acute limbs of the law or astute sons of the soil, calmly waiting their opportunity to ‘finance’ sanguine schemers and to help to float *El Dorados* of dazzling and glorious promise. We are not so hopeful as to flatter ourselves that turf-undertakers will ever cease out of the land ; but by all means let them be scouted as such, and not unduly exalted as apparent benefactors to their species, a tendency to which system of contemptible adulation has been too apparent of late.

AMPHION.

## A BATTERED PORTMANTEAU.

## II.

LIGHT must be the heart of a man who can look pleasant on such a day as this. There is a fog that would make an elephant cough, and the people scramble and totter along the greasy Strand as if making their second or third venture on skates. What with Christmas-boxes and New Year's gifts, and bills, and the ragged banditti who haunt the thoroughfare just mentioned, coin is as scarce as sunshine. This is the time of all others that your wife must select to sprain her ankle, with all the children, too, barking with the hooping-cough. Folks worry me to death with clumsy congratulations about the holiday time I'm having, 'now that 'racing is over.' They little know how I long for the train to come to a standstill in Lincoln station, and for the porter from the Great Northern to bustle up and offer assistance as I struggle with my portmanteau. Let me close my study door, light the pipe of consolation, and try to forget bad weather, ill times, and domestic tempests, as I recall more of my wanderings in company with that faithful piece of luggage, now doubtless grey with the accumulation of dust since it was stowed away for the winter in the dull November days.

Far different was the season when the portmanteau held store of warm raiment and thick boots for two, and made a journey of unwonted shortness to a little village, not many miles beyond sight of London smoke, yet peaceful, and old-fashioned as if its flaunting, vicious, noisy neighbour were a score of leagues away. It was one of those rare occasions when a couple of days were snatched from business, even in a week when horses galloped and men betted from Monday afternoon until the sun was cool on Saturday. Somehow or other release had been obtained for a season from the bustle of ring and weighing-room, and instead of the hoarse cries of book-makers, the sounds in our ears were those of love-making birds, and of a merry stream hurrying through Kentish or Surrey meadows. Perhaps the water was low and bright, and the sun blazed, and trout-flouted flies dropped as delicately as if they had been tied on cobwebs. Perhaps—rare day, to be marked with a white stone, held in perpetual remembrance, and re-lived in many an hour of evening tobacco gossip—heavy rain had fallen, and the generally pellucid waters were so stained that the first glimpse sent a tingle of delight through the eager anglers. Even then, it sometimes befell that sport was poor, considering that the fish lay thickly amongst the weeds. Delicate little duns and quill gnats, though dressed of minute fineness, attracted but at long intervals a victim, until, mayhap, a mad half-hour's rise came on in the twilight, and he who lost not precious minutes by getting 'hung up' in the bushes, or by some other of the hundred misfortunes apt to befall the fisherman in such golden moments, slew large and lusty trout, that tried the rod's worth, made

the reel birr, and changed the colour of their captor's cheeks. Rarely, very rarely, came the 'big day' that atoned for scores of expeditions when the landing-net was in seldom request, and the trudge back to the station was made to an accompaniment of lamentations over a wasted holiday.

The 'big day' was not always that on which stream and weather gave brightest promise of success. Once its delights were experienced in July, when the sky had no cloud, and the brook was unruffled by breeze. Still the trout were in the mood, and the mood lasted so long that parched fishermen almost begrudged the time occupied in quaffing from pots of cool bright beer, sent from the quaint village inn, past whose door-step the clear stream ran chattering. In the wood close by were delightful nooks and dozing places, where wearied with rod-wielding men might retire awhile for repose and contemplation. Most good fishermen can recall such quiet spots at such hours of rest. A little cleared space, surrounded by oaks and hazel bushes; a tiny runlet trickling down the bank into a stone-built basin with a pleasant bubbling splash, the sun shining softly through the leaves, and glinting on the overflow of the spring. Now and then, if I lie by one charming Surrey streamlet that I know, will be heard the notes of a noontide-singing nightingale, and there are cuckoos in plenty, with hawk-like flight and hollow call. Small birds flit almost silently across the little clearing, or jerk here and there from branch to branch, conscious, yet generally half heedless, of the intruder on their domains. Still some are a little distrustful. A bullfinch flies down to the spring, followed by another, each glancing suspiciously around. A robin drops suddenly on a decayed rustic seat a yard or two from the watcher, and gazes at him with bright and rather impatient eyes. A chaffinch lets fall his cheery note from a neighbouring tree, a hen hedge-sparrow hops demurely on the ground searching for food, and ever and again falls on the ear the melancholy monotonous coo of a wood-pigeon. There is a soft perfume in the place of undergrowth, brambles, and furze, and so near is the brook all the while that you may hear its every tinkle.

Or perhaps the portmanteau and its master travelled in a totally different direction. I mind me of white and yellow lilies in a backwater; of cool hanging branches, of waving reeds, of noble high willows, of great masses of rose-coloured ragged robin. The hanging boughs tap our heads as we are dexterously punted underneath them, and watch the startled chub dart away as the weir is approached. What a grand sight is the falling, brawling water at the 'Hook,' suggestive of a salmon river and of big Thames trout. Or maybe the portmanteau has been labelled one evening at Euston, and some hour and a half after is borne on the shoulder of a sturdy ostler to the hall of a cheery old-fashioned hostelry in Hertfordshire. There a small but merry company sit round the table of a snug room at grog-time, and their talk is of men and books, of fish and of racehorses. Not late, though, do they puff the odorous

weed, and modest is their imbibing of the good old whisky, for they must be afoot early in the morning. Young is the day when the old winding galleries and broad stairs creek beneath their footsteps, and they descend to the breakfast room, keenly alive to the excellence of ham and eggs and chops, yet anxious for the roll of wheels to tell of the roomy vehicle that is to whirl them to the lake side. What delightful hours have been passed by those broad sheets of water! By what good company, too, have pike and perch been caught and welled there, and what joyous talk and laughter have mingled with the croaking cries of coots and water-hens. Peace to your ashes, O cheery Shekarry! kindly, light-hearted comrade, great shot, and unsuccessful angler! Your merry tongue has made glad a boat's load of associates, when appetite had left the jack, when the big perch gazed with apathy on minnow and gudgeon, or when we waited in vain for the bite of those monstrous rudd of which the fustian-coated keeper told such thrilling tales. Sweet are the recollections of one eventide, when the surface of the great pools was smooth as glass, and mirrored the dark tall trees in such wondrous fashion that we gazed and wondered, entranced by a spectacle that filled even the rustic passers-by with admiration. Pleasant again, too, was the day when a brisk breeze blew the lake into loud lapping waves, when dark clouds hurried overhead, and spared the half-gathered hay harvest close at hand, though presently a blue rain mist hung on the Ivinghoses and told of the pouring shower. Then while the sky above us cleared, and the sun came glancing forth again, we took eager and silent note as a noble-crested grebe sailed slowly from a neighbouring reed-bed, followed by his small and tender family, for whose behoof and instruction he dived and fished in right dexterous fashion.

It was not, however, in such idle holiday jaunts as these that the portmanteau sustained the bumps and buffets that have defaced its once fair exterior. On business-like racing expeditions it has suffered more from the wear and tear of life. Flung hastily into guards' vans; banged angrily on station platforms at all times of change; dropped from the boxes of cabs by the nerveless hands of inebriated drivers; slid down flights of stone stairs by badgered hotel porters, harried by ten clamorous and abusive tongues at once—from such scurvy usage result its scarred and veteran appearance. Its endurance has often been tried sorely on that spring journey to Northampton that old racing folks never willingly forego. What recollections of good things defeated does mention of that dear old-fashioned meeting arouse—to those, at least, familiar with Yorkshire horses of some score and a half years back. Lord Saltoun's defeat; the overthrow of the strange-hued Chantrey by Priestess, on the sole occasion of anything trained by poor Tom Dawson (now lying sorely ill) carrying off the once coveted Northamptonshire. Those who followed the stable had to endure disappointments enough, and some will still remember how Godfrey, Enchanter—was it?—Chief Justice, and Red Lion failed Middleham in the hour of need. Not seldom,

indeed, in these latter days has the result of the chief handicap at Northampton caused me to seek the saddling paddock with a moody whistle. Still I like the place, and enjoy the journey from Euston, generally made in company with some noisy but good-humoured 'Nap' players—reticent at present as to what they know about two-year-olds engaged in the Althorp Park, although well informed on the subject by that very morning's post. In one corner of the carriage, too, will probably be seated the quiet commissioner, who does not play at cards, reads all the newspapers, and when his ticket is demanded has to hunt for it amongst a tangled mass of telegrams. Presently he will produce a huge metal flask of brandy and water, but only one of the 'Nap' players wets his lips, for, contrary to general belief, race-goers are not, as a rule, early drinkers. Away we hurry past the flat fields and the little muddy ponds, to the accompaniment of occasional bursts of triumph from victorious players, mingled with a rude imitation of the cuckoo's cry, once in high favour with the London school of professional racing men. Past wooded hills on the left; past the smoking chimneys and foot-pathed pastures of Watford; past pollard willows and sluggish Dutch-like streams. Homesteads and ricks, canals and slow-gliding barges, Boxmoor and Hemel Hempstead, Bletchley and the branch line to Oxford; Blisworth, scene of change, confusion, scurrying feet and bad language on the return journey—until at last we find ourselves in Northampton's hilly streets. I love this most oldfashioned of racecourses, with its rustic holiday makers, its swings, roundabouts, and sweet-stuff stalls; its hesitating yokel backers, and fluent petty bookmakers entreating them to begin business, for 'If you don't start betting early you will have no time when the numbers go up.' Above all, likeable to oldfashioned folks like myself is the weighing-room and its square brick floor, to be traversed ere the adjoining sanctum of the reporters is reached. There is a homely, bustling, cheerful look about the place, more pleasant, if less business-like, than such apartments at meetings where 'every modern improvement' has been adopted.

Mention of that oldfashioned meeting recalls somewhat similar gatherings as they existed thirty years ago in the great sport-loving county of York. Thirty years! Nay, still more frequently has the September sun burnished leaves in Aske and Whitcliffe woods since the writer—almost small enough then to have been packed away in the portmanteau—stood on breezy Richmond Moor and fell for life in love with racehorses as he looked on the renowned Beeswing. What other recollections have I of that short-turfed down where more than a hundred years ago the bay Shadow carried off the cup with odds of twenty-five to one against her, and where Filho da Puta fell on his knees in running and still contrived to struggle home in front of Dr. Syntax? As I write the fresh sweet air of those northern hills is once more in my nostrils. Once more I ramble with youthful playmates through the rough-walled 'Gallow-fields,' or, with childish legs wearied by a half-mile ascent from the

town, rest on the primitive stile close by Belleisle. Even then the clean white building was connected by me in some dim, misty way with Billy Peirse—its once jockey and trainer tenant—more, perhaps, with relation to his singular death, then quite recent, than from knowledge of his prowess as a horseman. Galaor and Smollett and Queen of Tyne were amongst the horses that then did their gallops on the spongy gallops of the 'Out Moor,' and faint memories still haunt me of autumn afternoons when the wing-footed Semiseria carried the brown and yellow stripes of Easby, and disposed of The Cure and Nitworth, fresh from Champagne and St. Leger victories, in a race from the Grey Stone inn. Much more vivid are recollections of Joy, with one arm nearly disabled, winning the Wright Stakes on Ada, and of the groan of vexation from local followers of Colonel Cradock's colours as old Pagan strove vainly to overhaul Trueboy in a gallant Gold Cup struggle. Yet another year passes, and the air is filled with shouts that might startle the Whitcliffe kestrels, as six two-year-olds come on locked in such a desperate fight that not half-a-length separates the lot. Save one, no man knows as they clear the winning-post that by the shortest of heads Diphthong has won from Ellerdale, and Mr. Richard Johnson will yet assert that in all his experience he remembers no race so close and so perplexing to the man who sat in judgment.

In those days railway communication did not exist between Richmond and Catterick Bridge. On fine March mornings many racegoers were wont to avail themselves of a pleasant walk through fields, and along a portion of road with the brawling Swale running just below. Then, through a picturesque village that, it is claimed, had the honour of prophetic mention from Mother Shipton, and again by the river bank, close to deep holes where the perch lay, and to streams whence on sunny October noons might be lured many a grayling. Agreeably exciting it was as from the bridge a first glimpse was caught of the urned gateway leading to the picturesque little oval course, where to youthful eyes booths and bunting, shabby and mean enough no doubt, made so gallant a show. From their tall nest trees a few rooks gazed moodily down on the unwonted throng, and cawed dissatisfaction. Thronged with lunchers and burly farmers drinking deeply of hot brandy-and-water was the old coaching inn hard by, of which a brother to Ferguson, of Antonio celebrity, was at one time landlord. At this inn it was that one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings stopped for a night shortly after her marriage. Even into that primitive district had penetrated the fame of her charms, and the country folks of the neighbourhood, getting wind of the fair one's presence, collected during the night in crowds, and thronged round the door in hopes of catching a glimpse of the lady as she stepped into her coach. In the old coaching days the hostelry became celebrated as one of the best in the north of England, and men still live who tell tales of the noble port they have drunk there at the then regulation price of five shillings a bottle. Of owners who ran horses and jockeys who rode them on those spring afternoons when we strolled, a merry



party, down to Catterick Bridge, hardly any now remain. Lord Eglinton, Lord Glasgow, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Bell of Thirsk, Mr. Meiklam, with his Inheretress and Lightning, Best of Three and Poynton; Sir John Gerard, and Mr. Sackville Lane Fox—all are gone. Of the jockeys Lye and Hesseltime, Cartwright, John Holmes, Job Marson, and Winteringham have long since passed away, and almost the sole survivor of the men who wore colours in the days of the Shorts and Revival Stakes is Sim Templeman, still cheerful and hearty, despite loss of sight, and ready and willing to talk yet of 'sweet-tempered Battledore,' and of his early Derby mounts on the 14-3. Little Red Rover and Connoisseur.

The worst of that ride by rail from London to Liverpool which racing men most affect, is that it has a tendency to excite in lovers of beautiful scenery, especially in those who have been bitten by a passion for the fly-rod, wild longing to abandon all thoughts of Aintree, to alight at some Derbyshire station, and spend at least a week in trouting and dreaming. Most alluring are the glimpses to be caught as the iron horse whisks its load through that enchanting region, and no true fisherman is he who fails at such time to wish that he, too, belonged to

. . . . 'those who had wandered in Baslow's vale,  
Through Chatsworth's meadows and Darley Dale,  
Or skirted the banks of the silvery Wye,  
Where Haddon's grey towers rise steep and high.'

Some of the earlier part of that Liverpool route is beautiful even if made in damp November days, when the Autumn Cup tempts Londoners into Lancashire. Just ere reaching Trent is a beautiful river 'bit,' with falling white water and hill and wood, that bursts on the traveller with startling suddenness; and when Derby is left behind, and the land of rocks and streams entered, the journey is one of never-ceasing delight from Ambergate to Peak Forest. The romantic feelings engendered whilst passing through this charming region will not, in all probability, cling about the traveller long after his arrival in Liverpool. They will almost certainly disappear at any rate after sight of the bill presented to him on the morning of his return to town; for at race times some hotel-keepers in that highly prosperous town must make very pretty profits. Still, I hold in kindly remembrance some cheery evenings there in the old days of one of the chief hostleries, when the cook had been 'spoken with' in regard to very special turtle, and a hot-pot of curious manufacture and surpassing excellence; when the dinner-party was well chosen, and the wit, as well as the champagne, was sparkling. At such times mirth was wont sometimes to wax rather high as midnight came on, and minstrelsy was not lacking. To such heights, indeed, has the musical enthusiasm of the revellers occasionally attained, that some will recollect how, consequent on an afternoon of remarkable success, one notable turf character was called on to repeat no fewer than five times a comic song for which he was famous, and only failed to

respond to a sixth call because an accompaniment, beaten on the table with empty soda-water bottles, had summoned to the door of the apartment an indignation meeting composed of aroused sleepers on the same floor.

Racing men not unnaturally form a liking for courses on which they have achieved repeated successes, or some one grand *conf.* On the same principle they are apt to express a wish that certain race tracks on which they have been persistently unlucky were ploughed up. To a considerable extent this feeling is entertained respecting Aintree by a person particularly well known to the writer. That person and his portmanteau may possibly be conveyed to Liverpool again; but he will not make the cab ride through Walton village overflowing with pleasurable anticipations. Neither, when he dismounts at the Sefton Arms will it be necessary to restrain him from rushing off to the ring. For him are no agreeable reminiscences of the place, arising from Grand National gains or Summer or Autumn Cup winnings. Aintree, indeed, never did him even one half the benefit it conferred on the hero of the following little story.

One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1850, a fair-haired young man was strolling backwards and forwards between Waterloo Bridge and the York Road. He passed restlessly to and fro, and frequently consulted his watch, as if impatient for some particular person, or for some fixed minute to arrive. To him presently a sporting friend of eccentric turn of mind—a north-countryman, just arrived from Manchester, and attired after a peculiar fashion. He wore a black dress-coat and vest, and white ‘ducks,’ such as might now be looked for vainly throughout all London town. ‘Helloa!’ said the north-countryman to the light-haired young man; ‘Helloa! where are yow a-going ‘to?’ ‘Why, I’m sauntering about the bridge for a little fresh air,’ said the young man, with a conscious look. ‘Um!’ commented the north-countryman, distrustfully; ‘Ah dessay, Ah’m goin’ to Kennington to see my daughter at school there.’ So they parted, and the afternoon wore on, until some three hours later, the man in white ducks returned from Kennington. Lo and behold! still pacing the bridge he found his friend of the morning. Pressed for an explanation, the light-haired man admitted that he had been waiting since two o’clock for a young lady to whom he was engaged; that she had promised to meet him on the bridge, and had not kept the tryst. ‘Wal,’ said the north-countryman, with a glance of approval, ‘yow seem to be a wonderful fine stayer! and ah’ll tell yow summut ‘as’ll do both yow and *her* good. Back Windischgrätz for dooble ‘event, Liverpool Cup and Goodwood Stakes, and varry like yow’ll ‘bring it all off.’ Not much encouragement was needed to spur the light-haired young man into a betting venture, and next morning he made his way to Cheapside, and, at a well-known ‘emporium’ there, obtained twenty ponies about Windischgrätz for the double event. Fortune smiled, for both on Aintree and in the Duke of Richmond’s park Windischgrätz won in a canter. To complete the tale properly, let it be added that the ‘monkey’ was useful, and in the August of

that year the light-haired young man was married to the lady of his affections. Thirty years have flown since then, and with heart and hair still light, the gentleman yet lives, yet holds his own, and moreover reigns very ably at a court particularly affected by racing men, who hold in high esteem the fortunate backer of Windischgrätz.

Well! for the present my portmanteau, and the recollections it has aroused, must be once more dismissed. What further journeyings has Fate in store for us? How much longer is our connection to last? Bruised and discoloured though it is, my portmanteau wears still a sturdy look, not at all suggestive of a career about to be ended. But how stands it with the owner? He too has had his share of blows and falls, such as leave no surface dint indeed, and yet hurt deep and sorely. Well! when the time comes for our wanderings to cease, may it be that, as now, recollections of them bring pleasure as well as regret. In the sweet solitude of a meadow trout stream men's hearts have sometimes been softened; and it rests with men themselves whether remembrance of a Turf life shall be remorseful.

S.

## BEASTS AND BIRDS OF SPORT.

### I.—HARES AND RABBITS.

OF all the animals sacred to sport, none have during the last ten years attracted more attention than hares and rabbits; farmers have been anathematising them with all their might; landlords have protested, in reply, with much force; whilst economists, political and social, have lectured about these poor little timid beasts, and the hundred and one evil deeds they do, till everybody ought to be familiar with the subject; moreover, the legislature has more than once been called upon to aid the farmers, and the newspapers are daily spreading, far and wide, all that is being said and done. Even the poacher, if I mistake not, has of late been allowed to have an indirect voice in the matter of rabbit legislation, although what possible right he has to be heard, I am at a loss to know; as the late Colonel Mannering used to say, 'If game animals do not belong to those who feed and afford them breeding ground, they surely cannot, by any effort of the imagination, be held in any sense to be the property of the poacher.' Still, the poachers are being listened to; there are persons who encourage them in their evil work; there are even, I am told, two or three members of Parliament who listen to and 'sympathise' with them!

I shall not, however, introduce into the pages of this magazine any 'game law politics;' but I must be permitted to say, as regards the poacher, that, being ruthless, he deserves no quarter or consideration whatever; he would kill a breeding bird as fast as look at it, and even shoot a sitting hare: the truth is, if poaching were to be allowed—I mean free shooting—there would speedily not be a wild bird, or a hare or rabbit, on all the land. Poaching, it should be

kept in mind, is now a business; the poacher does not shoot for personal food—he sells the game. I have no sympathy with the poacher, nor have I that amount of sympathy with the farmer in regard to game questions, which I would wish to manifest, although there are many fine, frank, manly fellows among our agriculturists, as I have often had occasion to know. We never find that class of them complaining without good reason; they are always eager for sport when a chance presents itself, and neither poach themselves nor allow their labourers to carry a gun. Landlords cannot be too indulgent to such good fellows, and should give them plenty of coursing, and as much rabbit shooting as they desire. The farmer who moves heaven and earth to get into some good farm, and then begins to grumble about the game the moment he obtains possession, I have no respect for. All farmers know that there must be a greater or a lesser stock of hares and rabbits on their land, and if *that* is to be made a grievance, then they should have abstained from renting it. No person is forced to take a farm against his will. Good landlords are never slow to recognise out-of-the-way or abnormal degrees of damage to crops, by awarding their tenants liberal compensation, and almost all our landowners now allow farmers the right of rabbit shooting, and in some places, I believe, the privilege of killing hares as well. There are, no doubt, farms on which hares and rabbits are over preserved; but the farmers do not suffer from that circumstance, because such farms are marked, and the rent is less in consequence.

I shall not, then, take cognisance in this article of the ‘politics’ of our game supplies; what I wish chiefly to show at present is the food value of hares and rabbits. As contributing to our national sports, there is no comparison between the two; the rabbit is not to be considered an animal of sport, but simply a moving target to train boys how to shoot; but the hare is generally productive of fine sport. In saying so, I do not allude to such great coursing meetings as the one which will take place at Altcar about the end of this month, at which the Waterloo Cup falls to be decided. That meeting is too crowded for my taste; besides, it is a gambling meeting of the first magnitude, and I always maintain that whenever the spirit of gambling enters, the spirit of sport departs. Give me the cheerful parish or district coursing meeting, where landlord and tenant, master and servant, meet on terms of equality for the day, just as they do in Scotland at a curling match, where the greyhound of the village blacksmith may be pitted against the greyhound of the village Boniface, and the landlord’s dogs may be outpaced by those of some of his farmers, his defeat being taken, however, in good part. On a fine day in October there is no more exhilarating exercise of its kind than that required to keep up with the judge and his slipper; it is positively pleasant to see the aged ones of the district fighting the battles of their youth over again, and putting on a spurt in the excitement of the moment, perhaps clearing hedges and ditches, drains and dykes, that they would shrink from encountering when ‘the steam’ is not up. Hare-hunting, by means

of a pack of harriers or beagles, is not bad pastime, as its votaries know, but I shall not attempt to describe it at present, as I have plenty of matter to occupy my space without intruding on the domain of other writers. I may mention, however, that the first pack of harriers I ever saw at work belonged to Liston, the great surgeon, who used to hunt the hare every Saturday near Edinburgh, attended by crowds of his students, and all of the medical faculty of 'the modern Athens' who could obtain a mount. What a long time has elapsed since these halcyon days of early life, days on which we never felt ashamed of any kind of horse that might fall to our lot—just give us a mount, and we were delighted.

Coming now to the natural history of the hare, I may quote the character given to it in an old 'Dictionary of Sport,' which I sometimes refer to; it is 'a beast of venery, or the forest, peculiarly so 'termed in the second year of her age; in the first she is called a 'leveret, and in the third a great hare. By old foresters the hare is 'called the king of all beasts of venery. There are four sorts of 'hares; some live in the mountains, some in the fields, some in 'marshes, and some everywhere, without any certain place of abode. 'The mountain hares are the swiftest; the field hares are not so 'nimble; and those of the marshes are the slowest; but the 'wandering hares are most dangerous to follow, for they are so 'cunning in the ways and mazes of the field.' In the work from which I have extracted the above passage, I have searched in vain for any account of the breeding power of the hare, or the age at which it becomes reproductive, but it states that the animal is supposed not to live above seven years. Other writers, however, assign it a longer term of life, giving it nine and ten years. Some forty or fifty years ago there was much ignorance as to the productive power of the hare; it was then the general belief, for instance, among those who ought to have known better, that it only bred once a year, giving birth as a rule to two young ones, and that no hare under the age of twelve months was capable of repeating the story of its birth. Nowadays we know better. Hares generally breed from four to five times in the course of a year, producing two, three, four, and occasionally, but rarely, five young ones at a litter; and cases have been known of the young ones breeding within the year of their birth—it is not the first time, in fact, that a *leveret* has been found quick with young. I make this statement from personal knowledge, backed up by information from men who *ought* to know all about the natural history of the hare. A very intelligent and most reliable head-keeper, in the employment of a Scottish nobleman, says: 'Brown hares breed four times a year, 'and average about three young ones at a time, but I have seen as 'many as six young ones taken out of a female that had been killed;' and in this he is corroborated by an enterprising game dealer, who is so good as to communicate to me such occasional 'out-of-the 'way' facts. Many persons who have lived in a coursing country all their lifetime, and who have had constant opportunities of ascertain-

ing such facts as I have given, are utterly ignorant of such things, and very few of the books that I am familiar with enter upon the subject at all. In Blaine's 'Encyclopædia of Rural Sports,' it is stated 'the hare, contrary to vulgar opinion, is prolific in the 'extreme; were it otherwise, the race would become extinct from 'the number of its enemies.' In order to determine the question of the breeding power of these animals, a curious experiment was once entered upon by a country gentleman; a couple of hares, male and female, of course, were inclosed within the walls of a large garden, the doe at the time being great with young, a plentiful supply of the natural food of the animals was grown in the garden ground, and, at the end of twelve months from the inclosure of the animals, fifty-seven hares were found, including the original breeders. A positively enormous number of hares are every year brought to market, and the breeding stock which yields such a percentage to consumers must be vast indeed. Thirty years ago, 100,000 hares used to be annually sold in the London markets, and I have no doubt to-day that number is largely exceeded.

In breeding, hares do not *pair*, although wild rabbits do so; one 'Jack' will be sufficient for the service of fifty or sixty females; the male or jack hare discovers his opportunity by the *seasoning* of the female, and acts accordingly. The female carries for about thirty-five days and then finds relief. The nests or littering-places of the hare are of an exceedingly primitive description—no nest at all in fact; a place in a plantation or at the sheltered side of a hedge serves well enough for puss's procreant cradle. The female suckles her young for about a month or five weeks, after which they must look after themselves; many of the leverets fall an easy prey to their enemies, which are numerous and increase in the same ratio as their prey. It is a pity that so many of the curious stories about the natural history of the hare have been proved to be vulgar errors: there was for instance the old idea of the double and treble conception of the female, which presented the animal as a sort of machine for the production of its-kind by superfœtation, and taught the idea that after the first cast there still remained the fruits of successive conceptions. Another feature of hare life was at one time firmly believed in, and is given in an old account of the natural history of the hare, which says, 'They have certain little bladders in their belly, filled with matter out of which both sexes suck a certain humour, and anoint their bodies all over with by which they are defended against rain.' Here is an old wrinkle from the same source: 'As for such hares as are bred in warrens, the warreners have a crafty device to fatten them, which has been found by experience to be effectual; and that is by putting wax into their ears to make them deaf, and then turning them into the place where they are to be fed, where being freed from the fear of hounds and for want of hearing, they grow fat before others of their kind.'

Students of the natural history of the rabbit are aware that

it is a 'breedy creature'—enormously prolific indeed, in the way of multiplying and replenishing its kind. My father told me that Sir John Sinclair, in his day and generation the most patriotic of Scots, by way of testing the truth of the common gossip as to the fecundity of this animal, caused eighteen females, along with twelve bucks, to be placed on an island in which he had an interest. Being left alone for a period of nearly twelve months, Sir John, along with two of his friends, then paid a visit to the place, which they found to be literally overrun with an excellent breed of well-flavoured rabbits; so great were the numbers that with three guns they were able, during two days' shooting, to kill over 700 pairs, leaving, to all appearance, twice that number on the ground. The island, I was given to understand, was a little over two-and-a-half miles in length and averaged three-quarters of a mile in breadth. It should be stated that it had some time before been well stocked with rabbits, but for a period of six years, in consequence of the stock having from some cause been exterminated, it had lain barren; it abounded, however, when Sir John made his experiment, in suitable food, and it is interesting to know that the young rabbits put down to breed were selected from districts far apart from each other, some of the bucks being from Lanarkshire, others from the county of Banff, whilst the does were the product of three different counties, six being brought from each. Sir John, it is evident, did not approve of 'in-breeding.' I am not aware for how long a period the experiment was continued, or whether the island is still devoted to the purpose of a rabbit warren, but I know my father was informed that for several years it yielded over 2000 pairs—the animals being chiefly valued on account of their skins—those, at the period in question, being more in demand than the flesh of the animals, which could not be utilised in consequence of the very slow modes of conveyance incidental to the time. As the ground could not be let for any other purpose, the rent derived from it as a warren was just so much found money. With respect to island-bred rabbits, I recollect many years ago, when visiting Cramond Island—it is situated just opposite to Lord Rosebery's park at Dalmeny—being particularly struck with the rabbits bred there: their flesh was delicious, and their skins met with a ready sale. As a rule, however, island-bred rabbits are lean and consequently poor in flavour, resulting from two circumstances, one of these being the fact of there being generally too many rabbits for the area of ground, the other being degeneracy from in-breeding. On one of the western islands of Scotland, the stock of rabbits some years ago had so degenerated from this cause that it was thought best to destroy the whole lot and institute an altogether new breed, which was done with great success. Too much pains cannot be taken to procure an infusion of new blood, so as to keep up the health of both hares and rabbits as well as other animals of the game kind—including grouse and pheasants.

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the ratio in which rabbits breed and when they begin to do so, but I may state, on the

authority of a friend of mine who notes these things with a great degree of care, that he has seen specimens barely four months old which were ready and eager for the buck, and that he has known, in open and genial seasons, cases of three generations in one year! Such stories—indeed, all stories illustrative of the natural history of wild animals—must be received with caution, but I have every reason to place confidence in the above statement. Rabbits, it is well known, go on breeding for a period of six or seven months, some say nine months, in each year according to the openness of the season, having a litter of from three to seven on each occasion, and as they have five litters and sometimes six, one female may produce as many as forty young ones, all of which in the course of fifteen months will themselves have begun to breed. In a state of nature, I believe I am correct in saying the rabbit is monogamous, the sexes being pretty equally divided.

Without vouching for its perfect accuracy, the following calculation, showing the increase which accrues in one season from a single pair of rabbits, may be accepted as an approximate estimate of what might be achieved in rabbit-breeding in a warren established as a business:—

Early in March, 1st litter from a last year's pair, say	5	rabbits
End of April, 2nd " " "	5	" "
Middle of June, 3rd " " "	6	" "
Early in August, 4th " " "	6	" "
Same date, produce of 1st litter of two pairs	6	" "
End of September, 5th litter from original pair	6	" "
Same date, 2nd litter of first four young ones	8	" "
Same date, 1st litter of April young ones	6	" "
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Being a total of " 48	"	for the first season.

Not counting the original pair, there would (bar fatalities) be twenty-four pairs to begin breeding next season, the first produce of which would be 144 single rabbits, counting six to each litter, and the first four broods of the season at the same rate would be 576 individuals. Such figures will doubtless appear tame after the many statements which have found publicity as to the extraordinary fecundity of the rabbit, but they have the merit of being really reliable, which cannot be said of a recent statement giving sixty thousand a year as the produce of a single pair! I shall now show the progress of the second year, in the same fashion:—

Early in March, 1st litter from 24 pairs . . . . .	144	rabbits.
End of April, 2nd " " . . . . .	144	" "
Middle of June, 3rd " " . . . . .	144	" "
Early in August, 4th " " . . . . .	144	" "
Same date, produce of 72 pairs (3 each) . . . . .	216	" "
End of September, 5th litter of above 24 pairs . . . . .	144	" "
Same date, 2nd litter of 72 pairs (4 each) . . . . .	288	" "
Same date, 1st litter of April rabbits (72 pairs) . . . . .	216	" "
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Total stock at end of second year . . . . .	1440	" "



which, bar accident or calamity of any kind, would give 720 pairs to begin breeding with in the third season, the first four broods of which, at six young ones per litter, would give 17,280 rabbits! Pennant, in his 'British Zoology,' states that 'rabbits will breed seven times a year and bring eight young ones each time; on a supposition this happens regularly during four years, their numbers will amount to 1,274,840.' Rabbits, we are told by Mr. Daniels, begin to breed at six months, will bear seven times annually, and bring five young ones each time; 'supposing this to happen regularly during the space of four years, and that three of the five young at each *kindle* are females, the increase will be 478,062.'

In estimating the natural increase of the rabbit, it must be borne in mind that these and other animals of the chase do not escape the calamities of nature; they have a host of enemies of the brutè kind to encounter, and man is continually plotting their destruction; they are being constantly shot and snared for the market; the above figures, therefore, must be taken *cum grano salis*, as exhibiting a series of theoretical multiplications, although I have only allowed five broods a year against the seven and eight of other writers. As a matter of fact, and throwing fanciful calculations altogether aside, it is well enough known, although no person, I fear, can make an absolutely accurate statement on the subject, that the rabbit is a rare good breeder.

Before mentioning what has occurred in rabbit-breeding at the Antipodes,\* I may state, as showing how difficult it is to obtain really authentic information about rabbit-breeding, that not any three men whom I know agree on the subject. I am now speaking from a brief which I took the pains to get up last autumn for the purposes of this paper.

*First person examined* (a hedger and ditcher and supposed poacher). 'Well, sir, I can only speak about what I know, and give you my own idea of field rabbit-breeding; as I take it, it's not easy to say when the young ones begin to breed; I don't believe that a cony is ready to take the buck at six weeks as some do say; in my opinion, sir, a doe won't have young till she's more than five months old, and they differ a good deal in different districts of the country, here (in Northumberland, namely) they are slow to quicken as I think; I kept my eye on a young she rabbit, that got one of its ears bitten off by some other beast, and I can swear the poor thing had no young ones till it was at least seven months

\* I may briefly state that the rabbit has become something like a pest in Australia and New Zealand; having abundance of fine food, a good climate, and no enemies to speak of, it has increased in a far greater ratio than at home. Thousands upon thousands are being killed every week, and yet the cry is, Still they increase; men and dogs have been told off by the stock-raisers to exterminate the rabbits, but although they work hard they seem to make no impression! Why do not the colonists introduce—it wouldn't cost very much—a few dozen weasels and some of the other natural enemies of the rabbit? In a year or two these animals would accomplish what an army of men is evidently powerless to effect.

‘old—that rabbit had two or three litters before it was snared ;  
‘I know it was snared, because I saw it in a house after it was killed.  
‘No rabbit that I ever saw had more than seven young ones, except  
‘one, and it had nine at first, and then dropped other two, which I  
‘thought a very strange thing indeed ; nobody here about ever heard  
‘of such a thing before ; a rabbit may go on living and breeding for  
‘about forty months on an average. Take my word for it, sir,  
‘there’s a vast deal of nonsense spoken about rabbits.’

*Second person examined* (an intelligent Scotch forester). ‘Yes,  
‘sir, I have, as you say, paid a great deal of attention to the habits of  
‘wild animals, and particularly to the rabbit. It multiplies its kind  
‘with great rapidity ; my own idea is that it begins to breed when it  
‘is about eighteen weeks old, and goes on breeding for several years,  
‘that is, as long as it is allowed to live. At first a rabbit has very  
‘few young ones, first time two, or, at most, three, as she goes on,  
‘the litters grow bigger ; I have found as many as eight in a litter,  
‘and six is a very common number. Rabbits and hares eat a great  
‘deal of food, but a good part of what they eat would be of no use  
‘to the farmer, and they do good service in keeping down some of  
‘the weeds, which, if they were allowed to seed, might do a heap of  
‘mischief.’

*Third person examined* (a Scottish farmer of the old school).  
‘You may take my word for it, sir, that four o’ them vermin and a  
‘hare will eat as much good green stuff as one of my sheep ; it’s  
‘a fact, I assure you. I’ll tell you what, sir, rabbits are as plentiful  
‘as rats and far worse to fill, that’s a fact, I assure you, sir. I’ve no  
‘doubt in my own mind, but that, all over this country, I do not  
‘know anything about Ireland, there are at least ten rabbits to each  
‘acre of ground ; inquire for yourself, sir, and you’ll find it’s a fact  
‘I am telling you. Rabbits breed as soon as they are six weeks old,  
‘it’s a fact, I assure you, sir ; and they go on breeding nearly all the  
‘year. How many times in twelve months ? Eight times at least—  
‘oh, it’s a fact, sir, take my word for it. As to numbers, I’ve seen  
‘the laird’s keepers take fifty pair off three of my fields in a single  
‘afternoon, that’s a fact, sir, I assure you, and it can be proved, too.  
‘Every pair of rabbits will breed at least a hundred young in the  
‘course of an open year, and some of them will be great-grandfathers  
‘about Christmas ; it’s a fact, sir, I assure you. Keep away their  
‘enemies, and let them eat what they like, and there would some  
‘day be no room to move on the face of the earth without tramping  
‘upon a rabbit.’

These are truthful reports of statements from which the readers of ‘Baily’ can draw their own conclusions ; I could not help smiling at the emphatic statements made by my farmer friend. One of his deliverances would afford a capital text for a preachment about the ‘Balance of Nature.’

Before concluding, I must say a few words about the commerce in hares and rabbits, which is every year becoming more and more extensive. At one period rabbits were cheap enough ; I can re-

member a time when students at the University of Edinburgh and other persons as well, were able, on a Saturday night, to purchase as many as they pleased at the rate of three for a shilling. A very celebrated physician (recently dead, alas!) was in those days (*temp.* 1837) a famous hand at a 'curry'; his Sunday dinners were a treat which his friends used to look forward to with interest. And how cheap the pleasure was! He used to cook (personally) and serve with enough rice and potatoes for a party of six or eight, three fine rabbits and the etceteras for 1s. 4d.; but about that date many kinds of food were cheap; I have seen a quarter of excellent lamb sold for 10d.! There existed no means of distributing rabbits forty years ago, there were at that period no railway trains flying to the great seats of population, the animals were dealt in then chiefly for their skins, and not as now for their flesh. At one time, early in the century, single rabbit skins were sold for half-a-crown and three shillings! At a later date, namely about 1858, a large business commenced in that sort of fur, owing, it was said, to a scarcity of wool in America and a continued inquiry for skins from Germany. Prices in consequence speedily advanced: from 2s. 3d. to 4s. 3d., and sometimes as much as 4s. 6d. a dozen, was given for a good lot of prime skins. The anxiety to obtain supplies was so great that English dealers appointed resident agents in Scotland to buy for them. During the period in question the price of skins rose rapidly, and dealers having previously made their contracts of purchase greatly profited, only, however, to lose what they made one season in the next, when skins, instead of advancing to about 6s. per dozen as was anticipated, fell to 3s. 6d. and 3s. 9d. The charge for rabbits as *meat* had, therefore, to be raised in order to recoup the losses which the poulterers sustained by the skins.

Did space permit I could give some very curious information as to the prices of hare skins, but I must leave that part of my subject to some future opportunity—and it will keep well enough. Meantime I shall 'finish up' with an estimate of the food supply—and its money value—for which we are indebted to the rabbit. London, it has been calculated, requires every year for its luncheon, dinner, and supper tables not less than two millions of rabbits, a fourth of the number being imported from Belgium, on the sand dunes of which they are bred and fed. If London uses two millions, how many will be required by our other large cities and big towns? Estimating the population of the United Kingdom at thirty-three millions, and deducting twenty of these millions as babes and sucklings, and persons who cannot obtain rabbits, may we not assume that the remaining thirteen millions will, in the course of the year, consume one rabbit each? If so, how numerous will the capital stock require to be which affords the nation such a large percentage? If we calculate that seven millions of rabbits are left to multiply and replenish the land we thus account for twenty millions per annum! Of course, if each pair of wild rabbits produce, say for the sake of easy calculation, thirty young ones in each year, a breeding

stock of half-a-million pairs would provide the number indicated, as also an additional two millions; but then accidents and calamities of various kinds must be allowed for, which keeps down the supply; it would, however, be interesting if such statistics as the above could be given in some authentic shape. Each rabbit, *on the average*, after it has been skinned and gutted, will weigh at least two pounds, so that the thirteen millions estimated as being annually consumed will produce 11,607 tons of most palatable food in aid of the national commissariat, the money value of which to the producer should, at 9d. for each rabbit, amount to £487,500, no contemptible sum to be produced by what has been emphatically called a *nuisance*!

I am not entirely finished with this subject, which, the more it is considered, increases in interest; although I shall have again to refer to hares and rabbits, I wish to say at present, by way of 'moral,' that the nation cannot at present afford to dispense with 11,607 tons of good food, so that the cry which has arisen to 'exterminate the 'rabbit' must be changed; let us rather 'utilise' it, even if we have to confine it to particular districts.

ELLANGOWAN.

### SPORT IN ZULULAND.

How bored every one must be with these never-ending South African wars! I am sure you all must have been heartily tired of reading how one column buried itself in a bog and ate its head off; how the Flying Column flew four miles daily; and how another used to arise in the night and fire vaguely and at large. But among all this pile of weariness, have you, my dear Baily, heard anything of that best business of life-shooting? Have correspondents been too busy chronicling events that happened only in their own generous imagination to let you know anything of sport there? Bearing all this in mind, let me venture to send you a line concerning its sporting capabilities. It's true I don't know the scientific names of the birds and beasts shot; but if you'll take a wild goose as meaning what the books call 'L'oise sauvage du cap de B. Esp,' and so forth, you may like to hear our bags. I can, at all events, tell you if our quarry was good to eat; and if the birds and beasts of the bag suit you, as well as they did me, in the pot, you will have no cause of complaint.

To get real big game, as elephants, lions, ostriches, buffalo, and seacow, the sportsman has to go right up beyond the Limpopo River, and nearly to the Zambesi; every year, indeed, he must go further afield. The journey must take, even with the greatest command of money, some three months, and the entire expedition a year, at least.

It is, however, with the game of Natal and Zululand we have to do now. It would be no good to string a list of names together to show the birds of the country; we can just take them as we get to them.

The first bird whose acquaintance we made in Zululand was a sort of plover; a large flight settled near us, and we spent a day

shooting them. It was very wearisome work, as it was mere slaughter; however, it helped the pot, and in those days we were the veriest pot-hunters.

One night, when on the Zulu border, a comrade broached the fact that he had seen a bevy of quail near the camp, and proposed that we should get leave and try to nail some. No sooner said than done, as far as we were concerned. The colonel, however, might not see it in the same light. We soon sallied out to see what sort of a temper the 'old man' was in—not very good, we soon found, so we bided our time, and did not apply for leave just then. Towards night of the next day the chief's horizon brightened considerably, and after he had had a capital dinner off a wild duck of our providing, we opened our parallels. Well, when a man who has been living on tough beefsteak for some fortnight gets a good dinner off wild duck, with cayenne and fresh lemon, he feels at charity with all men, and particularly well with those to whom he is indebted for his good cheer. Very suavely did we put the question, and graciously did our answer come—we could go. The first step conquered, the question of armament arose. I had a breechloader with brass cartridges complete. My chum rejoiced in a muzzle-loader; we had caps and shot, but no wads or powder. The deficiency as to wads was soon remedied—a wad-puncher and an old saddle-cloth set that right. The powder difficulty was worse; but by the help of a dead Zulu's cow's horn, filled with their coarse powder, and supplemented with some stolen from her gracious Majesty's cartridges, it was overcome. The quality of this powder was, as may be supposed, indifferent, but the quantity was sufficient.

'Lights out' went all too soon for our purpose; but our preparations were completed after reveille.

After breakfast, which consisted of the usual beefsteak and hard biscuit, washed down with milkless coffee, we sallied out. Our horses were ready, and with an orderly we soon set out. Our guns were loaded with buckshot, as we thought we might get a deer in the long grass through which we rode. We did start two or three, but could not dismount fast enough to get a shot at them. Our dog was a well-bred pointer; she had joined us on the march up the country, coming into camp one morning in a mysterious manner. She ever afterwards stayed with us, and went by the name of Belle. She most faithfully followed our fortunes, and in the retreat from the Zlobane Hill was desperately wounded with an assegai. We saw nothing of her for a week, when she turned up again, thinner by far, and with a great crimson scar down her side. On that scar she traded for many a day, when she ran in, a favourite trick of hers. We never had the heart to thrash her when we saw the great red seam. We soon came on a bevy of quail, which rose under our horses' feet. Replacing the buckshot cartridges with No. 8, we shot several. This sort of thing, though it reads badly, is very good fun. After a few miles more, during which we get a few quail, we arrive at the banks of a river; here we dismount and knee-halter our horses, while the groom begins to prepare lunch. In the meantime we wander up the banks

of the river looking for duck. There are large ponds in the marsh, which shelter plenty of duck of all sorts. An hour or two's shooting gets us some Cape wigeon, African teal, common wild duck, and a sober-looking bird, which, I believe, rejoices in the name of Dominican duck. Our lunch is eked out with some fish that our man had caught and broiled; they are small, about half a pound, silvery in colour, and like a mullet. They give capital sport, though our fellow does not give them time to play; indeed, his fishing is regular 'tearing 'em out by the roots.' We get altogether some eighteen head of duck and quail, with which we are well satisfied.

Once when out on patrol we got a long shot at a large crane-like bird with a rifle; a lucky shot broke his wing. On going up to him he charged us furiously. He was quite as tall as a man, with a huge beak, with pouch under it, bare neck, with sort of warty excrescences, like a turkey's wattles. We turned our horse for home, and he followed for some distance, when we shot him; it seemed such a queer idea, the beggar saving us the trouble of carrying him! It is called there the wild turkey, and we ate him without compunction. We have since found him in 'Stanley's Birds,' and find his name is the gigantic crane (*Ardea argilla*), and Stanley says, 'A leg of mutton and a litter of kittens swallowed whole proved equally acceptable to him.' Pleasant that, but he was very good. The spread of his wings was thirteen feet. Good flights of snipe were seen at times; they were of all sorts, from Cape snipe to jack snipe. By-the-by, some naturalist (Fermin) says he shot eighty-five at a single discharge; to this we can only say, with Dominic Sampson, 'Prodigious!'

While riding on by the column we often got shots at pauw, a sort of bird very like a turkey in size; it weighs up to 25 lbs. and is most capital eating. Once we got a shot at a pauw who was asleep. We missed him with the first shot, which only woke him, but while staring about another bullet laid him low. This shooting alongside the column was soon put a stop to when the serious work began.

A remarkable feature of the country is the immense number of vultures; they are of the kind known as 'sociable vultures'; the Dutch call them 'oesvogels.' It is a pretty sight to look up to the clear blue sky and see these huge birds circling round, their wings hardly moving, while the sun flashes on their shining plumage. Very different do they look when gorged with their fearful meal; they are then blood-stained, heavy and inert; at such times they will hardly move out of your way; they seem to know that they are worthless and not good enough to waste a shot on. An old hunter told me he was once hard set for a meal and did try to eat one he caught: his powder had got wet or something. His description made us turn to our tough steak with more relish than we thought possible. The moment a sick ox fell out these creatures saw him and a long line of them began to descend. We saw animals there that they had eaten the eyes out of before death took place. They will not touch a white man, but will eat a dead Zulu with gusto.

I don't quite know if I can include cocks and hens under the head of 'Sport in Zululand,' though they always had to be shot.

They were birds of extraordinary sagacity ; they seemed to know all about us at once, and took refuge in flight. A revolver is not a good weapon for birds, so they took a lot of shooting ; precious tough customers they were when shot. At one halting-place where we were some three hundred strong, an Egyptian goose used to come right down to the picket lines and eat the oats among the horses' feet. When any one disturbed her, she flew some hundred yards off, and I think we fired nearly twenty shots at her, till, slain by one better directed than the rest, she went into the all-devouring pot.

We had some capital races at Kambula. The ' Great Kambula Steeplechase ' was won by Dr. Conolly's bay gelding, ridden by Captain Dudley Persee, brother to the Master of the Galway Blazers. Fierce was the wagering between the 13th and 90th men as to the results, and loud were the expressions of delight by all the Irishmen as Captain Dudley sailed in some lengths to the front. As far as I remember, the whole three races were won by the same owner, and all pulled off by the same jockey. Such pastime amused all hands, and passed the long days when we were waiting for the word to advance.

At Fort Newdigate, on the Upoko River, after the termination of the war, some races came off ; the great feature was the steeplechase for Basutos. These men, though good riders enough on the flat, can't jump at all. The race was run at a clipping pace, every one trying to make the running ; the consequence was the race was won by the man who slipped in fear and trembling through the gaps the other fellows had made. At their downfall, which was at the rate of one per fence, he gradually forged ahead and won easily, sticking on by pommel and crupper gallantly.

By-the-way, rather an amusing skit went round just before Ulundi, when we were losing valuable time, through a policy of masterly inaction, on the banks of the Umvelosi. A caricature went the rounds representing a broad river, labelled ' Umvelosi,' with a grinning savage, called Cetewayo, with an assegai, on the other side ; a particularly meek-looking horse with ' Lord Chelmsford ' written on it, ridden by a jockey (General Wood) jibbing at having to cross the stream, a tall figure (Colonel Buller), with his usual wideawake and red puggaree, trying to wave him over with it. In the middle distance is a horse, John Dunn, ridden by General Crealock, being charged by a Zulu cow, and, a mere speck in the distance, Sir Garnet. Underneath was written, ' The Great Ulundi Stakes, Wood on Lord Chelmsford, first. Crealock, on John Dunn, bad second ; Sir Garnet nowhere ! ' Every one roared at it—it was hitting the truth so cleverly.

We had some very good partridge-shooting down near the Tugela. There was a European house with some large potato (yam) fields round it. We got some capital shooting in the fields, and among the gooseberries of the garden. The cover was very thick, and the birds lay well. Our dog worked well, and a couple of hours saw us richer by five brace and a half of francolin. I don't know that I ever enjoyed anything more than this day. It was so jolly to wander

about, not having to keep on the look-out, lest some Zulu should take a fancy to shoot you. The sea lay blue and calm a mile or two off, while the hills above Fort Pearson showed us that we should soon again be in civilisation.

Sometimes a buck would come right into our camp, and then every one would turn out and try to seize it. The result was a general *mêlée*, and some black fellow, more dexterous than we, would catch it; then there was a rush to buy it at some half-sovereign. The Kafirs were very active after rabbits; if one jumped up it would be nearly sure to fall a victim.

At Maritzburg there is a regular hunt; it was first established by some regiment there, and has since been kept up. Captain Persee, of the 1-13th Regiment, hunted them for some time, and after him came Daly, of the 1-24th Regiment,\* another Galway man. After the 24th left for the front, the townsmen of Maritzburg took them in hand, and a nice mess they made of them, turning a good-enough-looking pack into but a mangy lot. They hunt duiker and other deer, and have very good sport. Of course the deer are wild, and are found sometimes in cover, at others in the long grass. Riding is dangerous and difficult on account of the constant succession of holes made by the ant-eater, these holes are often covered by the long grass. Only colonial horses are used; English horses are not so quick to discover holes as the colonial ones. After the war was over we were in Maritzburg, and had a good run from Rosedale. Captain Persee took the horn for a day. We had capital sport and a run of more than thirteen miles, finishing up with a kill in the open. The fencing is mostly over watercourses, the landing and taking off most difficult. One has to sit close, for as your horse comes to the holes he pops over actively without the slightest warning.

The woods in some places are full of game; the bush under St. Paul's Mission Station, in the valley of the Umhlatosi, swarms with game; buck of all sorts are about, while of winged game, peafowl, guinea fowl, and partridges are the most plentiful; there are a few buffalo left here, the sole survivors in Zululand; more to the north there may possibly be a lion or two, though it is more than doubtful. An old settler told me that half a year ago he hunted up to a degree and a half north of Delagoa Bay without seeing a single elephant, though he shot 240 buffalo; the hides of buffalo are valuable for samboks (whips). This man can remember the day when all Zululand swarmed with elephants, but since the natives have got guns all game has vanished. This splendid shooting place even now lies two days' ride only from Port Natal. The hunter may be sure of good bags with the shot gun; the varieties of buck shot are very numerous, blewbuck, springbok, waterbuck, duiker, &c.

While riding with the troops, on the northern border of Zululand, three elands came right among the horses, and got clear through the line without being injured.

Through parts of the Transvaal immense herds of blesbok and

\* Since killed at Isandula, Jan. 22, 1879.



springbok still roam, sometimes in the very wild parts, herds numbering over ten thousand head are seen; these are shot for their hides; hides are a recognised article of commerce in Natal, and the trade done in them is enormous.

After the battle of Ulundi, when just riding out in pursuit, a buck jumped up, just under our horses' feet; this was within a hundred yards of the square; he had lain without moving the whole time of the engagement, though a fearful storm of bullets must have poured over him; many a Zulu was not so fortunate in that short hour.

Snake are fairly abundant in Zululand; one came in the night, and crept between our blankets; it was a garter snake, and very dangerous, but luckily did not, though it must have lain close for hours, bite us.

The Kafirs used to look on with wonder at us shooting the quail; they thought it such a waste to shoot so small a bird, and used to tell us that the powder used for one quail was enough for a man.

We got in about an hour in the Umhlatosi valley three brace and a half of partridges and three buck; two of the buck were bowled over by a right and left.

In the Ngome and Itshowe forest game is very plentiful also, though, as the cover is so very thick, they are hard to get at.

Alligators are common at the mouths of the rivers, and though we never heard of their doing much harm, yet it was not pleasant to have to look out when we went bathing.

At the Nonoti River, just over the border, we had a night after sea-cow or hippopotamus. Like all South African rivers, it had a sandbar at its mouth, and the water of the river was considerably higher than the sea when the slight tide was out. Large reed-beds fringed the river bank, and in these the sea-cows, five in number, used to live. After inspecting the ground, we decided to cut the bar and let the water out, thinking that the hippopotami would follow the run of the water. After great labour all night this was done, and the water rushed out rapidly. We had over one hundred coolies, some of whom cut the bar while others beat the reed-beds. We stayed when the canal through the sand was cut. The result after an anxious watch was that one huge bull hippopotamus charged right past us, and got off scatheless, as it was rather too dark just at the moment. We heard the coolies getting nearer, but through bad driving nothing more was seen. A party out soon after, we heard, got the old bull.

The best weapon for the Cape is a gun and rifle combined, one barrel for shot, the other rifled. A shot gun is the best in bush where there are no big game; any buck can be killed at short ranges, and owing to the thick cover no long shots can be had. I should imagine that if a party shot the Umhlatosi bush with beaters, their bags would be enormous.

There are splendid flights of wild geese in the season; the sorts are Egyptian geese, grey-headed geese, mountain geese, and the grey lag.

Wild ducks are also numerous and very tame.

## THE LAW OF L.B.W., &amp;c.

MR. BAILY,—In spite of the late miserable season, there was at intervals a great deal of discussion about what is now called ‘bat and pad’ cricket, and though there were as many suggestions as there are objectors to the present state of things, still I was enabled to gather one fact by taking the opinions of numberless men of mark of all classes and of all ages, and that fact is that some change of the law of L.B.W. is requisite. The main cause of this is, that batsmen are anxious to ‘claim sanctuary’ by special pleading and overstraining the interpretation of the law of L.B.W., and the poor umpire has a rough time of it between the bowler and the batsman, the former exclaiming, “Why, the ball must have hit the wicket but ‘for the pad,’ and the latter, if he is given out L.B.W., exclaiming, ‘Why, the ball pitched in a line with my heel; and look at my leg now, ‘clear of the wicket.’ In equity, the umpire is generally right; in law, wrong in giving L.B.W. to a fair, quick bowler bowling round the wicket, as it is impossible almost, except with a break back, for such a bowler legally to claim the penalty for any ball but a ‘Yorker.’

The batsman’s excuse at once proves the necessity of a change in the law, as he cannot honestly deny in many cases that, but for his pad, his wicket must have gone; but he ‘rides off’ on the ground that the ball did not pitch within an area 8 inches wide, bounded by two straight lines of 66 feet long, drawn from outer stump to outer stump on either side. According to the strict letter of the present law, the batsman is perfectly justified in standing with impunity right in front of his wicket to many bowlers who have a good break, and hitting away at every ball, and, as things now are, he ascertains the line of the ball from the bowler’s hand to the wicket, and can see a spot where he can plant his leg, so as to stop the ball without incurring the penalty of L.B.W. To say the best, this is not very sportsmanlike, and the debatable ground is a No Man’s Land where the batsman may *legally* stand and defy the bowler.

The days when the umpire’s decision was regarded as final and unquestionable are days of the past, unfortunately.

I am one of those who firmly adhere to the theory that the M.C.C. are, and ought to continue for ever to be, the absolute authority in cricket legislation; and, with many apologies, I shall venture presently to put before them eight names of a class of cricketers (not being guilty of the impertinence of dictating a tribunal), half of them amateurs, half of them professionals, who, I believe, with the aid of the president of the M.C.C. as chairman, and the energetic secretary as recorder of their doings, would be able to advise the club as to what change the best authorities ask for.

I have purposely excluded those who almost daily appear in

public matches, as it is against human nature to suppose that in these days, when big scores and big averages are supposed to be *the* test of cricket success, and *the* crown of cricket glory, that those who are 'in the swim' would assist in putting any obstacle in the way of their own success, as to suppose that one of the leviathan game preservers, who like to count pheasants by cart-loads, would lend a hand towards abolishing the *battue* and hecatombs of home-bred birds, in favour of fair sport and a 'sportman's bag' at the end of the day.

At the same time, if any inquiry is held, I take it for granted that the men of the modern time will be heard, and also the fogeys (of whom I am *not* one) who remember the best Lord's cricket before round-arm bowling became general, and before pads were common.

I should like the modern school of batsmen to answer a few questions:

1. For what purpose do you suppose pads to have been introduced?

2. Do you see any objection to the size of pads being limited, and to abolish 'leg-byes' altogether?

3. State your reasons for objecting to L.B.W. being decided in favour of the bowler by an imaginary line from the bowler's hand to the wicket; bearing in mind that the umpire who has to judge the pitch of the ball has given guard from the place where the bowler's hand comes, and *has sighted the ground himself*.

4. State your reasons for objecting to bats being passed through a  $4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch guage, and give your opinion as to the percentage of bats of the present day which would stand the test, and produce all the bats you used last year.

5. If, to your mind, the umpire cannot be trusted to give an opinion as regards L.B.W., what is the value of the umpire's opinion on any other subject?

6. Define the meaning of your constant objection, 'A change in the law of L.B.W. would give too much power to the umpire,' and state how much or how little power an umpire, in your opinion, ought to have.

7. Do you think it quite fair to roar in an umpire's ear 'How's 'that?'' as if you were crying 'Fire!' and do you see any absurdity in giving the umpire time to cross to where the bowler's hand was, and to give a calm and deliberate decision?

It is *nihil ad rem*; but I cannot help recording umpiring at school—when William IV. was King—when the boys were umpires in exciting matches between College and Commoners the decisions of the umpire were riotously cheered by either side, 'Well given, 'umpire;' and in minor matches, unfortunate juniors, of whom I was one, had to stand umpire; if they gave a decision adverse to the outside, not unfrequently got a sharp box or two on the ear from the bowler, or one or two from the blade of a bat. I think middle-aged Wykehamists must remember a very eccentric boy who

rejoiced in the nickname of 'Chucks,' a polished gentleman, though a hot-tempered Irishman, playing single wicket matches with a boy who stood 6 feet 2, and rejoiced in the nickname of 'Dolly.' Standing umpire in those matches was a caution, and when 'Dolly,' as was not unfrequently the case, hit the ball over the wall, the safest thing to do was to call 'No hit,' as an adverse decision against 'Chucks' meant immediate execution, whereas an adverse decision against 'Dolly' meant a mouthful of unparliamentary language with a threat of murder in the evening, which was forgotten. Possibly the most amusing part of it was when 'Dolly' shouted 'Fresh umpire,' and 'Chucks,' with unparliamentary language, declared that the umpire was the only fellow who knew anything about it. *Oh mihi præteritos*, &c.

I will now name the eight cricketers whom I referred to before, and they are as follows (coupling the pairs—amateurs and professionals together):—Mr. Harvey Fellows and George Parr, the finest leg-hitter ever known; Mr. V. E. Walker and Daft; Mr. D. Buchanan and Willsher; and the Rev. Charlton Lane and Pindar. Amongst them they represent the Marylebone Club, the Surrey Club, All England cricket, county cricket, four public schools, university cricket, and are also representatives of some of the very best past and present batting, bowling, wicket-keeping, captaining, and umpiring.

Moreover, there is another reason for choosing the two first; being born in the same year, they began their cricket as boys, when pads were first introduced in 1841, in which year Mr. Harvey Fellows and Mr. Walter Marcon—the two fastest bowlers possibly on record—and Mr. George Yonge bowled for Eton at Lord's, and some of the Eton boys wore pads, and there was a roar from the Harrow corner (Harrow having beaten Winchester the day before, and waiting their turn to play against Eton, were *more suo* backing up Winchester against Eton) of 'Take off your pillow-cases!' Mr. Fellows and Parr were opposed to each other several times in Gentlemen and Players, and probably were often on the same side in All England elevens selected by M.C.C. They also played in the Mynn and Pilch and Lillywhite days, and long after the school to which those players belonged had retired. The other six—in round numbers during twenty years past—have at various periods been representative cricketers of the highest stamp, and the eight have purposely been selected so as to make an even number of two classes—those who have retired from public matches of the first rank, and those who play occasionally in the best matches now.

I have always been dead against a Cricket Parliament, as there would be a great deal too much 'talkee talkee,' but this commission is a very different thing, and in so vital a question as the alteration of the best-abused law I cannot imagine that it would be against the dignity of the M.C.C. to hear the opinion of the players as well as the amateurs, and also of the best umpires.

The argument that bowling is much quicker now than formerly is

*absolutely* ridiculous. Ask George Parr about Harvey Fellows, Walter Fellows, Walter Marcon, Alfred Mynn, Wisden, Tarrant, Jackson Laing of Harrow, and many others. There always have and always will be 'demon' bowlers, and pads to men who live by cricket are an absolute necessity to ensure their being able to fulfil their engagements; but pads were never intended to be a barrier against the bowler and a means of getting leg byes, as they very often are on a billiard-table ground. I have, both from the roof of the Pavilion at Lord's, and from the first-floor of the Pavilion at the Oval, watched, through a racing glass, the umpire giving guard, the batsman taking it for the middle, the bowler delivering the ball, and have seen the ball go again and again as straight as an arrow from the bowler's hand to the wicket—pitching outside the inner stump it is true—I am speaking of a round-arm bowler bowling round the wicket) and have seen the ball which the batsman has misjudged come 'thump' up against the pad about half-way between the knee and the ankle, which ball, but for the pad, *must* have bowled the man. It is enough to break a bowler's heart, for he has fairly earned his wicket according to the spirit of the law.

I have not said one word about 'the glorious day of the past, sir,' or 'you should have seen so and so, sir,' or any of those remarks which imaginative men put into my mouth, together with a great deal of vulgar abuse sometimes, or committed myself in any way so as in this letter to be indicted under the writ '*quia laudator temporis acti fuit*,' but I do say the constant squabbles between bowlers, batsmen, and umpires about L.B.W. did not exist when pads first came in, and I believe what I am told by the greatest authorities that the Lord's umpires judged the ball from the bowler's hand when round-arm came in.

Before the days of pads, which became general long after round-arm bowling, 'the draw' (for which see 'Felix on the Bat') was the answer to the bowlers 'on break' (unless the ball was smothered by the long reach), and the ball was played with the bat and not stopped by the legs, which were drawn out of the way to avoid the calamity of half the cricketers in England being on crutches, as they would most certainly have been.

Why does not some strong, tall young fellow of six feet in height try the quick underhand once more. It must be very straight so as to ensure a L.B.W., and provided it pitches half-way—for 'ramrods' are *not* cricket proper—the more irregular the pitch the better. I met a long curate, an old Marlborough boy, in a gentleman's park two years ago, at a match, who was one of the best quick underhand bowlers I ever saw, and nicely he stuck up a lot of good men, old University players and others. Almost every ball would have taken the wicket, and what with his long run, his good-humoured Cheshire-cat grin, his pace and irregularity of pitch—all halfway up at least—he was enough to puzzle Old Nick; first came a straight Yorker, then a long-hop to the knuckles, then a shooting half-volley,

then a bail full pitch, and then perhaps a fine bail ball, there being five balls to the over.

Since writing the above I have looked into 'Felix on the Bat' (Ed. 1855, pp. 46 to 51), and by diagram he proves, and by argument he urges, that, except in cases of a 'break back,' no appeal ought ever to be made for L.B.W. for a ball sent down by a round-hand bowling (bowling round the wicket) which pitches in the eight inch area between the two wickets at a distance of seventeen or eighteen yards off, as the ball must cut across outside the off-stump at the batsman's end, and the article ends with these words, 'Surely we may hope to escape censure if we most respectfully and dispassionately recommend that the old law be so examined as to prevent the possibility of an incorrect decision of the umpire, as to the never ending point of dissatisfaction, viz., leg before wicket. *Q.E.D.*'

The whole evil has arisen from the M.C.C. having in later years, at what date I know not, ever altered their old rule of 1787, and which certainly existed in 1828, when round-arm bowling was in its infancy; it was as follows:

'The striker is out if with his foot or leg he stops the ball, which the bowler, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have pitched in a straight line to the wicket and would have hit it.'

The insertion of the words in the modern rules 'from it' after 'straight line' have nullified the good intentions of our ancestors, whose laws in principle, and mostly in detail, are as they were when the Pilgrim Fathers of cricket migrated to Marylebone nearly a century ago, and very slightly different from ours of to-day. Cricketers should remember that the law of L.B.W. was originally invented to prevent what was thought unfair play, and now surely it is not too much to ask of the cricket legislators of to-day to remember their 'ancestors,' who invented for them the noblest sport in the world.

Now comes the question, 'Who will bell the cat?' Any member of the M.C.C. has only to give notice and he is sure to get a good audience at the annual meeting, and probably a committee appointed, as no one can deny that the law is unsatisfactory as it is. The umpires should be wholly left out of the question. Caldecourt and Barker, and old Bailly and Good never complained of their arduous duties, and if any umpire talks about 'putting too much responsibility on him' he at once proves his disqualification for the office. The umpire is thoroughly guarded by the fact that in all cases of doubt he is to give his decision in favour of the man who is in, as a ball may go within a hair's-breadth of the wicket and never hit it.

The world goes at such a pace that people never seem to have time to consider anything, but one cannot help thinking that if some members of the M.C.C. were to have the stumps pitched and have the eight-inch line painted in from wicket to wicket, and let the bowlers bowl in their ordinary style round the wicket at either end without any batsman, they would be able to judge how many

straight balls on an average would touch the eight-inch line and pass wide of the off stump, and how many would go over the wicket. Then by setting up a pad (or better still a slight wire open frame the size of a pad, through which the ball would pass) in the place where the batsman's left leg usually is, it could easily be ascertained what alteration is wanted, and a fair estimate might be made as to how many balls would pitch outside the eight-inch line, and go through the pad on to the wicket—both on soft and hard grounds. Common sense seems to say, 'Go back to the old law.' A quarter of a century ago Mr. Felix, than whom a more scientific judge never lived, asked for some legislation on the subject, as appears above, and asked in vain.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and the batsmen might very reasonably ask the M.C.C. to define the difference between throwing and bowling. A little 'no-balling' at Lord's would be very seasonable occasionally. The 'flip of the wrist' which Felix speaks of as the definition between throwing and bowling is as common now as—what shall we say?—a squabble about L.B.W.; and some modern umpires either cannot or will not see it, as if they 'no-ball' a brother professional they take the bread out of his mouth, and if they 'no-ball' an amateur they offend a patron. If an umpire in the country were to 'no-ball' a well-known bowler there would be an outcry that he had been allowed at Lord's. The uproar which occurred when John Lillywhite 'no-balled' Wiltshire in *Gentlemen v. Players*, at Kennington, very many years ago, for bowling too high, was occasioned by the M.C.C. umpires at Lord's allowing the *lex scripta* to be broken during the season. Lillywhite was legally right, but All England had tacitly allowed the high bowling all through the season, and had winked at the breach of the law. If the M.C.C. would issue a short handbook for umpires there would be something for them to set their foot against.

F. G.

## A DAY AT THE CROSS ROADS.

IN the sitting-room belonging to some dingy chambers situated in one of those dingy streets leading out of the Strand towards the river, sat, one murky November morning, smoking his after-breakfast pipe and ruminating on his future prospects, a young gentleman who, unless his looks very much belied him, was decidedly in trouble and difficulties of some sort or another. Yes, something must have gone entirely wrong with John (commonly called 'Jack') Tallboys, for that was the young gentleman's name. Though he looked young, not more than five-and-twenty indeed, those circles round his eyes told a tale of sleepless nights; and his breakfast scarcely touched pointed to an indifferent appetite.

'Well, this is a pretty go!' muttered he, pulling a letter out of his shooting-jacket pocket and reading it. 'So you forbid me to come to

'your house on any pretext, or to hold any communication with your daughter, do you? Pig-headed, obstinate, muddling old idiot! Very well, we shall see. To the devil, or rather the fire, with your letter. Never mind, Alice, my dear, we'll be married yet.' And pulling another letter out of his pocket, evidently written by a feminine hand, and giving it a kiss, he proceeded to read it, apparently with much pleasure. A sudden thought seemed to strike him. He rang the bell. 'Betsy,' said he to the maid-of-all work, who appeared; 'Betsy, just run out and get me a sporting paper called the "Field," will you, at once, there's a good girl? The "Field"—don't make a mistake, now—the "Field!"'

'All right, sir,' replied that hardworked damsel, and disappeared. The door opened again, though, in another minute. It was the dirty-faced Betsy again. Said she, 'Yer don't mead the "Sportig Tibes," Mister Tallboys, do yer?' (she had a shocking cold, poor thing).

'No, no, no! the "Field." How many more times am I to tell you?' shouted the disgusted Jack, rising in his wrath.

Away scuttled Betsy like a startled hare, and by-and-by appeared with the journal in question.

'Now then for the meets,' said Jack. 'O. H. H.—here we are. Monday, No Man's Land; ah, that's too far. Wednesday, Langley Cross Roads; that's the very one; only five miles from old Stupid-head's; he and Alice are safe to go. Hooray! I'll go to Nathan's, and buy a red wig and beard, and I'll go to Langley Cross Roads too, and have a hunt on foot in the character of a rough of the period, and if I don't get a word with Alice, I shall at all events see her, and that's something. First of all to give her warning through the "agony" column of the "Times." Ever since that letter being discovered, it's not safe to write. Oh, if my aunt Sophia would only stump up, what a thing it would be for all parties. And now I'll be off. How badly they varnish boots here, to be sure! I shall have to do 'em myself soon.'

Ten minutes more and Jack Tallboys is ready dressed for the streets, and, lighting a cigar, he goes to procure his disguise for Langley Cross Roads.

There is no mistake about it; Mister Tallboys, as Betsy calls him, is up a tree—a very tall one too. On his father's death, which happened when Jack had just left Eton, he came into about three thousand a year. He was a gentleman of extravagant tastes in every way; still, it might have been all right if he had stuck to his hunting and shooting, but, as ill luck would have it, he must needs have a turn at that game at which Fortune is so particularly fickle, namely, the Turf. I need not say it did not pay in his case. And then, alas, too late! he fell in love. The horses were all sold, and fetched next to nothing; his late trainer buying most of them. On looking at his affairs straight in the face, he discovered, to his horror, that after paying everything he owed he would scarcely have enough left to keep himself together, let alone a wife. Then he must needs have what he called a 'flutter' on the Stock Exchange, in the hopes that he



might, with one grand stroke, recoup his shattered fortunes. But, alas! it did not come off. Then came the Autumn meetings at Newmarket. He won a little the Cesarewitch week, it is true, but dropped a cracker on the Cambridgeshire. He grew desperate the last day. They made a great favourite of one of the French horses for a small race; 7 to 4—at last 2 to 1—on. Poor Jack laid the first-named odds freely, three times indeed in hundreds. To his horror the favourite was early out of it, and the winner turned up in a despised outsider in the same stable. Jack paid every shilling the following Monday, but he was a ruined man. Hardest of all, too, some kind friend was good enough to give Squire Hardcastle, his intended papa-in-law, a hint of his goings on, and the whole affair ended at last by the squire insisting on his daughter's giving him up, and forbidding him the house. Alice, though, behaved like a trump throughout, and stuck up for Jack through thick and thin. For some little while they corresponded through the medium of her maid; but that dodge being found out one fine day, Alice and Jack had to depend principally on the 'agony' column in the 'Times' for giving their loving messages to one another. Jack, as we have seen, has just gone out for the double purpose of inserting one of these messages in Monday's paper, and of procuring a disguise for next Wednesday for his hunt on foot. And on Monday, sure enough, Alice, looking after breakfast at the well-known column, read the following with heart beating and heightened colour:—

'From Bow-wow to Pussy-Cat.—Shall be there on Wednesday. 'Mind you make the "Griffin" bring you. Look out for a red beard and a green tie.'

'Dear, foolish, rash Jack; how fond he is of me,' thought Alice to herself, as she read the above. 'Fancy not being able to see each other without horrid red beards and green ties being brought in. I wonder what Jack will look like. Papa will never know him.' And Mistress Alice wended her way up to her room to indulge in a cry and look at Jack's photograph.

Wednesday morning arrived, and Jack, attired in a very old shooting-jacket, made more seedy-looking by one or two patches of a different material being sown on by the faithful Betsy ('Go along with yer, Mister Tallboys; ye're a regular play-hacter, 'ye are,' said she, highly amused, as Jack made a face at her in his red beard), a pair of old trousers, and some very dirty gaiters, and with his red wig and beard in his pocket, sallied forth at half-past seven to catch the eight o'clock train at St. Pancras. Nine o'clock saw him at his destination, and getting some breakfast, which he dispatched with great gusto, Jack stumped off on his way to the meet some four or five miles off.

Langley Cross Roads was a celebrated meet of the Old Harkaway hounds, commonly called the 'O. H. H.' It was a favourite fixture with the men who meant business, because they very often found in a small wood they always drew first, and in that case went away at once over a fine country. It was a favourite meet with the fair sex,

because, if the hounds did not find directly, they proceeded to draw the celebrated 'Wicket Wood Scrubbs,' a great straggling overgrown wood, surrounded on three sides by a large expanse of scrub, where, though sure of a find, they very often pottered about the best part of the day; so that the dear creatures could drive and ride backwards and forwards to their heart's content, very likely getting a view of 'sly 'reynolds,' as the yokels call him, half-a-dozen times in the course of the morning. And it was a favourite with the gents from London. 'Arry could get his Moses and Sons' scarlet coat, his lilywhite cords, and his beautiful pink tops splendidly splashed in the boggy rides of the renowned Scrubbs, and go back to town, covered with mud and glory, and tell his friend Tommy, next day, what a day he had 'ad with the 'ounds, and what deeds he and his little bay 'orse have accomplished. Imagine Jack, then, arrived at the Cross Roads; the hounds have already turned up, and the Field are coming in from all points. The road is completely blocked with horses and carriages of all sorts. Mrs. Squire Boodle is there in her barouche and pair of steppers, with a splendid fat coachman and a majestic London footman beside him on the box; there too, drawn up alongside, is Mrs. Marrerbone, the butcher's wife, in what she is pleased to call her pony 'fayton'; her daughter is seated by her side, and her daughter's young man is behind in the back seat. Mrs. Boodle puts up her eye-glass and stares in a scornful manner at the Marrerbone equipage. 'Nasty, 'aughty, *lugly* woman,' mutters Mrs. M., who notices the look, getting red in the face, and snacking at the pony's reins to make him move on; 'looking at us as hif 'we was so much dirt.' Then arrives, in a hand-canter, my Lord Woodbine, accompanied by his daughters the Ladies Cowslip, and a host of grandees from the Hall; they, in their turn, are followed by Tom Tinkleton, the sporting sweep, on his trotting pony. Tom is half drunk already, and is offering to back his steed to any amount to trot four miles on the turnpike road, against Billy Chuff, the baker's grey pony. Unfortunately for the match, Tom Tinkleton tumbles off his perch in the middle of the argument. Verily, that Cockney sportsman of Leech's was right when he remarked that 'Unting brings people together wot wouldn't otherwise meet.' Jack Tallboys, you may be sure, kept a pretty sharp look out for the object of his affections, and her papa; and by-and-by he was rewarded by the sight of the fair Alice and the squire trotting up, the latter exceedingly red in the face.

'I tell you what, old gentleman,' muttered Jack to himself, 'it strikes me that horse of yours is a trifle too many for you.' It looked like it, certainly, for the horse—a rakish-looking brown, with a big, awkward-looking head—kept pulling the squire about in all directions, much against his will, and in spite of all his, 'Whoa, horse! *Can't* you keep still, you brute?' The brute wouldn't, if he could, and the wretched squire would have given anything to have got off. Jack, meanwhile, proceeded to inspect the hounds.

'Now, young man, just leave the 'ounds alone, if you please,'

said the huntsman, with some acerbity, as our hero was making much of old Tomboy, who he had recognised.

‘What! Tom,’ he replied, ‘don’t you know me?’

‘No, I’m blessed if I do,’ said Tom, staring hard at him. ‘Yes, I do, though. Why, you’ve got a red beard on, and you’re Mr. Jack Tallboys. Well, I never *did*!—whatever h’are you up to, sir?’ exclaimed the huntsman, in astonishment. ‘Got up like that,’ continued he. ‘Oh dear! I never see such a start in my born days.’

‘Hush, Tom,’ said Jack, ‘not a word of this. I’m only come down to see the fun, and I don’t want to be known—so “mum’s the word.” Do you understand?’

‘Well, sir, I can’t abear to see you like that, and that’s the truth. If you had only writ to me, I’d ’a got you a mount directly, I would. The squire and miss is out, sir, I s’pose you know,’ whispered Tom, with a knowing grin.

‘Yes, I know,’ replied Jack. ‘Look here, Tom, do you think you’ll find in Scratch Wood?’

‘Ah, that’s jest it,’ said Tom. ‘The keeper told me a minit ago, there was a fox there, only yesterday. We had a clippin’ run the last time we drew it, and we shall have agin to-day, if he’s at home, for he’s a regular varmint—and here comes my lord. We shall be off directly, sir; and, Mister Jack—excuse me for the liberty—but I’ve heard of the hosses being sold, and sich like; and if fifty, or a ’underd pounds, would be of any service just now, sir——’

‘No, no, Tom, thank you all the same,’ said Jack, shaking him by the hand. ‘See—my lord’s coming, so I’ll be moving.’

So saying, Jack took himself, and his red beard and his green tie, off, and proceeded to trudge away to a commanding position from whence he could view away the fox—if there was one—and see all the fun.

Jack, by a short cut, arrived at Scratch Wood before the hounds, who had trotted along the road, and planting himself under an oak tree in the hedge, a field’s length from the cover, proceeded to light his pipe and enjoy the fun. A lot of the field, amongst whom he can discern the brown habit and trim figure of his ladye love, have planted themselves at the corner of the wood, just opposite him. Squire Hardcastle’s hunter is more fidgetty than ever, he can see, too.

‘By Jove! I believe he kicked that fellow,’ exclaimed Jack, as the redoubtable brown lashed out most viciously. ‘I wish I was on you, you brute, I’d teach you to kick—and, by Jove! it’s a find. What a row! and here’s the fox, by all that’s lovely!’ And Jack crouched down in the ditch, in an agony lest he should head him. ‘Thank heaven!’ muttered he, as the fox passed through the fence lower down without seeing him, and soon is half-way across the next field. ‘Toot-toot-toot’ goes the horn. ‘Forrad! forrad!’ cheers Tom Chirrup, as the hounds stream out of the cover all together. *Crash* they come at the fence, as if they meant to break it down—*crash*

through the heaviest part of it comes Tom. 'Hold up, 'oss !' roars he, as his nag pecks on landing. 'Right away for Firsby !' shouts he, passing Jack, who is running as hard as he can lay legs to the ground. Jack almost fancies himself back at Eton once more, running with the beagles.

'Hi ! catch that horse, you, sir,' holloas a man in scarlet, galloping by.

Jack turned round just in time to save himself from being trampled on by a loose horse coming straight at him. He made a grab at the reins as the horse tried to gallop by, and caught them, though he nearly let go, as his foot slipped, and down he fell ; however, he held on manfully and stopped the brute's mad career. 'Why it's old Hardcastle's horse, as I'm a living sinner,' exclaimed he. 'Well, this *is* a game. Now for a lark. I wonder where 'Alice is ? By Jove, here's Joe the runner coming. I'll be off.'

So saying, Master Jack vaulted quickly into the saddle, and lengthening his stirrups as he went, followed in the wake of the hounds, who were three fields off by now. 'By jingo, you can jump 'though,' exclaimed he, as the brown horse, delighted at the change, went at the fence a hundred miles an hour, and jumped it as if it was a haystack. He looked back for a second to see who was behind, and saw something that caused him to pull up his horse on the spot. What he beheld then was Miss Alice Hardcastle in the act of jumping the fence he had just come over in masterly style, and coming after him as fast as her horse could carry her.

'Oh, Jack, Jack,' said she, 'you bad, wicked young man, do you 'know that's papa's horse you have got. He kicked poor papa off 'directly they found—and I went after him and just caught sight 'of you in that horrid red beard. I knew it was you ; and oh, 'Jack, what *is* to be done ? Papa will be so angry—no, no, *don't* 'Jack, you don't know who's looking' (Master Jack had snatched a kiss).

'And now, Alice,' said Jack, 'it's really not safe for your father 'to ride this horse again. Let us go after the hounds, we may 'possibly catch 'em ; and, by Jove, they've checked at the Dean ; 'Don't you see them ? come along, my darling ;' and so saying, Jack sent his horse along, best pace, followed by the not unwilling Miss Alice. After riding hard for a mile or more they got into the road, and just as they reached a fir cover called the 'Dean,' the hounds came streaming out. 'We've got a start this time with a 'vengeance,' exclaimed Jack. 'Hallo, Tom, I've got a mount, you 'see,' said he to the huntsman, as that worthy jumped out of the wood after his beauties.

'Ah, we're in for a stinger, sir,' grinned Tom, putting out his horse—'Toot-toot-toot.' 'Forrad ! forrad ! forrad !' The three take the first fence together.

'Who the deuce is that ruffian with the red beard ?' said the noble Master, who was just behind them, to himself. 'Well 'mounted, whoever he is,' exclaimed he, as Jack jumped a gate

somewhat unnecessarily—Alice preferring a gap in the fence—‘and how well old Hardcastle’s daughter is going,’ thought he.

At last comes a stopper. The Great Central Railway Company is making a branch line just here, and some most formidable posts and rails, lined with stalwart navvies, shouting with all their might and main, loom in sight.

‘This will never do,’ thought Jack. ‘Alice, follow my lord, there’s a dear. I’m afraid of these rails. See, he’s going to the gate yonder, and then you will get into the road and catch us up again.’

Off galloped Alice after the Master, somewhat unwillingly, nevertheless. Tom Chirrup wakes up his horse and goes at the rails (most formidable brand-new oak ones); and with a considerable scramble gets over. Jack’s great brown steed pricks his ears and jumps them like a deer.

‘By Jove, but you’re a *clinker* after all,’ said Jack, in delight.

‘Go it, mate!’ yelled the navvies, in great glee. ‘Yer’ve beat all the rid coats.’ The top rail is broken off the rail on the opposite side, so they slip over comfortably.

‘The fox be just afore ye, *dead beat*,’ says a keeper whom they pass.

At this moment Jack and huntsman and the first whip have the hounds all to themselves, as the field are heard clattering along the road some way off. ‘Toot-toot-toot,’ goes Tom’s horn.

‘Forrad, forrad, forrad! *Coom* up, ye beggar!’ he halloas, as his horse, who is getting beat, nearly comes down on his head. ‘Tally-ho, yoonder he goes,’ he suddenly shouts, as his keen grey eye views the fox stealing slowly along the brow of a hill some three fields off. The big woods of Thrussington loom dark in the distance, and the fox evidently hopes to get there, but his race is run. What little chance, too, he had is spoilt by a sheep-dog meeting him face to face, and turning him. The hounds are in the same field with him now. It is all U P. Another second and Traveller, Trimbush, and the fox are all rolling in the ditch together. Tom Chirrup is off his horse in a twinkling.

‘*Whoo-hoop!*’ yells he, holding aloft the dead fox, his face beaming with delight.

‘*Whoo-hoop!*’ echoes Jack Tallboys, getting off the now-exhausted brown horse. The noble Master, accompanied by Miss Alice, and some of the field now appear.

‘If it had not been for those *cussed* rails,’ thought my lord.

‘Capital run, was it not, Miss Hardcastle?’ said he, now approaching Alice on foot. ‘I congratulate you on having been in so good a thing; and you must allow me to present you with the brush;’ and Tom Chirrup coming up at that moment with that prized trophy, my lord and he proceed to adorn her horse’s bridle with it in due form. Sandwiches and sherry are now produced on all sides, and munch, munch, chatter, chatter, gulp, gulp, the order of the day.

My lord takes the opportunity to interview our friend Jack. 'My man,' quoth he, to Jack's intense amusement, 'who does that brown horse belong to? Are you riding him on sale?'

'He belongs to Squire Harcastle, my lord,' replied Jack, respectfully touching his hat as he spoke; 'and I believe the squire *do* want to sell him.'

'Mr. Harcastle! Indeed!' said his lordship. 'You don't happen to know his price, do you?'

'Well, my lord,' said Jack, 'I don't know for certain; but I did hear master wanted two hundred for the 'oss, or maybe a trifle more.'

'Ah, well; tell your master when you get back that I will write to him about the horse, and that I shall be much obliged if he will give me the refusal of him—will you?' And so saying, my lord proceeded to mount his second horse, and once more every one made a move, for Thrussington Woods this time, to draw for another fox.

And now Joe, the runner of the hunt, having made his appearance, Jack and Alice agreed that perhaps the best thing to do would be to let him take the squire's brown horse back, and for Jack himself to proceed to the nearest railway station on foot, and so back to London, to watch the course of events. So accordingly he took his leave, and having watched his ladye love and her escort out of sight, lit his pipe and trudged manfully off.

As may be imagined, Alice found her father in anything but a heavenly temper when she returned home. The worthy old gentleman, after being kicked off when the hounds found, found a refuge in the carriage of the great Mrs. Boodle, who was good enough to drive him home when all chance of the brown horse turning up again seemed out of the question. When he got home no horse had arrived. He went puffing and fuming about, blowing up everybody within reach. At last he walked down to the lodge and looked down the road; by-and-by who should approach but old Joe Dickens, most sporting of farmers! Joe had just had a snack at Farmer Topper's after the fatigues of the day, and was very garrulous. 'They had had the finest run he had ever seen—never was such a run—never were such hounds. And Miss Alice, she *did* ride. Hadn't she come back yet?—deary me! My lord give her the brush—he sec him; and well she deserved it. Maybe she had gone on to Thrussington with the rest on 'em. *He* would have, too, but his horse had overreached badly, and,' wound up Joe, 'the man who was a-ridin' o' your brown 'oss, squire, he *did* go oudacious. He and Tom Chirrup had the 'ounds to theirselves at last.'

'A man on *my* brown horse! and who the devil was he?' almost shrieked the squire, purple with rage.

Mr. Dickens hadn't an idea. 'Fust he thought he was the squire's gardener, and then he thought it was Bill Sharp the ratcatcher; anyhow he was a poachin'-looking chap, whosoever he was.' And bidding the squire good day, Joe trotted on.

The squire walked back to the house angrier than ever. At last the truant Mistress Alice arrived, brown horse and all. Not even the sight of the brush appeased the squire; he declared the horse was ruined; he was sure he was lame, probably ruined for life. He wouldn't have taken a hundred guineas for him; a hundred and fifty wouldn't have bought him, and so on; though his groom expressed himself that, 'barrin' a thorn or two in his legs, there wasn't much 'amiss with the 'oss.'

'Who was the man?' demanded the squire of Alice.

Poor Alice did not know, she said, but she noticed he had on a red beard and a green tie, and a very old coat with a patch on it.

'If I thought it was one of that infernal young scamp's tricks. If I *only* thought it was, I'd—I'd—I don't know what I wouldn't do,' said the angry squire.

Poor Alice trembled in her boots. At last she made a bolt up into her room, and pleading a headache, that evening, declined coming down to dinner. So the squire had to blow off his steam by himself. The next day Alice still kept her room, the squire was still sulky, and rather stiff from his fall. So he kept to the house, and was reading the 'Times' comfortably in his library, when a ring at the hall door announced a visitor, evidently for luncheon.

'Miss Cranleigh in the droring-room, sir,' announced the footman.

Now Miss Cranleigh was a middle-aged single lady of fortune, living in the neighbourhood, and was an aunt of our friend Jack Tallboys; in fact, the identical aunt Sophia mentioned early in the story, from whom he had expectations. Miss Cranleigh had come to luncheon; and after that meal the squire determined to open his heart to her concerning her scapegrace nephew. So accordingly, under pretence of showing the old lady the new hot-houses, he unburdened himself to her.

'And why, Mr. Hardcastle, *why*, may I ask, should you imagine that my nephew John will be a pauper all his life?' said the old lady, drawing herself up, suddenly turning sharp round on the squire, and nearly making him overturn a large camellia. 'Am *I* nobody? Do you suppose I would see any nephew of *mine* in want? I think, Mr. Hardcastle, you have treated my poor dear boy *shamefully, disgracefully*. Have the goodness to order my carriage, sir, at once.' And turning her back to the astonished squire, she stalked back to the house in a dignified manner. Meanwhile she demanded an interview with Alice; and the end of it was, that she again collared the squire, who by this time was completely defeated.

She intended to start the young couple in housekeeping with a most liberal allowance. 'And when I die, my dear,' said she, kissing Alice, who was laughing and crying by turns, 'perhaps—I say *perhaps*—some more money may tumble into your pockets—who knows!' And with these kind words the good fairy shook hands all round and took her departure.

Jack was written to on the spot, and told to come down on a long visit the very next day. An invitation, I need scarcely say, he

accepted, and told the story of the red beard and the green tie to Mr. Hardcastle that very same evening after dinner.

The squire, now in the best of humours, took the joke in good part, and not caring to run the risk of being kicked off again, made a present of the brown horse to his future son-in-law; actually refusing an offer of two hundred for him from the noble Master of the Hounds. Our story is done.

Three months after, Jack and Alice were married, and are the happiest couple in England. Alice insists on keeping in lavender the red beard, the green tie, and the patched shooting-jacket. And though our friend Jack has participated in many a good run since then, he vows and declares he never enjoyed a day's hunting in all his life half so much as when he rode the squire's brown horse that day at Langley Cross Roads.

G. FINCH MASON.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—*Noctes Canaque.*

A MONTH of revelry and, it may be, of some quiet enjoyment; the revelry that cometh by night when lamps shine o'er so-called fair women and brave men—the quiet enjoyment that comes to happy homes and friendly réunions. A month of gaud and glitter, of silk stockings and spangles, when the eyes ache with the beauty of Thomsonian arrangements of colour, and transformation scenes pall; a month of quiet dinners, and 'Cinderella' hops, of juvenile theatricals and costume balls, also of balls marked by the absence of much costume. Christmas and New Year tide form the London Carnival—the nearest approach we have to that merry rollicking time which the greater part of Europe keeps before Lent. There is not much of wit and humour in our Carnival, and we are inclined to think headache and indigestion play about the most prominent parts when the opera is over. But it is a poor heart that can find no enjoyment in any phase of the revel—a sad soul whom no silk stockings can touch—a much-to-be-pitied being whom the most tempting *ménus* fails to appease. We trust that there have been few such, and if in the midst of our pleasures we have cast ever so little a thought towards our poorer brethren, why that would have added a zest to our enjoyment beyond the powers of Thomsonian arrangements, Cinderellas, silk stockings, or *ménus* to give.

And talking of *ménus*, the Hotel Continental appears just now to be the correct place to dine at, and, moreover, the dinner is good. It has been the dream of our youth and middle age to see a real first-class Parisian restaurant in London. There have been, and are, as we know, French houses and French dinners so called—but if not exactly failures, they have been disappointing. Now the Continental has commenced well, and we only hope that it will continue. We have tried it two or three times, and have heard the opinions of many of our friends, and on the whole we think the report is favourable. Now and then the *ménus* for the day has rather too much resembled that of two days previous, but perhaps this was an accident. The prices are high, but we do not so much mind that if we get our *quid pro quo*. As to the Médaille d'Or Champagne which has the place and price of honour in the *carte du vin*, it has not found much favour. There are better and



cheaper brands, notably Bollinger and Pommery, and as the Médaille d'Or only represents the verdict of the French Jury at an exhibition where the first-class vineyards were not represented, the London public will prefer an opinion of their own. The clarets we know less of, but we hear them spoken of favourably. As we have said before, the Continental has commenced well. It is elegantly and tastefully fitted up, the little *fumoir*, with its Japanese furniture, is a charming apartment, the private rooms, &c., all very nice. The proprietors have now to keep up its reputation, and we trust that they will. We have known, in common with our readers, one or two French houses in London which have held out fair promises and for a time fulfilled them. Then, whether it was that the London untraveller, or worse, the man who has travelled a little, spoiled them, and by becoming an *habitué* infused his own vile taste into the *cuisine*, we know not, but the dinners declined and became a curious mixture—a French edifice on an English foundation. We trust the Continental will steer clear of this pitfall—there is a sufficiently educated taste in our great city to allow of a first-class Paris restaurant, or for the matter of that more than one—and if they fail, we are confident it will be the fault of the proprietors.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond, too—familiar names that should be held in kindly and thankful estimation from the antipodes to our own side of the globe—have added to the many obligations due to them from Londoners by adding an important wing to their Criterion establishment, almost a new building indeed, in which may be found an American Bar, a Vienna Bier Saal for those who like that inbibing, a new Grill Room, &c., while upstairs there are lofty and spacious suites of apartments, two of them specially designed for Masonic meetings and banquets—where the transition from 'labour to refreshment' is easy—and one grand hall, the Victoria, very suitable for public and regimental dinners. The access to all this is commodious, the fittings up are handsome and designed in good taste, and the whole is part and parcel of the Criterion, while at the same time it is a distinct branch of that flourishing concern. The Masonic Rooms seemed to us a very happy idea, as a point of union more west than the Freemasons' Tavern would, we should think, be appreciated by the craft. The new Grill had plenty of occupation, and Londoners have apparently taken to Lager Bier. But there was no diminution in the crowds at the Criterion proper, and the Annexe had not sapped vigour from the parent stem.

And as we are on the important subject of *gourmandise*, let us think for a moment of what wonderful changes a middle-aged Londoner has seen within the last thirty or five-and-thirty years in respect of what to eat, drink, and avoid. How comparatively plainly people who came to London and had to dine at hotels and the few restaurants there were, lived in those times. We remember being taken to Hatchett's in our extreme hot youth, and being told that there was nothing in London to compete with the dinner Hatchett's provided its guests—'the bit of fish and the joint' so dear to country gentlemen, to say nothing of the bottle of old port that followed it. And wonderfully good it was of its kind there is no doubt, but how Young England would turn up its nose at it now. We also remember that on those blissful occasions when we rushed up from Oxford for 'a lark' of twenty-four hours in that half-mysterious and wholly fascinating London of which we knew so little—we considered a dinner at the Café de l'Europe in the Haymarket a Lucullus banquet, and that and the rump steaks and the baked punch at the Blue Posts in Cork Street were our highest aspirations. We had heard of 'Limmer's' and John Collins', but were rather

in awe of that establishment, and for the majority of us Feuillade's (now the United Hotel) and Morley's were our Clarendons and Mivarts. Clubs we only dreamed of then, and if we had wanted to dine anywhere out of our hotel we should have had to make a weary and unsatisfactory pilgrimage among the nastiness of Leicester Square or beyond Temple Bar, whither the fame of 'The Cock' and 'The Rainbow' did occasionally draw us. Curious to think of those days, because the great difficulty a stranger in London now experiences is an *embarras de richesse*, how to choose from the over-abundance of restaurants and hotels that woo him at every turn and corner, and at which too, be his purse even but moderately filled, he can dine well, or at least much better than his father or grandfather did before him. Now and then, it is true, as we go into a new restaurant (we are fond of exploring) and wade through 'the set dinner' at three-and-sixpence or five shillings, we could find it in our hearts to wish for the 'bit of 'fish and the joint' of old Hatchett's days. For, sooth to say, the English *entrées* are very often very nasty, and though the snowy table-cloth, the polished silver and steel, and the well-dressed waiter are all very nice, yet ours, if we had the choice, would be a simpler fare. But this is impossible nowadays. No well-regulated mind consents to anything short of soup, fish, *entrée*, joints, pastry, &c., and Hatchett's, as of old, no longer exists. But still we must not complain. If our modern *menu* is now and then an absurdly elaborate one, it is on the whole a vast improvement on the old days when the Londoner without a club (and how many clubs were there thirty years ago), and the temporary sojourner in what then had hardly acquired the name of 'the modern Babylon,' had often to put up with underdone meat, a suspicious table-cloth, and a more than doubtful waiter. Let our young friends as they run up from Aldershot or Oxford, our country friends from the shires and elsewhere, who take the express to get their 'hair cut' and dine luxuriantly at their clubs and hotels, think with complacency of the blessedness of their lot compared with that of their fathers. Let them reflect and be thankful.

The output (to borrow a phrase of the coal trade) of burlesque and pantomime has not exhibited any marked features in the way of novelty. 'Blue Beard' is by common consent the most brilliant and successful pantomime that has been seen for two or three years, but the very bareness of the subject has not admitted of its being treated in any novel manner. It owes its success to beautiful scenery, some clever acting, brilliant ballets, and an elaborate *mise en scène*. In the matter of costume and colour it is however surpassed to our thinking by the adaptation of the French *féerie* 'Rothomago' at the Alhambra. At that head centre of gauze and glitter, of leg and limelight, two if not three very gorgeous ballets are now to be seen coming quite up to if not surpassing any previous Alhambraic efforts. The first of them, the 'Vintage Ballet,' with the various wines of France and Burgundy (Champagne, Sauterne, Chablis we would give the *pas to*), represented by generally well-selected costumes, is very good; and yet when the act drop descends on the final grouping, it left an impression on us that it might have been better. One figure stands out from among the throng of fair faces and shapely forms, and that is the 'Cognac' of Mdlle. Rosa. Ah, if we could only get such *eau de vie* as that! Our respected wine merchants, Messrs. Waters and Mixham, are always recommending us fine *old* Cognac; but here was some young spirit with a lovely liqueur flavour about it that would beat even Dessandier's V.V.O. (and that takes a deal of doing) into fits. We are convinced that we have been hitherto in the wrong about old brandy. It should be taken young—we

mean new—the 'Rosa' brand preferred. But this is weakness. We had better get on to the next act.

There is no doubt about the Egyptian Ballet being quite up to the highest Alhambra form. When the mummies of the departed Pharaohs come out of their tombs, and join with the votaries of Ibis—when the stage is filled with a glittering pageant of courtiers, soldiers, and slaves, and the seemingly endless procession of colour dazzles you until the eye craves rest—then we know where we are. They do some wonderful things in the *féerie* line in Paris now and then, but we doubt if their highest efforts can come up to those of the Alhambra when the London establishment goes in for a big thing—and, according to popular report, 'Rothomago' has cost the management a few pounds. The combination of colour here was very striking, and as squadron after squadron of amazons and dancing-girls defiled on the stage, it was difficult to say which group most administered to the lust of the eye. As we have above intimated, it was almost a relief when M. Jacobi withdrew his back-parting from our gaze, and the curtain hid the blaze of splendour from our half-aching eyes. A course of Alhambra ballets taken nightly would we think induce colour-blindness. The concluding 'Ballet Céramique,' however, charms more than it dazzles, and is the one, too, conceived in the best taste and as tastefully executed. The title sufficiently explains what it is. There are groups of Sèvres and Dresden, of old Chelsea (interpreted by young Brompton), of quaint Nankin, of modern Longwy, and other fashionable wares. Sèvres is the most splendid, Longwy the most correct, and the Watteau the most pretty; Watteau herself is a picture—nearly as charming as Cognac, for how could it be otherwise when Mdlle. Rosa was the exponent of both? Taken as a whole, 'Rothomago' is the most brilliant spectacle the Alhambra has produced for some time.

Mr. Byron flew at high game (from a burlesque point of view) when he tried his hand at 'Gulliver,' and it can hardly be said that he has succeeded. There is some fun in the two first acts, but the vein of humour gets terribly thin and fine as the spectacle proceeds, until it is finally lost where we should have expected it to burst into a magnificent lode, namely, in act the 5th, when Gulliver and his companions arrive at 'The Island of Comic Song.' We quite smacked our lips as we read the bill in anticipation of what was coming. Remembering how the clever dramatist had sketched 'the Mammoth 'Comique' in 'The Prompter's Box' we imagined he would give us a more finished picture of music-hall atrocities, and hold up to ridicule the 'great' creatures, male and female, who form the delight of 'Arry' and his fellows. Imagine our disappointment when there was nothing of the sort, and this, too, with Mr. Terry, Mr. Royce, and Miss Farren on the stage. Some meaningless verses were sung to an equally meaningless accompaniment, and there was some comic business of a sort; but it is strictly true—and we challenge contradiction on this point—that 'The Island of Comic Song' was immeasurably the dullest of the whole seven acts. Now as playgoers, and with the fact that Henry J. Byron was our caterer, we feel that we have a right to ask, Why is this? Mr. Byron in calling a portion of his burlesque by the title he did, excited expectations which he appeared unable or unwilling to gratify. Why did he give a taking title to an exceptionally dull piece of work? Did his pen falter, and was he half afraid to satirize the great Brown, the stunning Smith, and the incomparable female Jones? We do not know how that is, but certain we are that he has missed a golden opportunity which would have filled the Gaiety Theatre, and the treasury thereof, long after 'Gulliver'—as we see it at present—has been dismissed to the limbo of forgetfulness.

We are bound to notice, however, the excellence of one portion of Mr. Byron's burlesque, and for one that we fear he cannot take credit—the Lilliputian portion of 'Gulliver.' Here the admirable drilling of the Lilliputian army is beyond all praise, and Mr. Exley certainly deserves the ovation we believe he nightly receives. Whether he trained or educated Queen Petswetsy we do not know—perhaps her Majesty is to the manner born. We never saw a more natural child, or one who evidently enjoyed acting more than this mite, with her round little figure and her funny little fat legs. The way she gathered her royal robes together and toddled off the stage was inimitable, and we believe she was miserable (for we watched her closely) when in the course of the performance she had nothing to do. Her little soul was eager for the fray, and when she was before the footlights she was all animation—when she had herself to be a spectator, the light died out of her. Theatrical infants rarely mature, or we might be inclined to cast a successful horoscope for Miss Baby English.

We regret to see that at more than one theatre the music-hall celebrities, briefly referred to above, have been allowed to exhibit themselves. Surely the managers of these theatres must have a very extraordinary notion of what their patrons like. In the holiday season when our boys and girls are at home, and when some quiet old-fashioned folk venture to go to the play for the sake of the young ones—when there is plenty of scope for fun and revelry—surely vulgarity should be out of place. But unfortunately on a stage not accustomed to such an association, the music-hall cad is this year to be seen. He does not indulge in the licence of his native Pavilion, Oxford, or Canterbury, it is true, at Covent Garden, but then perhaps it is more from lack of opportunity. He cannot there wink at the painted harlot in the box on a level with his head as at the Pavilion, nor indulge in an exchange of chaff with his friend in the stalls below. His humour is fettered, and even his latest great triumph—the immensely successful song of 'What are you up to, 'Jane?' which forms the delight of the nobility and gentry of the West End music halls—would, we fear, fail to hit the taste of a Covent Garden audience. The man and the thing is entirely out of place; and we can only express our astonishment at Messrs. Gatti introducing such an element into their pantomime.

We are very glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Burnett to the republic of London lesseeship, and hope their tenancy of the Royalty will be a prosperous one. As Miss Jennie Lee, we need scarcely say how Mrs. Burnett won for herself name and fame by a most artistic rendering of the sorrows of Dickens's 'Jo.' The play selected for her reappearance before a London audience has been written for her by her husband and Mr. R. J. Martin, and something following in 'Grasshopper' lines—the elevation of a young Bohemian, dwelling amidst very questionable surroundings, into what is called high society—gives Mrs. Burnett a rôle that fits her like a glove. 'Midge' is essentially a *pièce d'occasion*, and therefore its plot and construction must not be too severely criticised. Written for the express purpose of showing Mrs. Burnett in a new part, and in laying on her shoulders the burden and heat of the play, the authors have by sarcastic and telling dialogue, by familiar though, it must be confessed, somewhat improbable situations, and by characters boasting of some originality, put together a piece which we are inclined to think will take with the public. That it will owe its success, however, to Mrs. Burnett's personation of the heroine there can be no doubt. A lovable, clever hoyden, full of chaff and repartee, living among blacklegs and disreputable associations, preserving the purity of a child amidst it all, and clinging, in the hour of his disgrace and exposure, to her worthless father,

even to the sacrifice of all else she loves, it is easy to see what this might be made in the hands of a clever artist. And the most of it is made. Full of fun and impudence, not to be daunted by the splendours of the aristocratic circle in which she suddenly finds herself, outraging conventionality and treading on social corns at every step, Mrs. Burnett carries her audience with her, and her humour is infectious. But for ourselves we prefer her at the moment she elects to share the fortunes of her father, whose dishonourable antecedents have just been exposed. Here it was that the pathos so remarkable in 'Jo' came into play, and with even greater effect, because it was more natural. Poor 'Jo' was, after all, but a creation of the brain of our great novelist; he was hardly a reality, but a daughter's affection for a bad father is something that we all of us can grasp, and Mrs. Burnett touched her audience nearly by an exhibition of true womanly feeling at this point. We are inclined to rate it the success of the piece. Mr. Burnett plays with much force and humour a sort of self-appointed guardian of 'Midge.' Mr. J. Wilkinson is particularly good as a brainless youth who is every one's butt, and Mdlle. Hebert gives a most piquant sketch of a French *femme de chambre* in her struggles with the English tongue. The other characters represented by gentlemen—the majority of them, we fancy, strangers to London—were adequately represented, and 'Midge' has been received with great favour. As we have above said, we think Mrs. Burnett's representation of the heroine will ensure its run.

We were agreeably surprised the other evening on the occasion of a visit paid to the Royal Connaught Theatre—whilom a circus—to find what a handsome house it has been made. The decorations are warm in colour, and there is a great air and feeling of comfort in the boxes, balcony, and stalls, while every advantage has been made to render the spacious *foyer* an agreeable lounge. Captain Dallas has secured the services of Mr. Frederick Oswald as his acting manager, and under that gentleman's supervision the front of the house is everything that visitors can wish; while the stage, with Mr. George Rignold in temporary possession, is bright and attractive, with that charming little comedy 'Alone,' first brought out at the Court, under Miss Litton's management, when her rendering of the fascinating widow, Mrs. Thornton, and Mr. Rignold's touching picture of the blind Colonel made a success. Miss Braybrooke Henderson cannot make us quite forget Miss Litton, but she acted pleasantly, and had adequate support in her lover, Mr. R. S. Boleyn. 'Black Eyed Susan' has a wonderful old-fashioned ring about it, and we tried to remember how long ago it was since first Susan's woes excited us to alternate tears and indignation, and to have a pair of white trousers, like that noble-hearted William, and to be able to dance a hornpipe as he did, were objects of our ambition. That capital drama of Watts Phillips, 'Amos Clarke,' has been revived here, and should have a run.

By the time these pages meet our readers' eyes another theatrical venture will be launched, to prove, we trust, a golden agosy to those most interested in its fortunes. 'The little theatre in the Haymarket' has witnessed many startling changes and vicissitudes since the days when an enterprising carpenter built a small playhouse on the site of the King's Head Inn, but none so startling as the spectacle which on the 31st of last month every one notable in the world of art, literature, and fashion, flocked to see. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have deserved so well of the playgoing public—the latter talented lady has so especially laboured for the wants of cultured taste, and has so zealously striven for the highest interests of the stage, that success in their magnificent new home should, humanly speaking, be their due. If the

wish of the community will answer it, then that they have already, and with their own prestige, and the company they take with them to the Haymarket, there can be no doubt it will be deserved.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to quote here a short paragraph from the 'Manchester Guardian' (the date is immaterial, but it is a few years ago), which gives a striking contradiction to the theory broached above that theatrical children rarely if ever ripen into matured artists. That Mrs. Bancroft was on the stage very early in life we were aware; how early we did not know until the following extract came under our notice:—

'The entertainments [at the Theatre Royal] commenced at half-past one o'clock with a piece written expressly for Miss Wilton, called "Masquerading in the Indies," in which this clever little girl sustains no fewer than seven characters. Miss Tropic, the child of a wealthy merchant and slave-owner in Barbadoes, being fond of masquerading, personates in succession an English Sailor; a Polish Lady, who of course dances the polka, in which she received a cordial encore; a Newmarket Jockey, who equally of course relates how he won a race; an Actress of All Work, with a clever imitation of Madame Celeste in the character of Miami in the "Green Bushes," and also with the Gitana dance; an Indian Servant Girl; and Master Sam Slick, a genuine Yankee. All these characters are sustained by the young actress of thirteen with great cleverness.'

What that 'clever little girl' has done since the day when she gained the sweet voices of Manchester there is no need for us to recapitulate here. The 'Newmarket Jockey' has won his spurs in many fields, the 'Actress of All Work' has shown herself the mistress of many rôles. Whatever since these early times Mrs. Bancroft has touched she has adorned. We shall never perhaps see such a burlesque actress as she was—and we say this with all due appreciation of Miss Nelly Farren—and how she has made her mark in modern comedy the playgoers of to-day know. She possesses that rare union of humour and pathos that enables her to play with the hearts of her audiences—

'Call up their sunshine, and bring down their showers.'

May she and her husband long continue to preside over the fortunes of what we may call the New Haymarket, and to charm and to amuse us in the years to come.

At last the Grand National Opera House on the Victoria Embankment is to be completed; at least we hope the efforts of the new company who have entered into a provisional arrangement with those who commenced the building for an assignment of the latter's interest therein, will be crowned with success, and that we may see a structure worthy of our great city. The sum required it appears for the existing property and the completion of the building will be 160,000*l.*, and the capital is to be raised by way of tontine. Some exception has been taken to this principle, and its strict legality called in question, but we believe we are justified in saying that there are no grounds for the doubts expressed. The Board of Directors is an influential one, consisting of well-known names; a guarantee that the interests of shareholders will not suffer, while full justice will be done to the designs of the architect and the requirements of what ought to be a National Opera House indeed.

After four weeks of frost, whilst hounds never left kennel except for exercise, the 29th of December brought the Quorn and a brilliant gathering of keen sportsmen to Six Hills, where all Mr. Coupland's friends were rejoiced to see him once again in the saddle, although unable to ride to

hounds. We found our first fox in a spinney close at hand, and had a sharp burst after him towards Willoughby, where he was headed and ran back for Walton Thorns, where he was lost. Our second fox was found in Cossington Gorse, and was killed before he got any distance, being a bad one; the rest of the day was spent about Shoby, without any sport worth noticing. Friday, Jan 2nd.—At Thorpe Satchville, found at Burdetts Covert; ran over the hills by Little Dalby to the Punch Bowl; here Firr caught sight of his fox to the left of the covert, and getting his hounds on the line, they ran merrily over the large grass fields in the Cottesmore country to ground beyond Burrough. The famous Gartree Hill Covert next supplied us with our second fox: he gave us a nice gallop to Burton, but scent was bad. Tuesday, 6th.—Hounds met at Ansty, and found two miles from there at Enderby, where foxes are well cared for by Captain Drummond, killing one close to the covert; another was viewed away and hounds quickly laid on, when we had a nice run, and with another fox in the afternoon had a charming hunting run over the Atherstone country. Friday, 9th, was the crack meet of the season at Baggrave Hall, where Col. Burnaby had held his jolly annual festivities the night before; we should think at least five hundred horsemen might have been counted before the Hall at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Coupland appeared in her carriage, and was heartily congratulated on looking so well after her unfortunate accident on this very spot just twelve weeks ago. After an extra half hour on a very cold morning, the order was given to draw Prince of Wales Gorse, which is close by in the park, with a fine grass country all round; this covert always holds a fox, and often half-a-dozen; one was soon away, and hounds as quick after him, pointing for Barkby Holt; after a good deal of twisting and turning the hounds cleverly killed him. We had a nice hunting run after another, and in the afternoon trotted off to Scraptoft Gorse; here Reynard was no sooner found than away out of covert, hounds close at him; they raced him to Fox Holes, leaving the covert on the right, went straight for Barkby, turning sharp to the left for Beeby, the fox just in front of them. He got to ground in a rabbit hole; he was soon got out and killed after as good a forty minutes as any one could wish to see, and so ended another first-rate day's sport from Baggraves. Saturday, 10th, was a forest meet at One Barrow Lodge. Instead of green fields and ox fences, here you have to ride over rough stony ground and jump stone walls, but we believe the Forest side of the Quorn country is most valuable to a huntsman, for making his hounds quick after their fox, as well as steady. Hounds must draw for their fox, or they would not find him, as he can seldom be viewed away, the coverts being so large. To-day we found our first fox in a small patch of gorse on a hill-side by the brook; they ran by One Barrow, across the high rocks, through Grace Dried Wood, hounds flying the stone walls as if tied to their fox; raced through the woods, and pointing for Belton they ran into him in the open. Our second fox we also ran well for fifty minutes over the same country, and lost him. Monday, 12th.—As usual at this season, the Master met at the village Ratcliffe-on-Theak, by way of giving the people in that neighbourhood a day's sport, and a grand day they had; they came for miles round on foot in hundreds; it was truly a day's pleasure for everybody. As we trotted up the road to draw Cossington Gorse, a fox was disturbed out of a small spinney, and making for the covert, got mobbed by the crowd and killed: so ended the foot-people's sport, for we then left them and trotted sharp some miles to a small plantation near to Six Hills, where Reynard was quickly on foot; pointing for Walton Thorns he skirted the covert, leaving

it on the left, crossed the Barrow Road for Sileby, then turning to the right he made for the village of Barrow, being dead beat just in front of the hounds, and Tom Firr's eye almost on him, they raced from scent to view, and pulled him down fairly in the open between Barrow and Burton, after a real good thirty-five minutes over a fair sporting country of grass and plough. The fox was so stiff that Firr put him on his legs: it was a splendid sight. We then found another fox at Walton Thorns, and raced him as fast as the Quorn 'ladies' can fly for a quarter of an hour, but lost him. Then unfortunately we chopped a fox at Ellars Gorse, when another stole away. Firr lost no time, and getting his beauties on the line, we had a real good forty-five minutes, making another grand day's sport. Tuesday, 13th.—Another good day's sport in the Forest country. Found at Baden Wood; ran to ground near to Green Hill; he was soon got out, and Firr gave him a chance, but seldom foxes run after they have been to ground, they get stiff, and hounds bowled him over in some few minutes. The third had a good thirty minutes, and ran to ground at Garendon. Soon found another there; ran for the Privetts, back through Garendon, across the Park, through Booth Wood and Dishly, killing him in a farmyard near Sheepshed. Thursday, 15th.—Prestwold, the seat of Squire Packe, and the day after the Loughborough Ball; 12 o'clock meet, when a large field assembled in front of the Hall. Although Mr. Packe is not a hunting man himself, and the coverts are only small, there were plenty of foxes about his property. The scent was bad, and hounds could not run at all; the only excitement in the day's sport was Mr. Horace Flowers's bad fall over high timber, with a wide ditch on the taking-off side and slippery ground. Mr. Flowers had concussion, but by latest accounts we are glad to hear he was doing well. Friday, 16th.—Thorpe Satchville Hall. It was a raw cold morning, but fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paget opened their doors and received every one with the warmest hospitality. We were kept rather longer than usual, and we heard it whispered that the Quorn Hunt Committee assembled to confer about subscriptions not forthcoming from many who hunt. We did not hear the result, but we believe a list of subscribers has been circulated; but why not publish a list in the sporting papers of non-subscribers? this would surely make their own friends ashamed of them. We cannot understand how any man can be so selfish as to think of going out with a subscription pack of hounds, and not contribute what he can afford. Whoever keeps a hunter can afford 10/., and if he cannot, let him stay at home and attend to his duties, and not take pleasure at other people's expense. To return to our sport. Lord Grey de Wilton, in the absence of our Master, gave the order for Adam's Gorse, where we found and ran for Burrough Hill, where we killed him. Next found at the famous Gartree Hill, and had a smart spin, but lost him, and after that they drew Thorpe Trussels, and had a good hunting run. Saturday, 17th.—Dishley Gate, which is some three miles from the town of Loughborough. Mr. William Paget officiated as Master to-day. Firr trotted sharp off to Oakby Wood, where we found as fine and stout a fox as ever carried a brush before hounds. It was a fine slow hunting run of four hours (from twelve o'clock until four), when this gallant fox—for we believe it was the same—got into a drain half a mile from Belton church. He was only just there before the hounds, and was got out and killed, for the hounds richly deserved him for the patience they showed in sticking to their fox, and working up to him over some cold-scenting ground. The run was no straight point at any time, and a slow pace.

As we despatch this we have a high glass and a sharp frost, and we have had no hunting again this week.



To a friend in the Pytchley country we are indebted for the following:—

'We have had some first-rate sport this month with the Pytchley. Our master gets on slowly but steadily towards recovery, and will soon be himself again; but is advised not to ride this year. The absence of a master so universally popular with all classes is much felt, and every one expresses regret that he could not have participated in the many good things we have had lately, and seen the magnificent way the hounds he loves so well have done their work. January 2.—Met at Long Buckby, found the first fox at Vanderplanks, ran very hard over some of the best of the country—by West Haddon, Crick Village, and Watford to ground at Murcott, thirty-five minutes, hounds racing all the way. Found second fox at Watford Gorse, ran very hard for forty-five minutes to ground at Guilsboro', going by Crick Wold, Winwick, and Thornby. Found again at Buckby Folly, ran for an hour and forty minutes, and stopped the hounds at dark. The following day, the 3rd, had a very good thing from Sulby Gorse to ground at Laughton in the Billesdon country, forty minutes; and a very quick half hour from Alford Thorns afterwards, and ran into him. On the 9th had a good hunting run from Naseby Covert, going a fine line to Marston, on by Lubbenham, round by Theddingworth to Hothorpe Hills. Sulby Gorse was close handy, and although it had been drawn the previous Saturday it answered the question at once, and for the first twenty minutes hounds literally flew, running between Naseby and Longhold, by Clipston, Tally-ho, Hazlebeeck, and Purser's Hill, he beat them at Cottesbrooke. Saturday 10th, after accounting for a bad fox in the morning, they drew Staverton Wood, and got away at once. The pace was a cracker, as may be gathered, when only some six or seven were there, when, after running a half circle they checked at Hellidon at the end of twenty-eight minutes. They were now in the Bicester country, and Goodall thinks must have changed here, as they set to work and ran over that magnificent country, leaving Shuckburgh on the right, on past Priors Marston, nearly to Ladbrook, when every horse was beat, and Goodall had to stop them, being now in the Warwickshire country, and twenty-five miles from home. Hounds were running an hour and a quarter; only three besides Goodall and his second whip were with them at the finish. On Wednesday, the 14th, they again ran into some of the best of the Billesdon country, from Kilworth Sticks finishing at Gumley. On Saturday, the 17th, they had a very hard day over the Harboro' country from Loatland Wood, going by Waterloo, Brampton Wood, Braybrooke, back to Oxenden, where they finished with well-earned blood. Shuckburgh Hill, in the Warwickshire country, has always been celebrated for its bold wild foxes, and for good runs from and to it; but one week in this month it fairly outdid itself, as on Monday the 5th, the Duke of Grafton's had a very fine run from Canon's Ashby to ground there—a ten-mile point. On Thursday the 8th, the North Warwickshire ran there from Willoughby osier-bed—a capital forty minutes; and on Saturday the 10th the Pytchley were within gun-shot of it in their run from Staverton Wood. Mr. Muntz of Birdingbury, one of the best men in England to hounds, had the good fortune to be in all three runs. On the Monday with the Duke's he was *facile princeps*, took a front seat with the North Warwickshire on the Thursday, and on Saturday was one of the survivors with the Pytchley, which run he endorses as one of the best of the season.'

To the astonishment of the whole field the 'presumptuous' scion of nobility still continues to eat his lunch with a *tea-spoon*! a performance quite unique in the annals of foxhunting, and one which has given rise to a good many obvious but harmless jests.

*Ap[ro]pos of the shires we are requested by several correspondents to say a word on the dangers which have to be incurred by persons desirous of crossing the line at Harborough station, through which a great many trains run in the course of the day, and over which a bridge ought to be built without delay. Let us hope that the company will read this and remember. Verbum sat sapienti.*

The North Warwickshire have had some very good sport since the frost. On the 5th they had a very good day, when they met at the Clock, Bickenhill, and Wheatley had to stop the hounds at dark. On the 6th, from Claverdon, with their second fox, which jumped up in a stubble field near to Knowles Wood, which they ran through Claverdon Hangings, by Hatton Station to Fern Hill, and killed in the open near Kenilworth Castle after a good run of one hour and forty minutes, when all the horses were beaten to a standstill. On the 8th, when they had a very fast run from Willoughby osier bed, which had not been drawn for years, over a very strong country, which made the field very select, to Calcot Bushes and the hill at Shuckburgh, which run Tom Firr, who was out for a holiday, enjoyed as much as anybody. On the 9th from Packwood, when they had an hour and twenty minutes with their first fox from a spinney near Packwood, and a nice gallop from Frogmore in the afternoon. On Monday the 12th, from Inkford Brook, with their first fox they had a famous fifty minutes from Brockhill Wood to ground at Mockley Earths, and three hours afterwards with their second, which was the best day they have had this season, when they had twenty miles to get back to the kennels.

With the ground like iron, and the thermometer everlastingly below freezing-point, it is somewhat difficult to write of sport, but the green pages must be filled with news of some sort from the hunting fields of many countries. Nottinghamshire, like everywhere else, has been frozen up, and there has been no chance even to go out 'snow hunting.' Lord Galway has had plenty of time to attend public meetings and banquets, at which he is ever most welcome, but let us hope that ere long he may be able to handle the horn once more, and bring his unrivalled pack, to which he is able to do every justice, into the field. Poor old Jack Morgan went off somewhat suddenly, but he has left behind him at Grove a worthy successor in his son Sam, who is likely to keep the old name alive, and respected as it has ever been, for old Jack had many friends and never an enemy. We think Lord Galway would, if asked, say, that at present he has had a somewhat indifferent season, as although he has had one or two good days, scents have been generally bad. The Duke of Portland has, to the delight of every one, taken up his abode at Welbeck for a few months, and has been hunting, and riding hard too, with the neighbouring packs. It is now some years since the house of Bentinck sent a representative into the hunting fields of Nottinghamshire, but there are still folks who talk of three members of that family hunting regularly at one time. The late Duke (than whom no finer horseman ever existed), Lord George, and Lord Henry, both of whom will ever live in men's minds as 'giants' in their different callings. Pass we on to the neighbouring county, the Rufford. Great was the sorrow when early in the year Mr. Egerton announced his determination of retiring at the close of the present hunting season, and we fear he will not reconsider his determination. These hounds have had quite an average of sport. Jan. 5th.—From Warsop Wood was a pleasant cheery gallop, ending in a kill in the open. The following day, too, 'the clays' produced, as usual, a good stout fox from Kneesoill Woods, who after trying his best for one hour and fifty-five minutes to evade his pursuers, finally yielded up his brush to Gosden

and his hard-working pack. By the way we must compliment our good friends of the 'Sporting Gazette'—we beg pardon, 'The County Gentleman'—on the capital likeness of Mr. Egerton, one of the best, if not the best that has appeared. No one has as yet come forward to take the country, although there are one or two we believe anxious to do so, and we have no doubt next month we shall be able to inform our readers who is to be Mr. Egerton's successor. In the S. Notts country there are to be changes, too, Mr. Cooper (joint Master with Mr. Rolleston), who has been a most liberal friend to foxhunting, and who has always been looked upon as carrying the money bags of the hunt, as well as the luncheon basket, retires at the end of the season. It is not yet known if Mr. Rolleston will go on alone, but it will be a great calamity if he decides not to continue to hunt the country, for which he has done so much, and in which he has shown such good sport, and made such a capital pack of hounds, reminding us of the days, the jolly days, of the Annesley Squire. Sport with these hounds has been much like their neighbours', few and far between, but Mr. Rolleston is indebted to, probably, one good fox for two capital runs, over very nearly the same line of country, the second time of asking proving too much for this tough old customer, who met his fate at the Osiers near Southwell, close to the Silk Mills. Let us hope that M. Rolleston, G. Shepherd, and his good pack may not be parted.

The Bicester hounds have had some good sport since the frost broke up. On Tuesday, January 1st, they had a good day in Claydon Woods, when the Baron's stag-hounds clashed with them and all proceedings were stopped for a short time, and it was great fun to see the two huntsmen dividing their hounds at a farm. When they had accomplished their task each pack went their own way, Fred Cox taking his stag at Padbury, while Stovin found a fox in Finemere Hill, and after bustling him about through the woods for some time, finished with a fast twenty-five minutes in the open over a very fine grass country. On the 5th from Skimmingdish Gate they had a famous hour and a quarter with an outlying fox in the afternoon, when the hounds had to be stopped from want of light, which must have been a great disappointment to Stovin and his pack, for never did hounds nor huntsman deserve a fox more thoroughly. We are glad to hear that Lord Valentia is not going to give up these hounds at the end of this season, and that the hunt will continue to be carried on in the same sportsmanlike way that it has been done since his lordship has been master. The men are well mounted, and nothing can be better done than the Bicester are at present.

The Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds met at Thorington on Tuesday, January the 6th, and had a capital day's sport. They first drew Mr. Frost's cover at the Hall, and not finding there went on to Brightlingsea, where a fox stole away for Lower Hall Wood, and after running a ring out on the marshes headed back up the hill and then to the back of Brightlingsea Church, and crossing the road close by Mr. Frank Eagle's farm-buildings went over the brook and into Rook Wood, being closely pressed the whole time by a single hound that had been running him almost in view. The pack soon took his line through Rook Wood and on at a fair pace to Thorington Hall, where he made for the earths and finding them stopped broke again at once at the bottom of the wood, and after running a few fields the hounds rolled him over in a hedgerow after an hour and five minutes. As soon as he was broken up Jennings trotted on to Hockley, and directly he crossed the railway line and entered the lower part of the wood a fox was viewed, which after heading back once made away towards Bentley Hall, going right

through Frating Hall farm and crossing the wood went over the brook at the bottom and on towards Porter's Grove; turning to the right he ran straight through Cocking's Wood, his point then being Villa Farm, where he went through the plantation at the bottom and crossed the water, the hounds hunting him all this time very steadily. He then crossed the Tendring-Hundred Railway, not far from Wivenhoe Station, and skirting Alresford Hall covers went down to the right on to the marshes, evidently intending to cross the tidal water to Brightlingsea, and Jennings, as well as several of the hunt who reside near there and know the line the foxes work, imagined he had crossed where the hounds threw up on the sea wall. Hastening round by the road Jennings was soon there, but though the pack had crossed they never touched a line on the other side. In the meantime Mr. Green viewed him back heading for Thorington, but he turned and came into Cruslin Wood. Here the hounds were soon on his line again, and took him through and out of it and through the corner of Old Hall Wood. He then made down the valley again and up the fields on the other side, the hounds doing a lot of hunting in capital form. After swinging to the right he made for his old home at Hockley, but being headed by some labourers on the railway line he turned to the open once more. It was now getting late and the scent was much foiled by a large field manured with sprats, so Jennings just made one short cast and then blew off for home after a most excellent hunting run of an hour and thirty-five minutes. Every one was much pleased with the way the hounds worked, and Jennings hunted them thoroughly well, never interfering with them except when necessary. There was a large field out, and amongst others we noticed the Master, Mr. Chaston, the late Master, Mr. Tom Nunn, Mr. Frank Davey of Dedham, Mr. Waller of Bealings, the two Mr. Osbornes, Mr. Moy, Mr. Dunnage, Mr. F. Round, Major Holroyd, who had the hounds two seasons ago, and showed some good sport over the same country. Major-General Radcliffe, Major Toogood, R.A., Capt. Costobadie, R.A., and other officers from the garrison at Colchester; Mr. Green, Mr. Cockrell, Mr. John Fenn, the two Mr. Saxtys, Mr. Cross, Mr. Stanford, and many others whose names we cannot now recall. The country rode rather heavy, but there was a capital scent all day.

The H.H. have had wonderful sport since the frost broke up in December. On January 5th the meet was at Lasham village; found there, and ran for some time in the wood; went to near Thedden Grange and lost. Found again in Bellhanger, ran very fast by Bentworth village to Herriard Common, through Matt's Copse to near Winslade, through Henwood—where there were several foxes on foot—by Herriard Park to near Lasham, and lost. The pace was good throughout. Found a fresh fox in New Copse, ran very hard to Herriard Common, Down Wood, through Bradley Wood, over Preston Down to Godsfeld, on to Abbotstone Down to near Armsworth, when the hounds were stopped, it being dark and all the horses dreadfully tired. This was one of the hardest days ever seen. On Thursday the 8th, met at Northington Down; found in Dodsley, ran by West Stratton, through Lower and Upper Blackwood and killed at Cobley in the Vine country. Found again late in Thorny Down, ran by Beckett's Down, through College Wood, Waltham Trimletts, and stopped the hounds at dark, going into Freefolk Wood in the Vine country.

The Hambledon have had most excellent sport during the open weather. On January 3rd they met at the kennels; found in the heather on Corhampton Down; ran a pretty ring to ground in Bottom Copse; time forty-five

minutes. Found again at Betty Momely's, ran fast to Beacon Hill, Brookwood, and Blackhouse, where they changed foxes and ran back to Preshaw, and were whipped off at dark. This was a capital day's sport. January 5th—Met at Horndean; found in Hazelton directly, ran the rides very fast through the forest across to the Holt, still running the rides; out to Idsworth, through the Markwells, and killed at West Marden, in the open, after a very fast forty minutes without a single check. On January 7th they met at Stoke Park, and had a most glorious day's sport. Found at Park Hills, got away close to his brush (after a ring in covert), ran all that stiff piece of country to Fisher's Pond, round Marwell, and killed at Deepes, after thirty minutes very fast. Found at 3.30 in Splashwood, close to Mr. Robert Stares' house, about thirty of the field being there. Went away close to his brush, over the Waltham road at the back of Winter's Hill House to a small covert near the Robin Hood, then took a ring to Moss, and away to Stroud Wood Common; turned short by the brook to Greenwood, ran a ring in covert, then over the brook to Fair Oak Village, and Park Hills, where he did not stop for a moment, on to Marwell Park Farm, where the only check occurred; but the Master held them down the road, and they were soon on the line again, running fast for the Marwell coverts, and after two rings round Marwell they killed close to the house. Time, one hour and thirty minutes. The only people up at the kill were Mr. Harvey, one of the most promising sportsmen of the day, Mr. Hasler, the Master, who is always there whatever the pace may be, and his servants. These were the sort of runs that were the rule when Mr. Long's father had the hounds, with Squires as huntsman, and during Mr. King's and Mr. Tom Smith's time. Another fine day's sport was on January 10th, from Park Farm. After a ring from Borden Hanger into the vale to ground, they went off at once with a fresh fox to Rookham, by Mark Farm and Bierly straight to Brookwood without touching a covert, and whipped off at dark just above Bramdean. The hounds are as perfect as a pack can be, and can both drive and hunt.

After the long frost the Southdown opened the ball on Monday, December 29th, and had a rare good old-fashioned day's sport. They found a good fox in Mr. Selater's coverts at Newick, and had a capital hunting run of two hours and forty minutes, down wind the whole time, about twelve miles from point to point, but the fox finally beat Champion through the heavy storms which came on in the afternoon. There was a fair field out, amongst others being Lord Lewes, Lord Henry Nevill, Mr. Streatfield, the Master, and his brother-in-law Mr. Scarlet, Mr. James Ingram, Mr. Selater of Newick Park and three sons, General Hepburn of the Hook, Mr. Blauw of Newick and four sons of the Speaker. On Tuesday, the 30th, they had a bye day at the Kennel, when they found in the Platchet, and had a capital run of forty minutes over a good country to Glynde, where the fox went to ground about one o'clock, just at the time that there was a tremendous thunderstorm with hail and snow in addition. On Wednesday, the 31st, they met at Horsebridge, found a rare good fox in Campbell's Lot, had a good half hour, but owing to the high wind and heavy rain the fox ran them clean out of scent.

The B. V. H. have been showing most excellent sport up to the time the frost set in, especially in their Wallingford country. On the 6th they met at Streatley farm, and on hearing that the South Berks foxhounds were to draw Unhill wood, Mr. Everett at once decided to draw for a hare on the other side of the Thames, and gave the office for South Stoke. A good stout hare was found on Mr. Hatt's land, and afforded a capital run of sixty-three

minutes, and was pulled down in the open at Owlett's Barn, near Checkendon. On January 8 the fixture was the White House, Ipsden. Mr. Bennett, as usual, soon found a hare, which gave a good run over North Stoke, Ipsden, Mongewell, Foxberry, and Turner's Court lands to Oakley Wood, at the corner of which the hounds ran into her, after a fine run of one hour and thirty minutes. A second hare was killed after a burst of fifteen minutes, and a third afforded a merry spin, and beat the hounds late in the day.

The Fife had a capital day on Wednesday, December 24th, when they met at Charleton, the residence of the Master, Colonel Anstruther-Thomson. Amongst others present were Sir Thomas and Mr. William Erskine, Colonel Babington, Colonel Balfour, Captain Middleton, Messrs. Charles and William Anstruther-Thomson, Mr. McPherson, Mr. Walker of Falfield, and Messrs. Christie, Wyatt, Scott, Carnegie, Wright, &c. After drawing Balcarres and Elie blank they came back to Charleton and put them in again at the Lodge, and soon afterwards a fox was seen coming down out of an old stump of a tree, and the hounds were soon on his line, but he was headed back through the Lodge gate, by the field who were in the road, and it was a miracle that they did not chop him, but, after one ring in covert, he crossed the drive, ran up to the house, through the pleasure-grounds, and broke close to the sea, and the hounds being close at him forced him along at a cracking pace to the railway, where there was a slight check, but they soon hit it off and ran straight to Balcaskie, where he did not dwell, but ran through the covert without a check to Grangemuir, where they turned him over after a capital forty-five minutes. They had about the best day they have had this season on Saturday, January 3rd, when they met at Ayton Hill, when only a few were out, and on Thursday, the 8th, a very hard day from Lathallan, when there was a good field, including Sir Thomas Erskine, Mr. and Miss Erskine, Mr. W. Anstruther-Thomson, Miss Anstruther-Thomson, and Master Arthur on a pony, Major Patten, Captain Jackson, Captain Middleton, Messrs. Gilmour, McPherson, Christie, Walker, Wyatt, Duncan, and Scott.

On Tuesday, January 6th, the Curraghmores had a capital run with his lordship's pack from Guilco Cross Roads with their second fox of one hour and twenty minutes. Amongst those who were out were Lord and Lady Waterford, Lords Charles, Marcus, and Delaval Beresford, Lord Donoughmore, Captain and Mrs. Gandy, Captain Hunt, Captain Slackie, Mr. Lawlor, Mr. Gough, Mr. Bell, and a great many Tipperary men, including Captain Macnaughten, the M.F.H. On Thursday, the 15th, they met at Glenmore, in the Ross country, a long way from the kennels, with the little pack which Duke hunts; they first had a good twenty-five minutes, and then another hard tiring run from Weatherstown.

Our county of Cork correspondent says, that with the United Hunt they have had a real clipping season. They began cubbing on September 19th, and killed six brace of foxes and two badgers. The first day's cub-hunting was at Castle Martyr, where they had a good morning, killing one and running a brace to ground. Foxes there are plentiful, and Lord Shannon is as keen as ever he was, for he not only preserves strictly, but with Lady Shannon never misses a day when the hounds are within reach; and they have had two capital runs from his place this season—one early in November, when the meet was Mogeely Station, when they had a run of about twelve miles and killed in the open, and the other on December 22nd. They were only stopped by frost from December the 3rd to the 12th, which means three days' hunting. On the 12th, while most of the country were skating,

they went to Temple Michael Bridge, found in Fitzgerald's Glen, ran straight to Kilquane, but did not go in, round Knockraha House, through Fitzgerald's Glen, back to Kilquane, through it, and about three miles farther, and tried to save his life in a fowl house, but the hounds were close at him and pulled him down. This run must have been over eleven miles, and there was a good bit of bone in the ground, which just kept the field from riding on the top of them. A few rode the run from find to finish, including the Master, Harry Saunders, the huntsman, and the whip, Mr. Mangan, a horse trainer, and a farmer from Rainsalough. A very fast twenty minutes to ground in the afternoon finished that day's sport. On Wednesday, December 17th, at Ballyvolane, they had not only the best run of this season but of many others. As it was a fine morning there was a very large field from all parts, including a whole brigade of first-flight men from Duhallo, and with them their huntsman, Johnny Walsh, who is a regular bruiser across country, looking as fresh as a new-laid egg. Saunders first drew Ballyvolane, always a sure find, where they found at once, and the fox tried hard to go, but the field not being under very good command mobbed the covert, so that he had to be content with running round it a few times before he was allowed to break. The scent was pretty good, and the music from the twenty-one couples of bitches was superb; however, when he did go they made short work of it by pulling him down a few fields from the covert. The next draw was a blank, and things began to look queer when they reached a covert called Barrafonta to hear that somebody had been drawing it on his own account the day before; but the wild one was at home, and without any hesitation away he went over the mountain through Barrafonta, on towards Ballyvolane, where he turned for Nason's covert, and took a splendid line of country to Clonmult to ground. Harry Saunders, Johnny Walsh, and Captain Bell were the only three really in it, and the field from the leading hound to the last horse was worth looking at. The run must have been eight or nine miles without any check to speak of. The pace was nearly Grand National throughout. There were any number of loose horses, and more than one gentleman was seen taking home part of some poor man's farm on his coat. On Monday, December 22nd, they had a great day from Middleton, when there was not a large field, but besides the Master, Mr. Hare, were Lady Shannon, Lord Boyle, and his brother, Captain Beaniish, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Uniacke, Mr. Bowles and his sons, Mr. T. Coppinger, Mr. H. Cholmondeley, a gentleman from Cheshire, who, in a fast thing, is mostly to be seen in the front rank, Mr. J. Murphy, and two ladies, Mrs. Saddler and Miss Smith-Barry, who like to be in the first flight and take a lot of catching in a run. This day they found an old fox at Young Grove that was on the move, Saunders viewed him about a field off making for Wellands Glen, to which place he took them at steeplechase pace, the hounds being close at him; after which they came to slower hunting, yet fast enough on to Kilrush, Springfield, and Glenbower, where they lost. After this they went to the farm, Lord Shannon's, where, as usual, a good straight-necked one was soon on foot, which took them at a merry pace to Knockahooley Rock on to Ballyrichard to ground. Spades were soon at work, when they ran him back as fast as possible nearly the same line; but instead of making for the farm he turned to the right at Mogeely Station and went to the deer park. As it was nearly dusk when he was dug out, the Master told Saunders to stop the hounds, of which the horses must have been very glad, as they had had three good runs.

This has been a terribly disappointing season for hunting men. Frost set in early and field operations were brought to a standstill in November, just as horses were in condition and hounds beginning to run well together. Luckily a

rapid thaw brought a happier state of affairs after skating had been in full swing for more than a month, and hunters were beginning to despair. Some had taken to skating, for something to do, but as a young sportsman puts it, we must forgive them, for a frost has a terribly demoralising effect, and the best of us lose all sense of self-respect at such times. The skaters had it all their own way till the evening of the 27th December, when soft winds and rain prevailed, causing such a rapid thaw that hounds were out on Monday the 29th. Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild's staghounds met that day at Mentmore Cross roads, where a small field assembled. None of the family were out, and Fred Cox was still unfortunately suffering from a fall when he hurt his knee the last time they had hunted. Mark Howcott took charge of the hounds, twenty-four couple running a stag over a good country for an hour and twenty minutes. There was still bone enough in the ground, especially on the north side of big fences and between the doubles, to make a man careful where he rode, but luckily the deer did not go straight, so there was no occasion to go tumbling about, and better still, Fred Cox was able to ride about and see the run without risking further accident.

Wednesday, the 31st, the Berkhamstead buckhounds turned out a stag at the Traveller's Friend, on the hills near Dunstable, which took them over the hills, then turned back to Ivinghoe, running hard pressed over a good line of low country, with big fences and ditches, by Cheddington Station, across the line, running over grass on to Ledburn village, where he was taken after a sharp run of one hour and a quarter. Being close to Ascott a knock at Fred Cox's door was answered by a hearty welcome to their followers, with refreshments and plenty of chaff thrown in. Next day, Thursday, January 1st, was a red-letter day for the establishment at Ascott, and all the baron's retainers, and followers, who had the good fortune to be there will remember New Year's day, 1880. The meet was at Berryfield Gate, with a good field in attendance, including Sir N. de Rothschild, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, Lord Douglas Gordon, Hon. Robert Grimston, Mr. and Miss Cazenove, Cyrell Flower, Esq., Messrs. Foy, Bouverie, Burgess, Redfern, Chinnery, Marshall, Howland, Castle, Lepper, Bliss, and many others, including several strangers. The Leighton division had kept their best horses in expectation of a great run, and they had it. The stag went well away in a field close by, and after fifteen minutes' law hounds were laid on going a great pace straight to Mr. Clark's farm at Uppings, leaving Hardwick and Whitechurch on the right, over the Oving Road towards Hurdlesgrove, bearing to the left nearly to Maynes Hill, leaving Christmas Gorse on the right, by Grandborough straight to Mr. Curtis's farm. We crossed the railway, leaving Claydon on the right nearly to Hedgcott village. So far we had gone a good pace without a check over one of the finest grass countries in England, but here, unfortunately, we clashed with the Bicester hounds, and before the two packs could be parted the stag got a long way ahead. Although this served a good turn for those who could now get their second horses, it of course brought us to slow hunting when hounds took up the line again. By Twyford, leaving Chetwood on the right, they hunted steadily through Gowcott Wood by Poundon village, getting closer to him as he began to sink, and they ran into him at Lenborough, where he was safely taken by Fred Cox and Mark Howcott, while, of the large field which started from Berryfield Gate, besides many who joined from the Bicester, the only spectators at the finish were the Master, Sir N. Rothschild, Messrs. Foy and Bliss, with two strangers. This good run lasted three hours and thirty minutes, and those who know the country say that hounds ran over thirty-five miles of country.

The Hertfordshire have been doing well since the frost. Finding foxes



plentiful Bob Ward has brought several to hand after capital runs. Monday, the 12th, they had a rare day at Offley. West Wood was full of foxes, but Mr. Davis is one of the good old sort, who tells his keepers, that 'If I don't have foxes I won't have you;' so it was not surprising that they were running about in all directions. No one knows better than old Bob Ward how to get a fox out of cover, and they were soon away on the line of a traveller, which, however, managed to beat them after a very good hunting run over a lot of country. Getting another fox away from West Bury, where there was a leash afoot, they had the best forty-five minutes that has been seen all the season and killed him near Little Offley. After refreshment at Captain Gosling's, who is a staunch supporter, at Wellbury, they found a fox in one of his fields that took them to West Bury in twelve minutes, but getting to the foiled ground he beat them. Another good day was Saturday, the 17th, from Kimpton Mill. Found at once in one of Lord Dacre's covers, ran nearly to Luton and back towards Sauncey, where our correspondent's horse gave out, so he breaks off his tale.

With the Old Berkeley we are sorry to hear of scarcity of foxes, and fear that unless something is done to remedy the evil that the Master, Mr. Longman will retire at the end of the season. When a Master of Hounds has done his best to show sport, and maintains a first-rate establishment, such as the Old Berkeley is now acknowledged to be, those who live in the county and hunt with them should do their best to support him. With a first-rate pack of hounds no one knows better than Bob Worrall what to do with a fox when he finds one, so let us hope he may be more fortunate in that way, and continue to show sport with the Old Berkeley hounds under their present Master.

Wherever Britons gather there some of their national sports must follow them, and the noble science in some shape is sure to have its place, and the classic hills of Arbonne, where the Duke of Wellington had his headquarters, and where he encouraged hunting, is again one of the favourite meets. The season at Biarritz opened on the 8th of November, the fixture being at the light-house, about a mile from the town. The morning was held quite as a gala day, and the inhabitants of Bayonne, and from the neighbourhood far and near, put in an appearance—princes, dukes, and baronets, down to the most humble class, in every kind of conveyance, from the noble coach to the humble one-horse shay. In due time the huntsmen and whips arrived, the latter nearly as well got up as if adorned by Pool-Hammond and Bartley's 'leading articles;' altogether the scene was very cheery, but what puzzled 'our own correspondent' was, what covert the hounds were going to draw, none near meeting his eye. The Master, Mr. Bradshaw, to the great regret of all, was, from ill-health, unable to be present, and on the arrival of Prince Sapieha, under his command we trotted off through one of the main streets of Biarritz, through which we were evidently expected to pass, and where old maids, maidens, bullock-drivers, donkey-boys, and the general inhabitants, appeared to be in most lively excitement, and even the street dogs gave tongue, and seemed to enter into the fun. On coming near to the far-famed hill of Bidart, for the possession of which Wellington had some hard fighting with General Soult, a fox was found, and led us through the Bois de Boulogne, past La Negresse, and was eventually accounted for near Arbonne, after a good run of about forty minutes, but our correspondent's hired 'quad' was unequal to the occasion, and he did not see the varmint handled. Several very good days followed, attended by really large fields and good riders, the family of Baillies always being in the first flight, the daughter included, and Mrs. Bradshaw, wife of the worthy Master, being a

brilliant rider—knows every inch of the country and is very difficult to beat. Several very good days' sport succeeded, when frost set in, which stopped hunting for a fortnight, but now they are at full work again, as such a frost as they have had is a thing that the 'oldest inhabitant' has not known before, and those who come in search of a mild climate have no wish to see again. The hounds are a subscription pack, partly French bred, run a true line, and give plenty of music. The English are very fair hounds, and if any one who follows them finds fault, all that can be said is a more liberal subscription would soon put matters quite right. Light-weight horses are to be hired, but up to no weight above 12 stone. Horses can easily be brought to Bordeaux by steamers, both from London and Liverpool, for about 10*l.* or a little under. Good stabling is to be had at the Manège, where the greatest care is taken of the horses.

An old complaint reaches us from the fashionable hunting quarters, that many birds of passage who come down for the whole or part of a season, and adorn the covert side by their brilliant presence, are too often forgetful of the fact that hunting cannot be done for nothing, and that the sinews of war have to be provided by some one. Masters of hounds have many troubles to contend with, and not the least is the difficulty of collecting subscriptions, which has ere now led to the retirement of many a good sportsman from the onerous post of M.F.H. The residents in a county, as a rule, give liberally according to their means, but there are too many 'patent screws' attached to every hunt, who would sooner lose a tooth out of their head than give even a guinea to the covert fund. If by these remarks we have brought even one sinner to see the error of his ways, we have not growled in vain.

Mr. Burnand, who has already won his spurs as a dramatic author, now furnishes us with another pleasant contribution in 'Personal Reminiscences of the University Amateur Dramatic Club, Cambridge.' The book is devoted, as may be imagined, to a full, true, and particular account, not only of the early history of the club and its members, but of many interesting details connected with its formation. The scenes and personages which provide Mr. Burnand with such a store of material for delightful gossip will surely be seized upon with eager avidity by the initiated, and to those less privileged the volume will be none the less welcome, written as it is in the author's happiest style.

A boot-tree that can be folded up and put in a corner of a travelling-bag—here, surely, is a boon to hunting men, fishermen, and above all to soldiers. It is an inflatable india-rubber bladder, which will expand to a degree of hardness allowing not only of every kind of boot, from the long 'butcher' to the 'top,' being cleaned on it, but the shrinking of the boot when wet is also prevented. It is not intended to supersede the wooden tree, but its great utility will be discovered by hunting men who travel about a good deal, and by soldiers campaigning, or in the more peaceful duty of autumn manœuvres. The inventor is Captain Carmichael, of the 5th Lancers, and from him the invention takes its name; and Messrs. Sparkes Hall and Co., the bootmakers of Regent Street, are appointed the sole agents for its sale.

And yet another boon. We have been waiting all our life for the coming man who would invent something to prevent trousers bulging at the knee, and at last he has come. Mr. Goody, a Yorkshireman, we believe, and with a place of business at 122 Pall Mall, has invented a trouser-press which most effectually prevents the bagginess that has long been the *bête noir* of men who care about the set of their trousers. Only two or three minutes' attention daily will keep the garments in the state they left the tailor's workshop, and the simplicity of the press is not one of its least recommendations. Smart commanding

officers of regiments who wish their men to be ditto, will find Mr. Goody's invention of great value. Everybody who has tried highly approves of it, and we strongly advise our young friends, and for the matter of that middle-aged ones too, to get a trouser press.

The death of Mr. Thomas Parr, the so-called 'Squire of Wantage,' removes from the scene an old-fashioned racing man, whose name to the younger generation is little more than a tradition. That he once bought a Goodwood Stakes and Cesarewitch winner, Weathergage, for 60*l.*; that in Saucebox he had a horse capable of taking the Lincolnshire Handicap in early spring, and winning the Leger in the autumn, and that in Fisherman he possessed one of the best animals ever foaled—these are the chief mementos that will cling round the name of Tom Parr. Other horses there were, of course, of more or less celebrity, from Clothworker downwards, whose names will be duly found in the chronicles of Old Burlington Street. He had one, M.D., in the Derby of 1857, that Sim Templeman, who rode him, always declared would have won if he had not broken down. *Quien sabe?* Mr. Parr also was the original owner, if we remember rightly, of that grand mare Isoline, who defeated Buckstone and Fairwater in the Goodwood Cup, and then—she being the property of Mr. Naylor—was pulled out the next day by her 'sporting' (?) owner on the Queen's Plate, which she won, after the severest punishment ever administered to a racehorse. There were some people, we remember, so very forgetful of the *covenances* of racing society, as to wish that Chaloner had, in the last quarter of a mile, been riding the gentleman who used to be called 'the Hooton millionaire' instead of the game Isoline—but they were, we need scarcely say, ill-conditioned individuals, and their remarks found no response in the genuine sporting mind. Mr. Parr was not at all the unsociable person we have seen him described in one or two recent biographical notices. He did it is true, affect a certain mystery as to his racing movements; he was modest as to his toilet requirements, and did not much trouble the luggage-van; but the hat-box story is, we are convinced, without foundation. We remember well, some few years ago, finding ourselves in the same hotel with him at Kelso on the occasion of the annual race meeting there. We knew him then very slightly, but, after partaking of the not over-luxurious fare provided, we joined forces over the inevitable whisky and materials. A pleasanter evening we had not spent for some time. He conversed on every subject possible to conceive—the state of public affairs, the state of the crops (it was about harvest time), the state of society. We listened with amusement to the dry, cynical remarks of the old Berkshire yeoman on the men and women of the day, some of his sayings showing much simplicity, others much shrewdness. We sat rather late into the night, and our converse (we rarely met afterwards) led to the Van Driver's receiving, some years afterwards, an annual basket of game from Wantage. One thing we have omitted to mention—we never touched on racehorses or racing the whole evening.

Another competitor in the race for literary honours in society journalism is a new weekly called 'Life.' The contents are cast in a similar mould to those of the older institutions known as 'The World' and 'Truth,' which in itself should be a stepping-stone to popularity. Mr. H. E. Stephens and Mr. William Mackay, two well-known names, are charged with the editorial duties of the new publication, and there can be no doubt that in their hands 'Life' should secure a fair share of support. Not the least agreeable feature in the issue is the engraving which accompanies each copy. The plates are alone worth the price charged for the paper, and should therefore prove an additional attraction to subscribers.

In one of the dailies a week or two since there was a very curious account

given of some Essex hunting, written, we should imagine, either by the mild Hindoo or the Heathen Chineese, to judge from the idioms and vocabulary, to say nothing of the grammar. The article referred to a meet of the Essex Hounds at Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson's place, and after informing us that 'the meet had previously breakfasted,' goes on to give the adventures of what the writer is pleased to call 'the vermin'—i.e. the fox—who it appears had taken refuge in Sir Henry's fernery. Then another 'vermin,' after being 'started from the gorse, kept the hounds going for an hour and ten minutes,' and these occurrences are considered by the brilliant writer as '*both rare and notable.*' Where are the editors, and where the readers, who pass such stuff?

The many readers of 'Baily' who knew and loved George Whyte-Melville may like to know how the several memorials to him—there are three in all—are progressing. Two of them are completed. The memorial in the Guards' Chapel in the Birdcage Walk represents S. George and the Dragon, with the following inscription:—

'SOLDIER. SPORTSMAN. AUTHOR.

GEORGE J. WHYTE-MELVILLE'S MEMORY

IS HERE RECORDED BY HIS OLD FRIENDS AND COMRADES

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

NAT. 1821.

OCC. 1878.'

The monument at Tetbury—the design by Mr. Edis having been approved by Mrs. Whyte-Melville—is also finished, the inscription being, 'In loving memory of George John Whyte-Melville. Born July 29th, 1821. Died 'Dec. 5th, 1878. Erected by his many friends.' The Fountain at St. Andrew's, in red Dumfrieshire stone, with shafts of grey granite, is rapidly progressing, though Mr. Boehm's designs for the medallions are not yet decided upon. In addition to this a very substantial memorial—we might almost call it a fourth one—is the 500*l.* which has been paid to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, to be applied towards providing annuities for superannuated Hunt Servants, an object in which Whyte-Melville took a warm interest. It is hoped his many friends will help the Committee to add largely to that amount.

The cricket match between Huntsmen and Jockeys, to which we have alluded in a former 'Van,' is definitely fixed for May the 29th, the Saturday after the Derby, at Lord's. It is exciting a stir in the sporting world, and the interest taken in it by many M.F.H's., as well as racing men, will no doubt ensure a large attendance. Already there has been some betting on it, we hear, and the jockeys are favourites, which is not surprising if the rumours that reach us about one distinguished cross-country performer be true. He is said to be as good with the willow as he is in the pigskin. The Victoria Club, headed by Mr. John Foy, will attend *en masse*, and we may add, for the benefit of the two elevens that, at the expense of a few good sportsmen, luncheon will be provided for them in the Pavilion. We can only trust that the two excellent societies for whose benefit the match will be played—the Hunt Servants and the Bentinck Benevolent Fund—will profit largely, and their claims on our charity become better known. A man who has won on the Derby will of course not be satisfied with paying his sixpence at the entrance gate, while the many old cricketers there are now going straight in the Vale and in the shires, will ensure their being in a front place at Lord's, ready with their cheers and their coin.

# B A I L Y ' S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 241.

MARCH, 1880.

VOL. XXXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF COLONEL STRACEY-CLITHEROW.

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1880.

# DIARY FOR MARCH, 1880.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	M	
2	TU	Croydon Steeplechases. Sale of Hunters, &c., at Rugby, by
3	W	Croydon Steeplechases. [Messrs. Tattersall.
4	TH	Croydon, West Kent, Welshpool, and Crewkerne Steeplechases.
5	F	Crewkerne Steeplechases.
6	S	Household Brigade Steeplechase, at Sandown Park.
7	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.
8	M	Derby Hunt Steeplechases.
9	TU	Grand Military and Rugby Hunt, and Baldoyle Steeplechases.
10	W	Grand Military and Quorn and Donington Hunt Steeplechases.
11	TH	Wye, Kirby Moorside, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, and Bristol
12	F	Bristol Steeplechases. Nice International Regatta. [Steeplechases.
13	S	
14	S	FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.
15	M	Lincoln Steeplechases.
16	TU	Lincoln Steeplechases.
17	W	Lincoln Steeplechases.
18	TH	Liverpool Steeplechases.
19	F	Liverpool Steeplechases.
20	S	Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race about 7.45 A.M.
21	S	PALM SUNDAY.
22	M	[Messrs. Tattersall.
23	TU	Nottingham Steeplechases. Sale of Hunters, &c., at Rugby by
24	W	Nottingham County Down Hunt Races, Scottish National Cours-
25	TH	[ing Meeting.
26	F	Good Friday.
27	S	
28	S	EASTER SUNDAY. [chases.
29	M	Kempton Park, Durham, Manchester and Ward Hunt Steeple-
30	TU	Kempton Park, Durham, and Croydon Steeplechases.
31	W	Third Dragoon Guards, Baldoyle Steeplechases.

\* \* Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.





Edw. Tracy Fletcher



# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### COLONEL TRACEY-CLITHEROW.

ON the 1st May, 1869—a time when ‘the coaching revival’ was one of the themes of sporting writers and the topic of many tongues—a great crowd had assembled at the Ship Hotel, Charing Cross, to witness the departure of the Brighton Coach. Among the crowd were seniors who could recall the palmy days of the Brighton road when Sir Vincent Cotton, the then Duke of Beaufort, Sackville Gwynne and other well-known names were household words, and juniors eager to sit at the feet of such Gamaliels and be the imitators of such men. A special occasion this, and a coach worthy of honour. Five gentlemen had joined in putting it on the road—good sportsmen, good coachmen, whose names were a guarantee that everything would be done thoroughly and well—a quintet in which there was no ‘prentice hand. Some, alas! have departed, but their names are still fresh in our memories: ‘the ‘Squire,’ Mr. Chandos Pole, his relative, Mr. Chandos Pole Gell, Lord Londesborough, Mr. George Meek, and Colonel Tracey-Clitherow. How it was done, some of our readers may remember. What a treat it was to find ‘the Squire’ on the box, to have a crack with Meek, or listen to a good story from ‘the Colonel.’ It had a highly successful season, and at the close the Hon. Sec., Mr. A. G. Scott—or ‘Sir Coaching Scott,’ as the Squire always called him—could show a satisfactory balance-sheet and not one clean way-bill.

Edward John Tracey, the subject of our present sketch, was born in 1820, the eldest son of John Tracey of Sprowston, Norfolk, and grandson of Sir Edward Tracey of Rackheath in the same county, and after being educated at Harrow, entered the Scots Guards at the early age of fifteen. He served with his regiment in the Crimea, having previously married a daughter of Mr. Edward Marjoribanks of Greenlands, near Henley-on-Thames. In 1865 he assumed, by royal license, the additional surname and arms of Clitherow, in compliance with the will of his maternal grandfather, Mr. James Clitherow of Boston House, Brentford, one of the finest old places (it was

commenced in the reign of the first James) in the neighbourhood of London. To turn out of long, unlovely, filthy Brentford into this stately relic of the past with its lawns and water meadows is startling. Colonel Stracey-Clitherow inherited this fine property from his grandfather, and between it and his residences in Yorkshire and Norfolk he passes his time.

Colonel Stracey-Clitherow had however been a coachman long before we find him at the Ship, at Charing Cross, eleven years ago. He was well known on the road between Chester, Wrexham and Oswestry, some five-and-twenty years since, as he was also well known in the Duke of Beaufort's and the V.W.H. countries, until a cruel fall, in which his horse inflicted severe injuries on him, incapacitated him for a time from all sporting pursuits. His two favourite hunters with the V.W.H. were Chocolate and Nigger, and in 1876 we find him in possession of a solitary racehorse, Mr. Pongo, whose dam Summer-time, with the subsequent Mr. Pongo at her feet, he had bought at Tattersall's for, we believe, 30*l*. Old Montagu, poor 'Billy' Cooper's trainer, looked after him at Mickleham, and Mr. Pongo was good enough to win a Selling Race at Oxford, out of which Weever claimed him. So began and ended Colonel Clitherow's connection with the Turf. He and Mr. Cooper were old and fast friends. The Colonel was always known in the Guards as 'Tom' Stracey, as Mr. Cooper was 'Billy' Cooper, from his Brazenose and 8th Hussars days down to the time of his lamented death. The former is now the sole surviving partner in that later Brighton coach of which himself, Chandos Pole, and 'Billy' Cooper were the proprietors. A goodly firm, all of them pioneers in the so-called coaching revival; all of them loving the work they had in hand, true sportsmen and gentlemen, and avoiding 'dealing' as an unclean thing.

Colonel Stracey-Clitherow, who is a magistrate for Yorkshire, Middlesex, Norfolk, and Gloucestershire, is a generous landlord, a most kindly host and sincere friend, and has won the respect and liking of a large circle of many degrees of men. His love for 'the road' is still fresh, and long may it continue.

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## ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

'So perish all in turn, save well recorded worth.'—*Byron*.

IF the tide of racing prestige and success has set rather southwards in these latter days, having for a time ceased to lap its once favourite inlets upon northern shores, there are beacons and landmarks galore remaining to show the levels reached during former years in racecourses and training-tracks on moor and wold, and associated with them names of those who have wrought for and fought for the cause of sport in the good old times. But if the light of other days has faded from places of ancient renown in racing lore during their periods of

prosperity, in the gloaming which succeeds men and steeds loom larger and more imposing, and the

‘Twilight which surrounds  
The border-land of old romance’

imparts to each grander proportions the farther we recede from the glare of the present into the gloom of the past. The hardy Norsemen whose training homes lie snugly nestling under billowy ridges free to every piping breeze in the county of acres would seem to have drunk in, along with endless supplies of bracing air, an individuality peculiar to themselves; and a sort of clanship, as regards manners, customs, and appearances is apparent among them, unknown to their ‘proud Southron’ brethren, and betokening connection with the land o’ cakes which gave birth to others besides the subject of our brief memoir.

Taking up a casual ‘Ruff’s Guide’ of twenty years ago, and referring to the list of trainers therein, we find one of the fraternity still returned as following his calling at ‘Gullane, by Drem, N.B.’; but it must be full thirty summers previous to Thormanby’s year that Thomas Dawson came southwards from there and started in life on his own account in the Middleham district; so that he could reckon his sojourn in the land of ‘Gills’ by the half-century; not the least remarkable phase in the life of one of those who are content to pitch their roving tents wheresoever chance or fortune may lead them.

The young chip of an old block prospered right well in his new Yorkshire home, employers of high standing and heavy calibre rallying round him; but it was some years before he made his first decisive mark, and this was, as sportsmen say, a right and left. With Our Nell as his first barrel he brought down the Oaks, and with Blue Bonnet he bagged the St. Leger—long shots in both cases; and both his brother’s and Lord Eglinton’s fillies were of the ‘single-speech ‘Hamilton’ order, for neither earned a bracket in Weatherby before or since. Nor did their trainer again experience the ‘stern delight’ of leading home a winner on the Epsom Friday or Doncaster Wednesday, though he came anigh both; notably with Gildermire and The Hadji, while others had a look in for places. Still keeping on ‘classic ground,’ we find Tom Dawson tasting the delights of a Derby victory with Ellington, the sulky and splay-footed ‘horse of a day,’ but none the less beloved because sprung from dear old Ellerdale, a veritable *heroum genetrix*, and one of the landmarks for all time of the ‘Stud Book.’ That ungainly walker, but clipping mover in his faster paces, Pretender, just squeezed through by the skin of his teeth from Pero Gomez in 1869, having previously carried the blue and silver of Mr. Jardine victoriously in the ‘Guineas;’ before which date Tom Dawson had broken Lord Glasgow’s long run of ill-luck with General Peel over the Rowley Mile, on which course Bothwell subsequently flashed into notoriety as the conqueror of Sterling and King of the Forest. Thus to Brecongill and Tugill went their full share of ‘good things,’ and

while few of the big fish were missed, the smaller—proverbially sweet—came in shoals to Tom Dawson's net, and he brought discomfiture to his rivals in the south as often as to his friends in higher latitudes. He could tell the beginning of the story of 'Lazy Lanercost,' on which it must be left to 'belted Will' P'Anson to put the finishing touches; and no one delighted more than he in recounting tales and traits of Ellerdale, her prowess as a racer, and the service she rendered to the state when relegated to stud duties. He only just missed having his Gildermire revenge with her half sister Summerside; and though Charles XII. did not pass into Mr. Andrew Johnstone's hands until after his crowning St. Leger triumph, yet the Goodwood Cup in two successive years came northwards through the instrumentality of the 'Royal Swede,' the stable having previously seen Grimston pull through for the same coveted trophy. Jonathan Wild and Tabouret were his Goodwood Stakes winners, *longo intervallo*; but his most remarkable 'succession of successes' was achieved at Newcastle, where the pitmen applauded his candidates to the echo, and his winners of Northumbria's famous Plate comprised St. Bennett twice for Lord Eglinton, twice again with Inheritress for 'Jamic' Meiklam, once more with Elthiron, in the yellow and tartan sleeves, and later on with Brown Bread and Rococo for Messrs. Mackenzie and Jardine. Raby was his great Cambridgeshire card, and Mark Tapley and Mandrake upheld the Tupgill reputation at York, whither the veteran invariably resorted with a quiver full, and seldom returned empty-handed. In short, he may be said to have made his mark everywhere, save in the Cup at Chester, that 'soup-plate course' baffling his best efforts on every occasion, bold as were the bids he made for the once world-renowned guerdon of the Roodee. A list of his minor winners would take almost as long to reckon up as the votes at the recent Liverpool election; but he mostly flew at high game, and professed to know nothing concerning the latter-day tactics of those who make their boast of living of and by that comparatively modern innovation—the selling race. In order to create and sustain a reputation for ability and straightforwardness such as that enjoyed from the beginning to the close of his career by Tom Dawson, it is evident that great labour, as well as self-sacrifice, must have been undergone. The lessons diligently inculcated and sedulously studied in his Scottish home were never forgotten; and amid all the rovings incident to a trainer's life his heart ever beat true to northern traditions, and, like many other of his countrymen, he seemed ill at ease and out of place among the 'proud Southrons.' The steadfastness with which his employers stood by him, whether in prosperity or adversity as regards the luck of the stable, was evidence of their thorough trust in his probity, and of their reliance upon his experience and judgment; and, as a further proof of this, no other trainer ever so long enjoyed the confidence of a master so hard to please and so difficult to satisfy as the late Earl of Glasgow. In Tom Dawson, however, the irascible old peer found his match, if not in violence of action and language, at any rate in staunch firmness and

quiet determination, qualities eminently calculated to act as correctives in cases where the rôle of the bully is attempted. Not even John Scott and Wells could improve upon the efforts of the two 'Toms,' Dawson and Aldcroft, in the case of General Peel; and the horses of the former had always the fullest justice done them, no matter whether their owner had few or many in training, the interests of the 'little man' being held as sacred as those of the lord paramount of the stable. A whole school of useful jockeys may be said to have graduated under his care, many of them subsequently taking high honours in their profession; but their friend, philosopher, and guide was ever constant in his patronage of those who served him well, and there was none of that rushing about after the latest fashionables, and anxiety to take every promising novice by the hand, which characterises too many of the butterfly class among trainers.

As a judge of horses and racing few trainers excelled him who was rightly marked 'dangerous' in every department of the game he knew so well; but he was reserved in his opinions, and more frequently had recourse for advice to his old-fashioned silver snuff-box than to friends less willing than he to keep their own counsel. He had a quiet, modest way of doing and saying things, which contrasted favourably with the bounce and swagger now far too prevalent among his brethren of the modern school, who do not know how to address a gentleman. The apparel, too, was in keeping with the man, and though from it his calling might easily be divined, he eschewed the offensively 'horsey' cut of certain pinchbeck contemporaries; while, on the other hand, he scorned to ape the 'swell' division, which affects curly-brims and button-holes *à la Hardwicke*, and gives jockeys the leg-up in lavender kid gloves, while a valet holds their crutch-stick and toothpick case. When a man gets to the top of the tree he may dress as he pleases, and no one shall gainsay him; but to see a lot of puppies, with their milk-teeth still in their jaws, and sadly needing to have their ears and tails trimmed, giving themselves the airs and graces of the acknowledged leaders of their profession, is a sight which might make others than Tom Dawson rail and gird at the degeneracy of the times. All who knew the worthy of the old school, whose brief memoir we are inditing, set a high value upon his friendship and opinion; and there was no jollier boon companion when, beneath the influence of his incomparable whiskey, he relaxed the wonted 'straitness' of his manners, and suffered his dryness to become mellow in the flow of song and story. In good sooth men will surely miss him from many a trysting place in the county he loved so well; and he is almost the last of an 'old order' rapidly passing away, and of which l'Anson is now almost the sole remaining representative.

The last years of Tom Dawson's life were spent in comparative retirement, for although Mr. Jardine had always some half dozen in training with the veteran, the latter undertook their management more for amusement than anything else, just to keep his hand in, and to show that it had not lost one jot of its traditional cunning.

From the effects of a fall from his pony a few years ago he never fully recovered, and though he was 'up and about' as usual, it was painfully apparent that his natural fire and vigour had abated, and a change stole over him too surely presaging the end—which came at last quietly, peacefully, painlessly. The little churchyard at Coverham, a Santa Croce in its way of racing worthies, wherein are laid the 'dreamless heads' of so many trainers and jockeys of Northern renown, is his last resting-place whose brief memoir we now bring to a conclusion. Not a few who stood by his grave in the fitful February sunlight—brethren of his craft, employers and employés, friend and relations—thought as they tarried to breathe a last farewell over his remains, that well nigh the last of those elders bearing great names, who lived and laboured under the shadow of Penhill, had passed away, leaving a blank to be filled up at hearth and home, and a gap in the ranks of those who 'led their 'teams afield' to waken hoof-echoes on the windy tracks of yon famous High Moor. There, so long as the envious ploughshare is withheld from turfy stretch and heathery knoll, shall memory fondly love to recall from the buried past visions of gallops, ghostly riders, and phantom steeds, associated each with 'dangerous Dawson'; while many a name writ for aye in racing annals, and bandied about in the purest Yorkshire dialect, shall be traced back, through a long string of stirring recollections, to the brave days of old, when Middleham only played second fiddle to Malton, and Northerners half-wavered in their allegiance between the Whitewall Wizard and the canny 'King of the Moor.'

AMPHION.

## BEASTS AND BIRDS OF SPORT.

### II.—FOX AND BADGER.

'WELL, you know we hunt it as a matter of course, and, as you also know, it is first-rate sport; but really now, I cannot, upon my word, tell you any more about it. We start it somewhere, and when it breaks cover we either kill it after a good run or it earths up, and we lose it. It always appears to me, do you know, that the fox has originally been a breed between a wolf and a dog, and that it has, in course of time, taken on various characteristics on its own hook. But I dare say you will find all you want about it in some of the natural history books—there are different kinds of them you know, away abroad.'

Such was the sum total of the information derived, 'once upon a time,' from a mighty hunter, who had been in at a hundred deaths, and whose business room was ornamented with a dozen brushes. And such, speaking generally, is about all the information which can be extracted from the commonalty of foxhunters: they know the animal is good for sport, they love to follow the hounds,

and—that is all. There are men, however, in every hunting-field, pretty well informed on the natural history of the chase and the beasts and birds of sport, and who are therefore able to follow either the fox or the blackcock with intelligence. I am nothing of a foxhunter myself, but, having been present at many meets and sometimes, by accident, at a kill, I have always, man and boy, taken a lively interest in the sport, and probably know as much about the fox and the hounds as most outsiders; but in addition to what I have seen and heard myself, I have some notes of fox-hunting at the beginning of the century which are probably racy enough to be worth printing, and some day, the readers of this Magazine may be asked to sit in judgment upon them.

As regards the natural history of ‘Reynard,’ I have lately finished a prolonged investigation, having ransacked the pages of many volumes in searching out those particulars known to preceding writers on the subject. I have not, however, been very successful in my hunt, but have been enabled to compile the following rather fanciful account of the fox from some old histories and incidental notices which became unearthed in the course of my investigations. Curiously enough, most of the writers on the subject just follow on in the lines of those who preceded them, reminding one of a flock of sheep leaping over an imaginary obstacle. No trouble seems to have been taken to make new investigations or to authenticate previous statements given as the result of observation and fact. But no matter to what branch of natural history we turn, the same fault is observable. In the case of the eel, for instance, the most absurd stories were at one time circulated to account for ‘its ‘being there,’ the most novel being that it is the offspring of a water-beetle!

The following is the sketch referred to. I shall not take up space by any formal reference to the authorities on which it is founded, because it is not possible to do so in every instance, some of the details being from the note-book already mentioned. The readers of ‘Baily’ must just accept the details given for what they are worth:—

1. This animal is so well known that it need not be described; its shape and proportions are familiar to all who live where it is found.

2. It may be stated, once for all, that the fox is a crafty animal, the cunningest that is known; it can cheat its enemies in a moment by suddenly halting and laying as still as a clod or a stone, which it becomes like whenever it pleases, so that it hath often proved able to cheat both the huntsman and his dogs by means of this wonderful power, a gift which providence hath not bestowed on any other animal. He is decidedly ‘foxy,’ or ‘he is as cunning as a fox,’ are often-used quotations, founded, of course, on the properties of the animal alluded to by so many different writers.

3. The fox is most libidinous in its habits, and will enter into amorous commerce with any other brute that is so inclined, particu-

larly dogs or wild wolves or polecats. In some places of the country every young animal of the kind looks foxy, and it must be so.\*

4. Why the fox is hated and hunted is plain to all who know the beast. He is of the wolf kind, and is probably the offspring of these animals in a degenerate condition; as everybody knows, the wolf was a common beast in our country at one time. A she-fox doth engender as many young as the wolf, but in this they differ, the fox littering deep under the ground, but the wolf doth not.

5. The fox begins to engender when it is of the age of twelve months, and it brings forth in April a litter of blind cubs, usually four or five at a time; it only does so once a year, unless an accident happens to the young ones. It will go on breeding till it is twelve or thirteen years of age, if it be spared to live for so long a period. When a bitch-fox goes a clicketing and seeking for a dog, she cries with a hollow voice, not unlike the howling of a mad dog, and in the same manner she cries when she misses any of her cubs, but never makes any cry at all when she is being killed, but defends herself to the last gasp.

6. Both when a bitch of the fox kind is 'bragged' and big with her progeny, and when she is nursing her young ones, she is so devilish that she cannot be approached, let alone captured. In that particular episode in her life she will lie near her burrow, into which she runs upon hearing the least noise, and she is very clever in concealing her young ones when there is danger at hand. She will dispose of them in different hiding-places, and then, when she fancies the danger is past, she will bring them together again tenderly and carefully.

7. The fox when it likes can be as playful as a little kitten, and will for many minutes at a time go round and round chasing its tail, but like all other half-reclaimed savage animals will, when provoked, bite even those it is most familiar with.

8. When put to it the fox will eat anything and feed upon any kind of carrion, but its favourite food is lambs, hares, rabbits, poultry and feathered game of every description. When urged by hunger, it will eat fruit or vegetables, as also rats, mice, 'and other insects' (!) such as blackbeetles. Before devouring a rat or mouse the fox

\* 'There is a commonly received opinion that this animal will produce with 'the dog kind, which may be well founded; since it has been proved that the 'congenious wolf will. Mr. Brook, animal merchant in Holborn, turned a 'wolf to a Pomeranian bitch then in heat: the congress was immediate, with the 'circumstances usual with the canine species. The bitch brought ten whelps, 'one of which I afterwards saw at the Duke of Gordon's in Scotland.' *Pennant*, who gives us the above in his account of the fox, tells us at the same time that Buffon, the great French naturalist, says it is impossible to obtain such a cross—he tried the experiment and failed, and so have many others. Mr. Carlisle, well known at one time as a breeder and trainer of dogs in Edinburgh, used to try experiments of the kind indicated, but so far as I know never was successful. Several of the medical men of Edinburgh used to visit Mr. Carlisle's kennels in the Lothian Road to hear what he was about, and advise with him on the subject. My old friend Professor Dick of the Veterinary College used to say, 'Nonsense, nonsense, man; never do at all; success in that line would confound all nature.'



plays with it and pets it after a most affectionate manner, but never allows its quarry to escape. Foxes have been known to proceed to the sea-shore for the purpose of procuring and eating fish.

9. The fox sleeps much in the day, but is 'a true night bird,' and goes on the prowl at dark, from which it only returns when the light of morning is likely to betray its presence. When one of these cunning animals has acquired a larger prey than it can devour at once, it never begins to feed till it has hidden away all it does not require in a place of safety. 'It digs holes in different places, returns to the 'spot where it had left the booty, and (supposing a whole flock of 'poultry to have been its prey) will bring them one by one, thrust 'them in with its nose, and then conceal them by ramming the loose 'earth on them till the calls of hunger incite him to pay them 'another visit.' In France and Italy the fox does no end of mischief in vineyards, and two or three of these animals in the course of a season will eat a few tons of fine wine grapes.

10. As to the smell of the fox, one writer says, 'if greyhounds 'course him on a plain, his last refuge is to wet his tail, and flap it 'on their faces as they come near him, sometimes squirting his 'thicker excrements on them to make them give over the course 'pursuit.' These are not savoury details, although they are certainly curious. *Pennant* says something on the same subject, which I must also give here, in order to make this biography of *Reynard* complete, in so far as concerns the *scent*. 'The smell of this animal, 'in general, is very strong, but that of the urine is most remarkably 'fœtid. This seems so offensive even to itself, that it will take the 'trouble of digging a hole in the ground, stretching its body at full 'length over it, and there after depositing its water, cover it with 'earth as the cat does its dung. The smell is so offensive that it 'often proves the means of the fox's escape from the dogs, who 'have so strong an aversion to the filthy effluvia as to avoid 'encountering the animal it came from.' Another story, which is told of the 'filthy fox' is, that it when it covets the nice hole of 'the 'cleanly badger,' it straightway stinks it out and takes up its quarters in the vacated living place, which it at once proceeds to enlarge and improve, constructing two or three distinct entrances and exits in case of danger.

—11. The following names used to be given to foxes, the *Milgri*, or greyhound fox, large, tall, and bold, two of them have been known to attack, kill, and devour a whole sheep; the mastiff fox is less but more strongly built; the *Corgi*, or cur fox, is the least of all, but is able to do a deal of mischief, it lurks about hen-houses, farm-yards, and is the most pernicious of the three to the feathered tribe. If these animals, says an old writer, were not proscribed, and a reward set upon their heads, they would soon become an intolerable nuisance. The best way to destroy them is the following: take a sheep's paunch, and tie it to a long stick, then rub your shoes well upon it that he may not scent your own feet; draw this paunch after you as a trail for a mile or more, and bring it near some

thick-headed tree ; leave your paunch and get into a tree with a gun, and as it begins to be dark, you will see him come after the scent of the trail, where you may shoot him ; draw the trail if you can to the windward of the tree.

So much for the natural history and habits of the fox as delineated by writers of the last century. As for the opinions held about hunting they were varied in the extreme. 'Fox-hunting,' says one writer, 'is a most pleasant and elevating pastime ; the animal by means of his strong hot scent makes an excellent cry ; and as his scent is hottest at hand so it dies the soonest.' Says another writer of the beginning of the present century, 'I cannot endure that foxes should be so hunted. What a most unequal battle it is—fourteen couple of hounds and sixty men to one poor animal, all yelling and tallyhoing after it ; 'tis a scandal, and should be frowned out of fashion.' Old Thomas Greer, who was appointed earth-stopper to the Robertson Hunt, in Scotland, had but one word to say about the sport ; when asked his opinion, he used to reply, 'Prime.' Thomas was a man of but few words, when any member of the hunt would ask him on occasion, 'Where is the fox, Thomas ?' 'There,' he would reply, or, 'Yonder,' as the case might be. It is over a hundred years since Thomas Greer was furnished by the Robertson Hunt with a green coat and waistcoat, and two pairs of plaiding breeches, his livery as earth-stopper, and it was the late Mr. Hall Maxwell, of Dargavel, secretary to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, whom I heard quoting some of his sayings. A distinguishing characteristic of Thomas may be briefly noted : he hated long runs, twenty-five minutes in his opinion was 'the very ultimatum ;' a run of forty minutes, he used to say, was 'disgraceful to both man and beast,' and Greer, so far as he dared to do so, would arrange accordingly ; he knew pretty well the different runs, and contrived a loop-hole of escape for 'the tod,' as he always called the fox, and he quietly contrived always to have his own way in the end. A man, or rather waif, who was some time ago introduced to the readers of 'Baily's Magazine,' had a most emphatic way of characterising a run with the hounds, I am alluding again to Jamie Skinners, who always contrived to be in at the death, no matter where the kill took place. I am now speaking of Midlothian, 'Well, Jamie,' would say Mr. Ramsay, of Barton, 'we've had a fine run to-day.' 'Dam fine, sir, 'dam fine,' was Jamie's invariable comment.

Edgar Poe has told us in one of his essays how he wrote them, in other words he has explained his mode of composition, and I am desirous of doing something similar. Having made up a sketch of the fox from materials provided more than a century since, I shall now do the same from the sketches which have appeared in more modern literature, so that all that is really known about the animal may be brought before the readers of this periodical ; the sketch must needs be brief, because there is really little that is interesting in it, it is the fact of the fox being an animal of the chase that renders

it celebrated, and confers upon it a distinction it could never otherwise attain :—

The fox, properly designated, is a genus of digitigrade carnivora, and belongs to the dog family (*Canidæ*), but differs in several of the details of its bodily structure from the true dogs (*Canis*) : the tail is much longer and bushier ; the muzzle of the animal is longer and sharper than is the case in the dog ; and the fox possesses a subcaudal gland, in which is secreted the matter which gives to it its peculiarly offensive smell. There are, it is said, twenty-four species of this animal known, but I shall, of course, keep to our own one—the common fox (*Vulpes vulgaris*), which is so celebrated in the hunting field. It is quite an intellectual animal, and some of the anecdotes of the fox which belong to the present period are quite as remarkable as any of those which were related by its ancient historians. It is quick and subtle, ready of resource, and always ‘dies hard.’ Mr. Gordon Stables gives currency in one of his works to a curious anecdote of the fox, indicative of its ready resource upon an emergency. One of these animals escaped from a wood, from which it was likely to be dislodged by the hounds, and escaped to a piece of furze waste, where it had its hole and its young ones, the main body of the pack took off in another direction, but two of the hounds having scented Reynard found him in his hiding place, but master fox was equal to the occasion, he made the hounds welcome, showed them his cubs, and danced about and gambolled around the visitors till they took off, much, no doubt, to the relief of the clever actor, who must have endured a rather bad quarter of an hour of it, but the action taken by the animal was very remarkable. The female fox produces in April, the period of gestation being from sixty to sixty-five days ; the litter of this animal is usually about six, and seldom exceeds eight. She is exceedingly fond of her young, and in time of danger will hide them with rare cunning, and when necessary defend them to the death. The cubs become reproductive in about a year and a half, and a fox has been known to live for fifteen years, but it is very questionable, considering the hard conditions of their life,—being so regularly and keenly hunted by clever hounds—if they will live for more than seven years on the average, during which period, if no accidents have befallen, the bitch will have given birth to from fifty to sixty young ones. Young foxes are as playful as young lions, but they become dangerous in time, and the bite of the fox is a thing to be carefully avoided. Dogs and foxes have never been known to interbreed, notwithstanding many tales to the contrary, and it has been found impossible to domesticate the fox, although numerous attempts have been made. The fox is very often found to be a match for all its enemies, and has been known to achieve some wonderful escapes from imminent death, solely by the exercise of its powers of cunning. Foxes have a happy knack of escaping from traps of all kinds, or rather of avoiding them, for one that is taken five will escape—the fox can sometimes manage to set off the trap and then quietly enjoy the bait, first looking it all

over and smelling it very carefully to find out if it is genuine. Foreign foxes are largely hunted in order to obtain their skins, which have a high value in the fur markets, sixty thousand fox skins are imported into London annually from Canada and the United States, and 10,000 skins of the Arctic fox annually find their way to this country. I shall not say more about the fox. The two accounts I have given embrace so far as my investigations have gone all that is known about the animal.

And now for the Badger. This is an animal about which there are many stories told and about which there is much reading to be had. 'Badger-baiting' was at one time a pastime of our forefathers, but, so far as I know, there is little or no sport of the kind nowadays. I remember only three occasions of sport being attempted with the badger in Scotland; these occurred long ago. My old acquaintance Jamie Skinners took me with him on one occasion to a farm at Colinton, near Edinburgh, occupied by the Laings, of the Royal Horse Bazaar, to see a badger drawn, for the amusement of the officers then quartered in Edinburgh Castle. Not much came of it. The brock was ill to draw, and had to be smoked before he would leave his earth. He was seized at the entrance by a dog, when a terrific and bloody struggle ensued between the two animals, in which the dog speedily had the worst of it. A fresh dog being set on the exhausted badger, it also speedily succumbed. There was really no sport in the affair worth speaking of; it left a disagreeable impression which has never been effaced. I saw another badger fight on the estate of Mr. Inglis of Redhall, on the rocky banks of the water of Leith, where two badgers fought with, and successively killed, three dogs, afterwards making their escape. Another 'badger worry' that I knew about at the time, took place on the estate of Barnton, near Edinburgh; it was got up by Mr. Ramsay for the amusement of some of his Stirlingshire tenants who had been invited to visit him. The struggle was a sickly affair, the brock killing no less than three dogs, after which it was bottled up for another day. That is all the personal experience I have ever had of the badger. As perhaps many of the readers of 'Baily's Magazine' may know, there has been a long-continued controversy as to one or two points connected with the natural history of this peculiar animal, and in particular as to its period of gestation. It is believed by many that it goes with young for a period of thirteen months, and there is evidence to attest that many months have elapsed before the female has dropped her young. This is a matter on which I am unable to give any personal opinion. None of the old writers about the badger, the works of whom I have consulted, say a single word about the period of gestation of this animal, or the number of young it produces. One author tells his readers to 'beware of the badger's teeth,' they are so sharp and venomous as to bring certain death to those they bite! Although almost no dog will taste the flesh of the badger, I well remember seeing in the Highlands some badger hams, which were really excellent, certainly not inferior to hams cut from a well-fed

porker. The Highlanders, too, were at one time, and may still be for anything I know, great believers in the efficacy of badger's grease; in some Highland places it formed the universal cure for all kinds of cuts and wounds: a universal belief in the efficacy of the ointment no doubt helps the cure.\* The skins are made use of by the Highlanders as pistol furniture; they make their philibegs of it.

I have no desire to write about the badger in a dogmatic spirit, but I think much of what we have been told of it is imaginative to a degree. So far as I have been able to determine from numerous inquiries, the badger has not the game qualities of the fox nor yet its staying power, nor is it endowed with any of the cunning of that animal. It is choleric in the extreme, however, and flies into a terrible paroxysm of passion when it is interfered with, and is then exceedingly vicious and determined. In the olden time the way to bait a badger was to confine it in a big box and let the dog in upon it, when there ensued 'a dreadful row,' the dog usually coming off second best. An old writer tells us that a badger may be killed in less than a moment by giving it a blow on the snout. A badger hunt is usually set for a moonlight night. All his earths are carefully stopped, except one or two; then much pains are taken to find the animal, a dozen of terriers, or other dogs, being put on the hunt; each dog is taken a distance away from the burrow of the animal, and at one time all the dogs begin to wear in to the haunt or hole of the beast. When a badger is found there ensues a 'bloody commotion;' the bull-terriers fight with desperation, their necks being protected by leathers, made for the purpose. To prevent the escape of the animal, in the event of its defeating the dogs—which it sometimes does with great ease—empty sacks are artfully introduced into the mouths of the holes, strong strings being attached, and when the animal is sacked, the cords are drawn to secure it. The poor brock thus caged is kept for future sport, or at once cruelly given over to half-a-dozen dogs, in a place from whence there is no escape. This is a kind of sport with which no true sportsman can have the least particle of sympathy, the very essence of sporting being that the beast shall have 'law' and a chance of escape, which in the kind of *brutality* described is impossible. It is not the first time that a sow and boar of the badger family have fought a tremendous battle in order to give their pigs time to escape from the enemy, which they have had the

\* 'Clever Nanny,' who lived at the 'hill-foots' (the Ochill hills), made a salve from badger's fat which was at one time in great request all over the counties of Stirling and Perth, the poor people using it for burns and scalds, and indeed for all sorts of hurts and wounds. The recipe for the making of the 'saw,' as it was called, used to cost a few shillings, and so widespread was 'Nanny's' celebrity that many persons sent for it. An old chum from Tillicoultry, when at college, used to speak of a 'badger's den' which was situated somewhere about Dollar, or at any rate in Kinross-shire. I regret now that I never asked for the name of the place; it might have proved interesting to trace it out, and perhaps find some old resident of the parish able and willing to tell us all about it. I am nowadays not above gleaning information of the sort from all who possess it; it can always be made useful.

good fortune to do. The badger is made to be shaken, his skin being so voluminous as to be quite loose on his body; he turns on his back and in that position is able to give his enemies a 'fearful hug.' I am told by a naturalist friend that badgers are still occasionally to be found in some districts of Yorkshire, and that they have been hunted once or twice in the old fashion above described. So much for the badger.

I take the present opportunity of harking back to the subject of hares and rabbits. My recent estimate of the numbers of these animals, which are used for food in the United Kingdom, was far too modest. My excuse for its being so was the desire to keep all figures within bounds, so as not to be guilty of exaggeration. In Glasgow and Edinburgh I am told that over 250,000 pairs of rabbits are disposed of every year. Taking the population of these two cities and their dependencies of outlying villages and small towns as being one million, it would be fair enough to take the rabbit consumption of the kingdom at a similar ratio; which for thirty-three million persons would give a total rabbit consumption of—well, I cannot trust myself to set down the figures, they are so vast. As to the rabbit consumption of other countries than our own, it has been ascertained by Mr. P. L. Simmonds that 70,000,000 of these animals are eaten in France, the value of the whole being counted as amounting to over 5,000,000*l.* sterling; the value of the skins being estimated as amounting to another half-million. Hare skins were at one time of great value. Where I am writing at present I have the advantage of the experience of a very intelligent game-dealer who has been fifty years in the trade, and who tells me that he has seen the day when he used to obtain as much for one hare skin as he now obtains for a couple of hares, namely from 5*s.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* Dishonest keepers in those days used to kill the hares by the dozen, skin them and then burying the bodies, they dried the skins and sent them to their friends to be disposed of to the dealers. At the present time hare skins are not nearly so valuable, 6*d.* each being given for the very best samples, 2*d.* and 4*d.* being obtained for seconds and suckers. In many cases the wool is shorn off and sent to Germany and other places to be manufactured into imitation furs. The present price of hares runs from 2*s.* 10*d.* to 3*s.* 3*d.*, and dealers who give more cannot make much at the business unless they receive the greater proportion of their number in December. During the latter end of October and in November hares become so exceedingly plentiful that they can be bought at very reasonable prices. These animals have steadily risen in price since 1856-7, when the price of a hare was seldom above 2*s.* The best way to use a hare is to convert it into soup, made with the blood of the animal and well-flavoured with celery. Hare soup is excellent indeed. As to the number of hares which are annually sold in the United Kingdom, it has been estimated at one million, which in my opinion is no exaggerated figure.

## RICHARDSON'S SHOW.

'RICHARDSON'S Show' proper was an old English institution when stage coaches, road waggons, and country fairs were, and railways were not; and we, who were bred and brought up in country villages, were inoculated with our first love of dramatic art by strolling players, and gazed with admiration and awe on the wicked baron, attired in a slashed coat, fleshings and brickdust boots, and strutting about in a red velvet hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, who was always ordering the 'captive maiden' (a stout woman his wife in private life) 'to be bound in fetters and in-car-cerated in the lowest dun-ge-on of the cas-tle moat, and there await his ven-ge-ance.' We all remember how the comic man used to come down the chimney and strike off the maiden's fetters, and produce any amount of provisions and a goblet of Malvoisie and inform her that an army is coming to her relief, and that she must 'dissemble' with the wicked baron; how the wicked baron was alone plotting her death if she still refused his love; how the ghost of one of his murdered wives used to appear in blue fire to him and say, 'Beware!' how he defied the ghost and instructed the murderers to boil the maiden in oil. Then the castle would suddenly burst into flames through the cunningness of the comic man, and the gallant Alonzo—whom we never knew of before except through the prayers of the virtuous maiden—appeared on the scene and killed the wicked baron in single combat, and the faithful maid of the captive maiden (afterwards Columbine) rushed in with Alonzo's party and, on being kissed by the comic man, said 'Did you do that on purpose?' and, on the comic man repeating the dose, exclaimed, 'Well, I am surprised!' and instantly danced a 'breakdown' with him, pending which Alonzo appeared with the captive maiden, and both knelt and thanked 'a gracious 'caven,' as the ghost of the baron's first wife crossed the stage in dumb show to the slow music of a flageolet and fiddle, gave her blessing, and the red and blue and green fire was lit and our play was over.

Well, these scenes occurred many years ago and are now dead and gone; though, strange to say, many good actors, the great Edmund Kean and Buckstone included, made their first bow before an audience in a booth at a fair, and left lasting names behind them.

There is another Richardson's Show now in London—which I attended on February 3rd, which day I mark with a white stone—and that show is one of the many revivals of the past of another kind, and I want to give my testimony in favour of it; and my testimony is very valuable, as I never spoke to any one connected with it except the person in whose honour the show was held, and probably shall never see it again, as the cares and responsibilities of life prevent me from often indulging in idleness and pleasure; in fact I have no interest in the house or the sparring people connected with

it. I saw in the Sporting press that Jem Ward, now in his eightieth year, was going to take a benefit at Mr. W. Richardson's in Shore-ditch, and, though sceptical about public-house sports generally, I was so certain that Jem Ward would not lend himself to any black-guard performance, that I went to the benefit. I had sat next old Jem Ward at a boxing exhibition (?) in Newman Street, Oxford Street, about two years since, which was a regular *fiasco*, and a low swindle, and nine-tenths of the programme was unfulfilled; and but for the exertions of an amateur, who sparred magnificently with a good professional, there literally was nothing to see for my five shillings. That was the first public sparring—except at St. James's Hall, where the Household Brigade have illustrated the noble art most admirably—which I had been to since old Tom Cribb's benefit at Lambeth, which must have occurred much over thirty years ago. On that occasion one of the best exhibitions of the evening was a set-to between Tom Spring and Jem Ward, two of the ex-champions, the latter having received the belt from Spring in 1831. Having renewed my acquaintance with old Jem Ward since the Newman Street benefit, and having visited him at his home at the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, and inspected his pictures, I made up my mind to go to Richardson's, where I found him as upright as a dart, as fresh as a kitten, and acting as M.C., and receiving the visitors. I must repeat that I am not advertising this 'Richardson's show' in particular (as there may be dozens of places where sparring is equally well conducted), and there was not a soul there whom I knew by sight even, except Johnny Walker; but I have a right to speak well of an entertainment which was admirably carried out. And first I will say what I missed, comparing this to some benefits very many years ago. In the first place I was not dunned by a lot of fellows with broken noses and a 'deal of barren tract of country 'behind the ear,' as Dickens remarked of prizefighters, to take tickets for their benefit; nor was I sponged on for drinks by roughs who had drunk too much already. Secondly, I did not see the slightest symptom of intoxication. And thirdly—and this is the most important—I *never heard a single word* of bad language, which used to be the curse of the Ring. As you may remember, Mr. Baily, one of the popular Masters of the Ceremonies in days gone by was 'Jem Turner, the D'Orsay of the ring,' a man with a good deal of dry humour and admirable temper. He has an able successor at Richardson's, cognomine 'Jemmy Goode,' himself a professional sparrer, a good-looking man, with great firmness and conciliatory manner, who kept first-rate order, and brought the boys up to time, and stopped them if any semblance of bad and angry blood appeared. I am not a well-qualified judge of sparring, but it certainly struck me that was some very superior science, and there was no mistake about the hitting. A large majority appeared 'in the buff,' and 'a shower of browns' was the order of the day. The spectators, to a great extent, were the lads of the village from the east end of London, and the sparring-room was packed to the ceiling.



On the reserved side, for admission to which the price was half-a-crown, the arrangements were very comfortable, and being an early arrival, I was fortunate enough to get a front seat next the ring which appeared to be about sixteen feet square, and had for my neighbour a dear old ring-goer, aged seventy-seven, a very superior man, who told me that he had been 'hatter to the ring' all his life, and that he was well known as 'Joey Evans.' The old boy had seen most of the notorious fights in the days of Dick Curtis, young Dutch Sam, Owen Swift, Brighton Bill, Anthony Noon, Johnny Broome, &c., &c., and had been a constant visitor to the Tennis Court in days gone by. It was pleasant to see the delight he took in the sparring, which he pronounced as excellent.

The wonderful thing was to see Ward put on the gloves with 'Professor Flynn.' The old warrior was not going in for sham play, and he rattled away and tripped the Professor, and putting in one from his shoulder at the same time sent him through the ropes. His quickness was miraculous, and I could only say that I would rather have five rounds with the Professor than three with Jem Ward. There was one magnificent set-to between an amateur, Burke, who won the middle-weight champion prize at the German Gymnasium, and Symonds, in which the amateur got the best of it, and a fourth round was demanded and fought out with great spirit and science.

Reviewing the whole performance, I can honestly say, that without a single disagreeable incident, I saw three hours of good sport, and enjoyed the company of my old friend the ring-goer, who told me that half the pleasure of his evening was seeing the way I appreciated the sparring. I wish I had had an artist with me to sketch one or two of the characters. I must describe one, a handsome man towards the eighties, and there was no mistaking him; he was an old stage-coachman. His overcoat betrayed him, one of the old box-coats, very thick, of superfine cloth, which would almost stand alone, a red belcher handkerchief, and a George the Fourth hat; he wore gloves, and was smoking a good cigar; his whiskers and hair were carefully trimmed, and he had that ruddy colour and clear eye which belong to men who have passed a great part of their lives exposed to the weather. He never for a moment took his eye off the boxers, and was heart and soul in the performance. It is a matter of great congratulation that boxing now is a leading sport in athletics, and I fancy, if we knew the fact, that a hundred men in the upper and middle classes can spar now to one who could do so years ago when the ring was leading a hole-and-corner existence, and the patronage of the higher orders was mostly confined to officers in the Household Brigade and frequenters of Limmers'. I was pleased to see a programme of Dulwich College a short time since, in which it was stated that a professor of boxing was engaged. Boxers now who keep civil and sober can get plenty of engagements, and if all places are conducted as well as Richardson's rooms were on the occasion of Jem Ward's benefit, every one must wish the promoters

well, as the men hit quite hard enough for excitement, and the trial of pluck is unmistakable. It was remarked in the papers that the west-end division were conspicuous by their absence, and I think members of the clubs who want to spend a pleasant evening would do well in visiting the east end, and encourage those who arrange the sparring exhibitions, as they would see plenty of life without blackguardism. A suggestion was made in one of the sporting papers that there should be a grand athletic tournament of fencing, stick play, boxing, &c., for old Jem Ward at St. James's Hall—if possible under royal patronage—at which all the best men in England, amateurs and professionals, especially the soldiers in the Household Brigade, should show. If such a thing could be carried out it would be worth any one's while to go, if only to see the octogenarian put on the gloves. A thing of this kind was done for the Soldiers Orphans' Home some fourteen years ago, and the ladies were charmed with the boxing, which was exhibited before them for the first time.

It is hoped that now boxing and glove-fights are in the ascendant, so long as sports are respectably conducted no magistrates will listen to the Maw-worms. Hundreds of people who claim to be 'very respectable and good' go to the Aquarium and witness the horrible sight of a woman jumping off the roof into a net, and who would be shocked at their sons going to a boxing match; the sensation jump business being, in reality, a low, brutalising, cowardly exhibition, whereas the latter is a display of manly courage and pluck. During this month an unfortunate actress, Zæo, was frightfully smashed, and I see no reason why the spectators should not be legally guilty of manslaughter in the event of a fatal accident at exhibitions of this kind, just as those who aided and abetted at a fatal prize fight used to be. Once send a bevy of 'very respectable people' to prison for the offence, and the performances would cease, as their natural cowardice would keep the morbid-minded away.

F. G.

## THE LAW OF L.B.W. FURTHER CONSIDERED.

MR. BAILY,—May I take up the gauntlet on behalf of the modern school of batsmen, flung down to them by your respected correspondent 'F. G.'? As it is less than ten years since I represented my University, I think my claim to the word 'modern' is fairly established. First to tackle 'F. G.'s' series of posers:—

I. For what purpose do I suppose pads were invented? All I can say, sir, is that 'F. G.' answers this as well as, or better than, I could myself, in his account of their first appearance in Eton v. Harrow. I believe there is no batsman who loves pads for anything but the protection they give him, and one has to pay for one's immunity in the shape of speed between the wickets being considerably lessened.

2. No, sir; I have no objection to the size of pads being limited, though I do not quite see how a maximum beyond which none may go is to be decided: one thing I *am* sure of; that, with no pads, or smaller pads, the unsatisfactory 'bowled off his legs' would be much more uncommon. As a matter of statistics, I should much like to know how many leg byes and how many wickets are the result of pads. I should think that at least four wickets per match are due to the pads, and (shall we say?) twelve leg byes—a poor result from the batsman's point of view. Please, 'F. G.,' leave us the meagre margin of L.B.'s.

As to Question 3, I can only say that 'F. G.' has my entire sympathy; the only objection that I can see is the difficulty of deciding from the umpire's standpoint whether or not a ball, pitching on the legs, would, unobstructed, have hit the wickets. Personally, I would be willing to leave this to the umpire.

No. 4, sir, staggered me. I rushed to my rack; applied the tape to my well-oiled favourites, and found them all between  $4\frac{1}{4}$  and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The difference is not great, but it makes a great difference, and I was very much surprised to find that bats which I had bought in all innocence of spirit were not *selon règle*. I beg to tender sincere apologies to all bowlers whom I have nicked off my off-stump for four. Will bat-manufacturers see to this for the future?

To my mind, the umpire is to be trusted in one case as much as another, in his L.B.W. as well as his 'handled ball' decisions, and I think, for the honour of what 'F. G.' calls the 'modern school' of batsmen, the number of cases when the batsman scowls, swears and retreats, are comparatively few. Umpires *are* mortal; and I have seen many a batsman, well set and ousted by some flagrant decision, go out and 'look pleasant.' Surely we may have this set down to our credit, to balance the ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike behaviour of a small minority.

As to No. 6, I have never heard anyone wish to limit the umpire's power; as the law now stands, he is virtually omnipotent. 'Out, and I win half-a-crown!' is the reputed *bon (?) mot* of a country umpire, as a last man retired L.B.W., and it was too late to put Law 43 into execution. I fancy most men would not object to a small addition to his not 'little,' but 'brief authority.'

Seventhly, I do *not* think that it is fair to roar 'How's that?' into an umpire's ear, and what is more, I never heard a batsman do it, and cannot quite conceive a case in which he would. Surely this is an act of which wicket-keepers and bowlers are more frequently guilty, some of whom are celebrated for their skill in 'rushing' the inexperienced umpire.

I have tried to answer 'F. G.'s questions in, I hope, a fair and unbiassed spirit. May I ask one in return? Is amateur cricket, as played at present, confined to slashing hitting, obstruction of straight balls with the leg, and a wish to suppress the umpire? That a few men are distinctly superior to any past cricketers; that there is an

enormous number of good batsmen of the second class—men fit, not perhaps for Gentlemen *v.* Players, but certainly for county matches, and that amateur fielding is first-rate,—will, I hope, be admitted. Is their bowling so very inferior? First-class amateurs, the best bats in the kingdom, can score off it, it is true; but the second-rate amateurs and the professionals, with a few exceptions, are not much at home with it. Such bowlers as Messrs. Buchanan, Steel, Evans, Grace, Appleby, *cum paucis aliis*, are enough to put the most tried batsmen on their mettle.

A word or two of criticism on another part of 'F. G.'s' article, and I have done. Is not the L.B.W. law gradually correcting itself? I mean, are not the bowlers all taking to bowling over the wicket, where they have the full advantage of the law, as well as that of an umpire, often in a black coat, behind the arm? Not that I wish to put the round-wicket bowlers at a disadvantage; but still, they *are* in a minority, and as such *are* the more liable to go to the wall. That is the last thing I could wish: in fact, could the law be adjusted so as to give them the same chance as their brethren, I, for one, should hail the improvement with pleasure.

Once more, is 'the draw' to be commended? 'F. G.' proposes that the legs be drawn out of the way. There is only one name which schoolboys would apply to this manœuvre, the anything but euphonious one of 'funking.' Where would the Harrow peg for the right foot be then? and what is to be done to get a straight bat on to a ball breaking fast across to the off-stump?

These, sir, are my humble attempts at criticism on 'F. G.'s' article. I don't think he will accuse me of 'vulgar abuse,' and I hope, if you think fit to put this into your magazine, he will think it worth an answer.

W. J. F.

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## HUNTING IN WALTHAM FOREST.

IN times long past, Waltham, or what is better known as Epping Forest, extended over the larger half of Essex, beginning at Stratford Bridge and extending to Manningtree, on the borders of Suffolk; nearly the whole of the county being at that time included in this once royal domain, and subject to what would now be called unjust and cruel forest laws, many of which, however, were repealed in the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is not intended to go back to those early times. Those who wish for information on such matters may find all they require in that old and somewhat scarce book, 'Manwood on Forest Law.' The time to which attention is called goes back some fifty years or more, when Waltham Forest was still known as a 'noble Royalty,' and one (with the exception of the New Forest and possibly one other) of the largest in England; fallow deer might then be counted by hundreds; also a few red deer might now and then be met with. Proper officers were appointed

for the protection of these fine woodlands. A Lord Warden and his deputy, four verderers, thirteen master keepers, supposed to be gentlemen of landed estate, and under them thirteen under-keepers, whose office it was to protect the vert and venison; that is, deer, beast and bird, and fowl of forest, and the green food on which they fed and afforded shelter. Also to make presentment at the courts of attachments (formerly held every forty days), of all offences in vert, venison, or otherwise committed within the forest. These men appeared in jackets of Lincoln green—a pleasing sight to see—reminding one of long past ‘forest days.’ There was formerly a riding ranger, and over certain districts reeves, whose business it was to see the forest driven (that is, cleared of cattle) once a-year, when the does were dropping their fawns.

Bred and born and educated within the Forest of Waltham, and obtaining in very early life a licence, or deputation, for sporting over all parts of it, and exercising our right for forty years, we became acquainted with many circumstances connected with hunting and other sporting matters, unknown to, or at least forgotten, by the very few now living who could trace their memory back so far; therefore believing these old recollections may possibly amuse some of the readers of ‘Baily’s Magazine,’ we sit down to do our best.

Hounds for centuries appear to have hunted red deer, fox, and hare, within the two forests of Waltham and Hainault. The earliest we have any authentic account of was a pack of staghounds, which came to an untimely end somewhere about the year 1797. The following account is taken principally from the ‘Annual Register’ of that date. It appears that Mr. Mellish, an opulent London merchant, was master of this pack, which was supported by subscription, mostly from London gentlemen; they confined themselves entirely to red-deer, then fairly plentiful. Mr. Mellish, with his friend Mr. Bosanquet, a banker, and another gentleman, had been hunting near Windsor with the ‘King’s’ staghounds. Returning to London at night, when crossing Hounslow Heath in a post-chaise, three highwaymen rode up to the chaise-window and fired two pistols into it, but with no ill effect; they demanded money, which was given. The men then rode away; shortly after, one of them returning, fired a third shot in at the window; the ball struck Mr. Mellish in the centre of his forehead, and the man galloped off. Mr. Mellish was taken to the Three Magpies inn on the heath, medical assistance was called in, but the case was pronounced hopeless. He then called for writing materials, made his will, and shortly after expired. The culprit was never detected; the murder was believed to be from some other cause than mere plunder. These were the last staghounds that hunted Waltham Forest, save a few stragglers kept together by the well-known family of Rounding. Red-deer soon became extinct. The last stag, a noble animal, we remember once to have seen on Hainault about the year 1824 or 1825.

From information gathered from various sources we find that harriers have for ages hunted in these once extensive woodlands.

The first pack we can call to mind was the property of, and kept at the sole expense of a Mr. Robinson, a gentleman then residing at Friday Hill, an old manorial house at Chingford, which descended through the female line to the ancient family of Heathcote. The old house was celebrated for its ghost, which was believed to have haunted it for centuries; so well was this ghost story believed that no villager would venture near it after nightfall. This old mansion was pulled down about thirty-five years ago, and a large and handsome edifice erected in its place, now the residence of the head of the Heathcote family; the present owner being lord of the manor and owner of a large estate in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Robinson hunted in Hainault as well as Waltham for some years, but gave the hounds up somewhere about the year 1824; the country then became vacant and remained so until about 1825 or 1826, when a London gentleman of the name of Pulsford came to reside in the neighbourhood and started a pack, which afforded much sport, as far as a woodland country could do so. The huntsman to this pack was William Watkins, forest keeper over the Chingford Walk, whose father and grandfather had both been paid servants of the Crown, as well as his son Charles, who succeeded his father, dying not very long ago.

Mr. Pulsford continued master until 1830, about which time he died. The old country again became vacant, until Mr. Mills, of Claybury Hatch, got together a scratch pack, but soon getting tired of them, handed them over to Mr. Gore, a gentleman then living at The Harts, Woodford, who not knowing much about hunting persuaded Mr. Henry Vigne to join him. The partnership soon ended, and Mr. Vigne becoming sole owner matters mended apace. This distinguished and thoroughly good sportsman set to work in earnest, obtaining drafts from many foxhound kennels, and in a few years got together as sightly a lot of hounds as could be seen, go where you might. Of late years Mr. Vigne has formed his pack entirely of bitches, and at the present time thirteen couple, for symmetry of form, speed and nose, could scarcely be found, search where you would. It would be hard, out of these twenty-six beauties, for the best of judges to pick six of the best, but if there be a preference, it would be given to Bridesmaid, Gossamer, Daisy, Rachel, Constance and Sensitive.

At the commencement of the present season, just before the frost set in, this pack, when trying for a hare in their woodland country, had, for harriers, an extraordinary run: getting on the line of a fox, they ran him forty-five minutes without a check, the six above-named hounds 'at head' throughout the whole, when he was run into and killed; adopting Mr. Vigne's own words, 'they ate him clean up,' before brush, mask, or even a pad could be saved.

For the first five or six years Mr. Vigne confined himself almost entirely to his forest country; and for those who really enjoyed hunting for hunting's sake, the runs afforded much sport for those who possessed a quick eye, sharp ear, and fine hand, all these being

requisite to ride well to so fast a pack in an extensive woodland like unto Hainault forest, which in those days counted near six thousand acres.

From Mr. Vigne's extreme popularity, and being such a general favourite among all, he soon had invitations from landowners, as well as tenant farmers, to 'try their holdings or lands for a hare.'

As time wore on, he acquired what might be called an extensive uninclosed country. On the north was Epping and its surroundings, Wheald Hall, Waltham Abbey, and Nazing; on the south, Aibridge, Chadwell Heath, and many other estates and farms entirely independent of his forest country, over which he hunted in right of his forest licence, granted him many years ago. Would space and time allow, I could record many brilliant runs I have enjoyed with this charming little pack; one fast engraven on my memory, though very many years ago, will ever be remembered. It was from 'Caen Wood,' a covert now cut down. At those times we hunted regularly with the 'Old Squire of Copped Hall,' and we never remember a better or faster thing, even in the Roothing country, said to be one of the best ploughs in England.

Alas! what has this once noble Royalty come to?—a gigantic tea-garden! cut, or about to be cut, into parterres, grass roads, artificial lakes, and grand hotels, and other buildings; and these once russet woodlands, studded here and there with overgrown beershops, where in times long past the mighty stag and his queenly hind laid down 'at rest,' and herds of his more humble congeners, the 'fallow deer,' stood 'at gaze;' or on oozy slades where snipe and woodcock fed at nightfall, and on higher grounds where hares and rabbits frisked at eventide, tethered donkeys let out at sixpence the hour, Aunt Sally, pitch-and-toss, and other Cockney abominations find their place!

When first the Corporation of London took Waltham forest in hand, it was hoped at least the greater part of Waltham forest would have been left intact—many believing the love of the chase was about to be revived, or had never quite died out among these civic gentlemen; for hunting certainly once was the amusement of Londoners, for we read in an old black-letter book how 'The Lord Mayor of London, and his Court of Aldermen went out to hunt the hare in Finsbury Fields; it being reported to his Lordship that one was found, he gallantly drew his sword, exclaiming, "Let him come; we are prepared to meet him!"'

At the time we are attempting to give some account of Waltham and Hainault forest, it numbered near sixteen thousand acres, and in a shooting point of view was not to be despised; many a good day, to a real sportsman, was then to be had; a mixed bag of ten to fifteen head was of common occurrence; but as this letter has been confined to hunting, let us end; and should it find favour with the readers of 'Baily's Magazine,' another day perhaps we may give a further sketch of what the never-to-be-forgotten forest of Waltham once was.

In taking leave of Mr. Vigne and his unrivalled pack of harriers, we have but little more to say beyond wishing him and his 'many happy returns of the new year,' and that the 'yule log,' bound with its seven fillets, so lately blazing on his hospitable hearthstone, may continue to do so many a Christmas-eve yet to come, and the same good wishes to that fair lady who so often graces the hunting field with her presence, and when hounds 'mean running,' is ever to be seen in the foremost rank, be the scent never so burning nor the fences never so stiff, and let not Hurrell be forgotten, who about this time enters his twenty-fourth season as huntsman to the Forest Harriers, and Mr. Vigne his forty-seventh as Master.

THE OLD FORESTER.

## JAMAICA JOTTINGS.

(Concluded.)

MANDEVILLE, whither we had brought our adventurer, is, as might be supposed by any one at all familiar with the British stud book (human), as compiled by such luminaries as Lodge, Debrett, and Sir Bernard Burke, the capital of Manchester, called after a certain duke of that ilk, who governed the colony to his own and everybody's satisfaction in the days prior to emancipation, when the planters were all loyal, and the coloured races, if discontented and aspiring, were outwardly satisfied with their condition, and were kept in too good discipline to dare to murmur outwardly, much less hint at the rights of man and the wrongs of woman, with a view to their redressing. This Duke of Manchester was popular, and if not a great patron of sport, or an active owner of running horses, as was the Marquis of Normanby during his satrapy of the island, was a very Erichthonius in the matter of wheels and teams. It is a neat little mountain town or village, bright with white paint and whitewash, and were it not for the shingle roofs and the green jalousies and verandahs, one might almost fancy oneself in an English hamlet in midsummer. The course, as we narrated in a previous number, is a circular one, or to speak more accurately, elliptical, and one side is a portion of the High Street, though to make the going a wee bit softer for the race-horses' hoofs, mud and sand has been scraped over the roughest places, and a band of hoers has been set to clean and 'sprucify' it for the annual festa. A few negroes with their machetes have also cleared 'the bush' within the ring, and as a part of this consisted of the guava tree, which we in England know by its delicious jelly, the operation was by no means tedious or difficult. A stand has been run up, with a smaller edifice close to it for the stewards of the meeting, and the number of booths scattered over the cleared ground suggests the days when we went gipsying a long time ago, or a little military encampment. But one booth eclipsed all the others in magnitude and magnificence. This was Sarah Manning's—*la Vénus noire*—



though rather a different personage from Zola's recent creation. In warm countries fat, from its rarity, is greatly esteemed. A fat man is accounted beautiful; a very fat woman the incarnation of loveliness; just as in the East the moon-faced houri outstrips competition in the beauty race. Sarah was on the grandiose scale, black as a coal (not *Scacole* of Crimean fame—for she was a brunette more or less), with a trainante voice, and what would be called in Ireland a 'soothing' caressing manner. She had the privilege of retailing the 'winning bowls,' and as some of these cups of comfort mounted up to 50*l.*, including minor orders, it may be imagined her monopoly was a useful one.

To a lounging idler it was a curious sight to watch the arrivals in the town on the day prior to the meeting. Here is the attorney (which means the extensive land agent who manages cattle and sugar estates for absentee proprietors) driving up in an American buggy pulled by three horses abreast—one in shafts, and an outrigger on either side. He has a black coachman with him, and a light boy behind manages to bring along with him his master's cob, a tower of strength, and two spare carriage horses, for the roads leading up to mountainous Mandeville have an evil reputation, and it used to be no uncommon sight to view half a dozen derelict vehicles by the edge of one of those muddy tracks called roads, when 'the seasons' came down in earnest. Another planter of less status (for 'the attorney' is a *custos rotulorum*, and is known as 'Mr. Custos'), rides up to the hotel of the place with a sumpter mule carrying two portmanteaus, one on either side, and a lad rides behind him with a couple of wallets on the pommel of his saddle. Altogether, a mighty muster seems imminent, and every house and pen in the vicinity is crammed with race guests. Now the gentle reader is not to imagine that when a stranger drives up to a planter's hall-door with four or five horses and a black boy or two, and, producing a letter of introduction or quoting a message from a mutual friend, claims hospitality for a day or a night, at least, he puts his host out, as a similar irruption would a country gentleman in England, the planter at once bids him welcome, gives him a drink and a cigar, and thus makes him free of the house; the horses are turned out to graze along with his own, and the negro lads fraternise with their black brethren in the servants' quarters, and are no extra trouble or expense to entertainer or entertainee. Even at an hotel the horses are very rarely stabled; they are turned out in 'the grass piece,' and come up at any hour in the morning all the fresher for the dews which come down like rain on the tender or tough herbage. Nor can there ever be starvation known so long as chickens are obedient to the primeval law of multiplication of species, so that what with plantains and yams, and sweet potatoes and ham omelettes, and some tinned condiments, no Jamaica cook need ever fear the invasion of guests, though they may arrive on banyan days (or those on which the butchers' supplies fail), and in troops which would appal a European *maitre d'hôtel*. As for liquor 'in the fifties,' every planter

of standing had his stock of Madeira by him, *ribeiro secco*, while Gordon's or Blackburn's brands were largely imported, and failing these foreign drinks, there was always the native rum wherewithal to cheer the heart of man.

Of course there is an ordinary on the ante race-day, and our friend attended it. Champagne flowed like water, that is to say very mineral gaseous water, and in proportion utterly irreconcilable with the number of guests. The talk was engrossed by the noble animal, in other words he was the subject and predicate of almost every sentence, and, till the reign of wildness and incoherency began, some amusing anecdotes were flying about, principally connected with the post-prandial romance of the chase that was to be found even in these far-western latitudes, when, like the lotus-eaters, men were given not a little 'to lie beside their nectar.' It seems that a good many years ago a popular and highly-salaried official, a *quasi* high sheriff for the island, called the Provost-Marshall General, had set up a peripatetic pack of draghounds in the island, and finding the climate of Manchester and St. Elizabeth to be most congenial to the constitution of his hounds, and that wider stretches of galloping-ground could be had here than in other districts, and that here men were fonder of pursuit and took to the best edition of the sport of kings which the land afforded more kindly than elsewhere, much hunting was done in these plateau lands and savannahs. Plethoric purses and sporting proclivities are not always united; and the story goes that one of these sportsmen, when he wanted a dollar in bullion, used to jump the pound wall of the parish, make his second horseman follow him, and having removed the saddles and bridles, used to claim the fee for the trespassers he had impounded. The latter, finding the pound-keeper was but a moderate horsemaster, would jump the wall back again and reappear in their native haunts ere many hours.

Duelling, which was once as fashionable in Jamaica as in Galway, was dying out now, but the last incomplete specimen of the practice in the island did much to abolish the absurd ordeal by gunpowder. There had been a strong difference of opinion at one of their race ordinaries, strong language ensued, and a meeting was arranged. The cool captain was the challenger, and, as no one else would aid him, *his wife* seconded him. The neighbourhood had assembled to witness the shooting match, and the challengee was sure, as a local favourite, to be strongly supported. Just as the hour of fate was imminent a friend reported that the cool captain was on the ground and was amusing himself, and killing *time*, by pulling oranges off a tree, throwing them up in the air and hitting every one with the precision of a Carver. The report, acting upon a proper sense of self-respect, led to an immediate apology and reconciliation.

The race morning was of course resplendent. I should think, if an accurate account of the various meetings held in the island for the last twenty-five years could be collected, such a phenomenon as a shower would hardly find a place therein. Of course this is a point

in favour of plumage and parasols; and 'the lilies,' who were *considered* to-day, were very magnificent whether they toiled or whether they span. Her Majesty's Plate of 100 sovs.—really given by the island treasury—was the first event, because, consisting of three-mile heats, it was sure to be a long affair, and the steward, who was bound to be at the distance-post, was glad to have it over. The first three miles was won by a smart Javelin filly; then a Black Doctor colt, three years old, won the next; after that there was a fearful ding-dong contest between two St. Anne's horses, Antæus and Black Beauty, in which the former won two out of three heats, having thus covered fifteen miles, and been stretched to his utmost for a good deal of the distance. A ferocious-looking Sambo man, *in boots*, rode him, and rode him winningly, if he butchered him frightfully; but the lime-tree fruit quickly repairs the fiercest ravages of spurs. This Sambo was a little over-weight a few hours before the race, but a turn at the shay-shay in the booths, with the Nautch girls, very soon brought him down to the ounce. Not so an Englishman who was riding in the next race (for Corinthians); he had been trying for a week to get rid of fourteen pounds overweight, and took fearful exercise in sweaters, though generally in the cool. So exhilarating, however, was the climate, and so promotive of eating and drinking, that when he went to scale, the evening before the race, the odious fourteen pounds was all there. He took it off in two walks before riding, but was so weak in consequence he could not finish up the hill, and ran two seconds with the best of the horses under him. The Two-year-old Stake was the prettiest race of the meeting; though why these juveniles should have to run a mile and a half seems incomprehensible to our ideas. However, they did the distance handsomely, the winner turning up in a rather hollow-backed Javelin filly. Twenty started, for this plate, 6 st. each the impost. The interest of the second day was absorbed in the Leger, which was won in hollow style by Portland, a curiously-bred horse, who was looked upon as a *quasi lusus naturæ* here, for he was not thoroughbred—or even Spanish bred, the next thing to it—but the son of a thoroughbred creole mare by an officer's charger, who swam ashore from the wreck of an American brigantine, and was put to the stud because he was said to have been a Priam colt. This horse, a powerful, strong-going weight carrier, after a successful career in Jamaica, and after running untold miles in heat races, on ground like adamant, was shipped for England, where he won a good steeplechase at Warwick, I think, and had the honour of being quoted a good favourite for the Liverpool of his year, for which I don't think he ever started. The pony race, for animals under 14 hands, brought out a really good class, and such as polo men would bid high for in these days. A 'Chit-chat' horse won the Maiden Plate, two-mile heats, and the filly who won the first heat of the Queen's Guineas picked up the Consolation Plate for beaten horses. Our friend's eyes were opened to the possibilities of racing anywhere and everywhere, for no accident had occurred on either day; after all

these fierce contests there was not one break-down or sprung tendon, nor did he hear, on those sharp gradients, a single case of thick wind, much less roaring. This was accounted for by the local experts from the fact of the more natural lives the horses led here. Training was short three months at most, and when engagements were fulfilled, a run in guinea grass, for say six months, completely restored the system. As for bronchial or lung affections, the climate alone cured them, in men and women as well as in horses. And I commend the fact to stallion owners in England.

A long descent down Spur-tree Hill brought our traveller to the Plains of St. Elizabeth. Here he had some capital practice with the Virginian quail, and the ring-tailed pigeon, while the tenderness of the land-crab, cooked as it is in this parish, made him almost fain to settle here at once and take root. In the Logwood swamps he got some duck-shooting, and lunched on the oysters that cling to the mangrove-trees in the lagoons; and one evening was run away with by his pair of carriage-horses going down a steep hill, after they had covered, to his knowledge, fifty-six miles already that day. In Santa Cruz mountains he learned, to his comfort, that 'the old, old story' can be told as eloquently under the influence of the Southern Cross as in a moonlight paddle down the Thames. *Le bonheur de l'imprévu* is great. Our friend, who came out for a few weeks, has since blossomed into a semi-resident proprietor, with a fine grass farm. He has injected fresh blood among the creole mares, and his ambition is to prove some day that a racehorse can be bred in Jamaica.

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### A STRANGE DOG STORY.

No animal has had more strange anecdotes told of his sagacity and knowledge—nay, may we not call it wisdom?—than the dog, especially the sheep dog; and from the time when the Ettrick Shepherd threw all the world into amazement and wonder at the various feats of his fourfooted companion, good anecdotes of dogs have seldom been wanting. At one time I might have hesitated about writing anything concerning such a subject as the present in the pages of Baily, but now, when sheep dogs (I beg their pardon, colleys) are the chosen companions of what Jenkins calls the 'hupper circles', I feel no such compunction, the more especially as there is a spice of sport mixed up in the matter. My hero, as I have said, was a sheep dog, not a colley, but one of the rough ones years ago to be seen in the West and South of England, and the way I became acquainted with him was this.

During a pedestrian tour across some of the wild downs in the South of England, in my younger days, at least they were downs, though they are pretty much broken up and turned into corn-fields now, I chanced to fall in with a wild, rough-looking fellow, whom I at once set down as a drover. The request for a light on my part, while I at the same time handed him my tobacco-pouch from

which to fill his own pipe, soon put us on conversational terms, and we passed the time away with chat on one subject and another. The chance of commencing harvest, for the wheat was then beginning to put on the golden hue which betokens ripeness, the prospects of the crop, the price sheep were likely to make, all came under review, and I found my travelling companion wonderfully well informed on such topics, as well as others which would appear to have been out of his scope, rough-looking as he was. He told me that he generally made the journey to the great Hants and Wilts fairs and took droves of sheep back to the country nearer London, and even at times on into the hay country and the districts beyond, though he said, 'I don't count much on the farmers that way for sheep, they don't know a good un when they see un, and mainly has little scagmag 'things fit for nothen. They be more for beasts and calves in that 'country.' Then he lamented how the cheap transit by train was altogether spoiling his trade, for he said, 'A dealer will come down 'into these counties, get out at a station, buy a lot of sheep, load 'them and get them off, jump into the next train, on fifty or a 'hundred miles and do the same again, and be back home with his 'sheep before I could get half-way to London.'

Coming to a little road-side public I felt inclined for some bread and cheese and beer, and asked my new friend to join me.

'Thank ye, sir ; I always dines here with the landlord, but if 'you are stopping an hour to rest I can finish up with a crust and 'a drop of the best afterwards, and then, if you are so inclined, 'we can walk on together ; it's a lone road too, and a chat with 'a gent like you makes it seem shorter.' This was quickly agreed on ; I had my modest crust, and my companion, at another table, in company with the landlord and his wife, made such an onslaught on home-cured bacon and greens as I could not have deemed was within the compass of any one but a Red Indian who had been long on the war path in the enemy's country. At length his appetite was appeased, and a quart of the landlord's very best tap set on the table, and as the old drover swallowed his first glass of it his eyes fairly sparkled with delight. I also was fain to compliment Boniface on his tap, and ask him from whose house it was supplied.

'Whose house, sir ?' responded he indignantly ; 'you may read that 'over the door. It is brewed on the premises, and I defy any brewer 'for twenty miles round to turn out such beer.'

'How is that, my friend ? Surely they can buy as good malt and 'hops as you can ; they probably have all the most improved machinery 'and appliances for brewing, and yet you say they cannot turn out 'such beer as this. For what reason ?'

'Well, sir, they can't, not if I went there and brewed it for them ; 'and I never lets any one interfere with the brewen of my beer, bar 'myself ; and Jack here, who has travelled this road a many years, will 'tell you the same.'

'Aye, aye, that's right enough,' responded my companion of the morning. 'And when my lord down to the big house sent his

‘butler to take lessons of ye ’twas no better. I doan’t pertend to know ‘why, but so tis’, and many a tidy bet I have knowed won, about your ‘tap, hain’t I, landlord?’

‘That’s true,’ responded the host, who had sent for another pot, which he and the drover discussed, so warm had he become in the eulogy of his beer; moreover he was quite put out at my refusing to share it, and said it would hurt no one, not a hogshhead of it, and then taking me on one side, he said, ‘I wouldn’t tell everybody, sir, ‘because they thinks nobody can brew but old Simon at the Bustards, ‘and that makes all passers stop to taste his tap—but it’s the water, ‘sir, that’s the secret; there’s no such water in the world as here, ‘and that’s how ’tis they can’t get the beer.’

It was evident, I thought, that if a hogshhead would not hurt a man, the best part of a quart of it had served to make Simon talk nonsense. And there is no doubt his tongue was going freely; but I have since heard that what he said was quite true, and that the water does make all the difference.

The drover, although a much more hardened vessel than Simon, and really none the worse for his share of the extra stoup, certainly was less reserved, as we resumed our tramp over the downs, than he had been in the morning, and launched out into anecdotes of companions he had known on the road, and expatiated both on their good qualities and infirmities in a way that I don’t think he would have ventured on to a stranger in the morning, making me think of the old adage, *In vino veritas*.

‘Do ye see that long stubble-field as runs right away to the top ‘of the hill there, sir?’ he began; and on being assured that I did perfectly see it (which, as it was a hundred acres, it would have been strange had I not), he proceeded: ‘It was there I saw this old ‘dog win a bet for his master, and as it was all along of Simon’s beer ‘too, I’ll just tell you all about it. But just look at the dog first. ‘Ain’t he a nice un? Here, Brock! Brock! Come, old man, and ‘show yourself.’

I certainly saw nothing particularly nice in Brock, and for that matter, although generally fond of dogs, had scarcely noticed him. He was a kind of sheep dog, and having nothing to do with sheep I had no special interest in him; but not wishing to lower him in his owner’s estimation, or, which perhaps would have been more likely, lower myself, I admitted that he was a nice one.

‘That he is, sir, and as clever as he is good-looking; knows all ‘we have been saying, and can’t do wrong, worth ten pounds to a ‘showman.’ And he held out his stout ash plant shoulder high, over which the dog bounded like an indiarubber ball, and then, as his master changed hands with it, cleared it once more, and dropped into his place at heel, without a word being spoken.

‘He is tricky,’ I replied, as I turned to inspect him more closely, and found that he was high on the leg for a sheep dog, and looked as if he had a greyhound cross in him. I noticed this to the drover, and his answer was:

‘ Maybe he has ; I doant know ; he belonged to a pal of mine, Bill Smart—Black Bill we always called him ; and as he got into a bit of trouble, and the dog was left without a home, I took to him, or rather he took to me, and would never follow another man after.’

‘ Was he the cause of your friend’s trouble in any way ? Perhaps he poaches ?’

‘ He ! no, bless your honour ! Mayhap if he had been there Bill would never have been took ; for the dog’s rough to handle when his master’s upset. But it was all along of poaching Bill went wrong. Out with a gang, you know, sir ; met the keepers, fought, and so on, and Bill was took. He was fond of a round, and would as leave fight as eat his dinner any day ; but he was good enough at that too. Bless you, sir, Bill would not have took any amount of money for his dog, for you know he can do anything but talk ; and many’s the time he would send Brock on the road with sheep and bullocks on a dark night, while he stayed jest for one more quart of Simon’s best ; for ’twas there he always stayed longest ; and then if chance did come he had a bit of a turn up, and found it best to rest a time, he was sure to find all right when he come to again. But he could do more than that ; for he’ll see a hare in her form as far as most people, farther than some (mind, I tells you this as atween genelman, as I am sure you won’t peach ; not that I ever uses him so, for it don’t pay). And if Bill eyed one and showed him—he didn’t want much pointen, mind ye—he’d go and pick her up as clever before she moved ; and if she did get up, it was a pretty good hare to beat him, for he can hunt like a blood-hound. Well, it came about that my lord’s keeper rather jealoused that there was something up, and knowing pretty well where Bill would come along, he laid down in that little clump of furze and blackthorns you see on the boundary bank about halfway up the hill yonder, and waited. Bill came according to course, and as ill-luck would have it, what should he see but a hare sitten up as high as a mole-hill a few hundred yards off, and a sign of his finger made Brock see her too. Away he went, but she was wideawake, squat as flat as a pancake a few minutes, and then off and away, and Brock after her like wildfire. As bad luck would have it, she went straight for the keeper at fust, though Bill was easy enough, because he thought the coast was clear. I reckon that the keeper must have moved a little, and she caught eye of him and turned, or mayhap winded him, for all I know, as Bill told me it was up wind they went. However, she turned, and let Brock cut in like a sly greyhound about fifty yards this side of the bushes. The keeper let drive both barrels at the dog, but I think missed him and hit the hare, for he soon picked her up.’

‘ What happened then ?’ said I, greatly interested. ‘ Did he bring her back to Bill ?’

‘ No such fool, sir ; he went straight away with her out of sight, as he had been taught to do, and then he would wait at the next

‘ house he knew Bill used, or meet him with the hare in some quiet  
‘ spot and give it up. Down comes the keeper in a great rage, and  
‘ says : “ Hi ! drover, your dog chases hares ; why don’t you keep  
‘ “ him in ? ”

“ “ What dog ? ” asks Bill. “ I got no dog, wish I had ; mine  
‘ “ was stole at —— fair, and a tidy job I have got with this lot of  
‘ “ sheep and beasts along the road.”

“ “ That’s a lie,” said Velvetten. “ I saw your dog chase one and  
‘ “ pick her up.”

“ “ Lie is a big word, keeper ; and he that says it to me must either  
‘ “ ask pardon or fight,” said Bill pulling off his smock. “ Now, if you  
‘ “ *are a man*, put down your shooting iron twenty yards away, and  
‘ “ we’ll soon settle the matter.”

‘ Keeper had heard a little about Bill, and did not seem to care for  
‘ this, especially as he had not stopped to load his gun again, so he  
‘ drew in and said, “ Well, perhaps he was mistaken, and it was not  
‘ “ Bill’s dog after all, but a self-hunter, and he meant no offence.”

“ “ Well, that’s more reasonable, and you may thank your stars it  
‘ “ weren’t my dog, or else I must have thrashed you for shooting at  
‘ “ him. Now as I have not got one, just lend me a hand over this  
‘ “ cross-road and we’ll part friends.”

‘ So things were settled for the time and they parted, Bill satisfied  
‘ that he should pick up his hare further on, and Mr. Keeper  
‘ determined to look out sharp in future, for he felt pretty well sure  
‘ that he should meet Bill and Brock together another day ; and he  
‘ was not far wrong, for a little later on there was another large fair,  
‘ and sure enough Bill and the old dog were “ down along ” as the  
‘ West country people say. Mr. Keeper hung pretty much round  
‘ old Simon’s, for he knew that there he should meet with the party  
‘ he wanted, and sure enough one September evening in they walked,  
‘ Bill and his dog, and there sat the keeper smoking his pipe, sort of  
‘ half asleep as he looked, but for all that like weasel, with one eye  
‘ open. It so chanced that Bill was going to stop for the night,  
‘ and there being another drover or two there, after a quiet pint they  
‘ began talking about their dogs and boasting what they would do,  
‘ bringing along droves by themselves, and poor Bill was never very  
‘ backward about that, so he calls out Brock, and says, “ There now,  
‘ “ that is a dog, and I’ll wager him for a quart against anything you  
‘ “ like to bring.”

‘ At this the keeper opened his eyes and took a good survey of the old  
‘ dog, when suddenly he broke in, “ I tell you what it is, drover, that’s  
‘ “ the very dog as I shot at two months ago, and you swore he warn’t  
‘ “ yours. You don’t deceive me this time ; I knows a dog again when I  
‘ “ sees un or I ain’t no keeper. Now, look here, my friend, let me see  
‘ “ him poaching again and I’ll hold a little straighter next time, and  
‘ “ he’ll never go off with another hare as he did then.”

“ “ Don’t make a fool of yourself, keeper ; we parted civil last time,  
‘ “ let’s do so now. This is my old dog as I lost at —— fair when you  
‘ “ found me so hard up with my drove, and like a good fellow lent



“me a hand at the turning. Now look you, I shall lodge here to-night, and as far as I know can spare an hour in the mornin’; will you come up and find me and my mates a hare? because if you will I’ll bet an even gallon that you shall put her up close afore his nose and he won’t run her; and old Simon shall be umpire.”

“Done along with you,” replied the keeper. “I ain’t such a fool that I don’t know a dog again when I’ve seen him once, but look here, if he does run her I’ll shoot him on the spot.”

“Come, come, that’s rather hard lines, but if you will put down a sovereign against mine you may do as you like,” and he pulled out a piece of gold and put it on the table.

The keeper looked a little blank; that was rather a heavy price to pay in case he had made a mistake, and even keepers are only mortal after all. But every one cheered Bill’s bold offer, and told the keeper he could not in honour back out, so at last with a rueful face he fumbled out a sovereign to cover Bill’s, and both being placed in Simon’s hands, the company soon broke up, and with an agreement to meet there at five sharp the next morning, the keeper went home.

There he was next day true to time, and there was Bill, his dog, and friends also, and the only one wanting was Simon, the umpire and stakeholder. However, after some chaff under his bedroom window, he at length appeared, and saying “A sharp morning; you’ll want a glass round to keep out the cold,” unlocked his bar and commenced to “draw” as if he had never left off since the preceding night. Having done justice to his exertions, a move was made, when the keeper said, “I have a hare sitting here close handy, so we shan’t hinder you long; and now mind, if he chases her I shoot him, and collar the two quid while you pay for the beer.”

“That’s right,” said one and all, and Mr. Velvetten strode away to find his hare, just making the locks of his gun click as he let the hammers up and down, and looked viciously at Brock.

“I shall cheer him on,” he said.

“As much as you like.”

“Then we understand each other.”

The hare was soon reached, as she sat in a wheat stubble; and then arose a question of who was to put her up. This it was decided the keeper should do, and Bill set the dog at her, though he demurred that the latter was unfair. However he gave up, puss was started, Bill clapped his hands and said “loo, loo, loo,” his fellow-drovers shouted, and the keeper ran and waved his hat. All the effect the noise and confusion had on Brock was to make him put down his tail and creep closer to his master’s heels.

“Well, I’m blowed,” said the keeper, “if ever I see the like of that,” as he put his gun at half cock, and in forgetfulness actually crossed his arms over the muzzle.

Bill winked, and asked: “Whose won, umpire?”

“You have, of course.”

“Well, then, come along, and let us drink the beer. Now,

‘ “ keeper, cheer up like a man, and never be too certain you knows  
“ a dog again when you see him, in future.”

‘ However, keeper did not cheer up ; for he reckoned confidently  
‘ on winning Bill’s money and shooting his dog ; and being disappointed  
‘ in both was quite out of humour, the more especially as he had no  
‘ end of chaff to endure.

‘ When they parted Bill told him : “ You weren’t so far out after  
‘ “ all, keeper ; so don’t take it to heart. My brother has a pup, just  
‘ “ like the old dog, and he was coming along behind, and hearing me  
‘ “ holler at the bullocks, came on, when he saw the hare and chased  
“ her. He ain’t broke yet, you see, but he’ll soon come steady.”

‘ The keeper did not look quite satisfied, but had to grin and  
‘ bear it.’

‘ Well,’ said I, ‘ I should like to see Brock perform certainly, for  
‘ I never heard of such a thing.’

‘ Should ye ?’ he asked, looking significantly into my face. ‘ And  
‘ what would ye stand, and never peach ?’

‘ Well,’ I replied, ‘ I don’t like to do it, much as I want to,  
‘ because it would be poaching myself.’

‘ Aye,’ he said, ‘ I never thought of that ; but if you stand a quid,  
‘ as the keeper did, and take the hare if we catch her, you can’t  
‘ round on me. Is it a match ?’

A long time I hesitated, but at length, I shame to say, curiosity  
overcame all scruples, and I slipped a sovereign into his hand.

‘ Now,’ he said, ‘ that’s honourable ; there is no one near enough  
‘ to interfere with us, for I can see all round for a mile or two ; and  
‘ more than that, two hares sitting. You shall see the whole thing.  
‘ There she is, look, half-way up the land between the high stubble  
‘ and the ground where the rain has washed it. D’ye see her ?’

Not I ; I never could see a hare in my life until she began to run.

‘ Come along, you soon shall,’ and he walked straight to her,  
when everything happened just as he told me.

Saying ‘ The other’s close,’ away he went, and then took some  
pains to point her out to me, until at last I could make out something  
like a great lump of dirt ; round this he walked quietly, when  
an almost inaudible motion of the lips made Brock all on the alert ;  
a movement of the hand, a whispered ‘ Catch her, Brock,’ sent him  
on his game with a bound, and she died almost without a squeal. He  
would have made off with her, but a sign stopped him.

‘ Now you take her, master,’ said the man ; ‘ he shan’t hurt you :’  
but on my attempting to do so, Brock showed such a lively-looking  
set of teeth that I was fain to decline.

‘ Come, she’s yours. Let me put her into that bag at your back,’  
alluding to my knapsack, a proposition I did not feel inclined to  
resist, seeing that if I disputed Brock might have a voice in the  
matter. Sorely troubled, though, was I at my burden, not only for  
the way it had been obtained, but at its weight ; as I had never  
carried a hare before, and little thought how heavy they were.

When we reached the confines of the town the old drover touched

his hat and said: 'You'll be for the High Street, sir, no doubt; 'this is my way,' and dived off into a side lane.

What a night I had! That wretched hare haunted me through the whole of it, and I had continuous visions of irate keepers and luggage-searching bobbies. The next day I was fain to buy a brace of birds and a hamper, and despatch them, with the offending hare, to a friend in town, with a note intimating that I had fallen in with a little sport, and hoped he would not object to share the proceeds. That made some inroad on a small store of money, with the sovereign for the hare, for birds were scarce and dear; but that was not the worst. My friend would not be contented without my standing sponsor to his first-born (more outlay); and his *placens uxor* is always asking when I am going to visit my friends at — and have some more shooting. It is needless to say I have never walked that road since.

N.

## SOME NOTES ON TROUT, AND FLY-FISHING.

'When powerful Spring its virtue yields,  
And drives black Winter from the fields,  
And o'er each mead and thro' each grove,  
Blest Nature breathes her sweets of love,  
Then to the river's verdant shore  
(Near which the jolly anglers store  
In various plenty we may find)  
Repair to satiate the mind!'

THUS does Mr. Ustonson in his quaint 'Art of Angling,' to be bought in 1770 'at 48, the bottom of Bell Yard near Temple Bar,' bid the angler come forth and satiate his spirit with the ample delights of the grove and stream. He evidently is referring to the seasonableness of trout-fishing; the context indeed shows this conclusively, for, as a poetical author of another 'Art of Angling,' dated 1773, says—

'The trout of delicate complexion creeps,  
Sickly, deformed, and squalid, in the deeps,  
Lean and unwholesome, while descending snows  
Thicken the floods and searching Boreas blows.  
But when the vernal energy prevails  
O'er Winter's gelid breath, when western gales  
Curl the pure shallows, and his strength restore,  
His scales he brightens on the pebbly shore;  
His colours rise, and in the rapid maze  
Gay as the Spring the lovely wanton plays.'

And it has occurred to me, because at the time this is seen by the readers of 'Baily,' fishermen, especially in the southernmost parts of England, will be putting the fly-rod together for the pursuit of the lusty trout, that a few 'notes' on this fish and fly-fishing for it may be acceptable. I have advisedly connected the trout and 'fly-fishing' only in the title of this paper. No sportsman worthy of the name would dream of employing the minnow and worm at

such a period of the year. Hence it would not be opportune to consider at this time *all* the methods in vogue for the capture of *Salmo fario*.

First, I may be borne with while I advert with brevity to some little matters connected with the trout's personality. Of course it is understood that I am now referring solely to the brown trout of our streams, or *Salmo fario*. This fish is found all over the British isles and the continent, and is credited in the 'Angler's Museum' (1793) with being present in Alpine streams too cold to be endured by others. Be this as it may, it is an unquestionably hardy fish, and thrives and gives sport, whether found in freezing torrents or near the hot springs of West American rivers. It has one distinguishing feature, moreover, which indicates its identity wherever it may be found and prevents confusion with the other non-migratory trouts, namely, the crimson spots always found more or less over its back and sides. No matter how much its general hue may be diversified this peculiarity always exists to heighten its beauty and indicate its species.

In other respects its colours vary most remarkably according to the stratum over which the water stands or runs, its colour, and the hue of the surrounding scenery. I have met with many striking instances of this, and so doubtless have all my angler-readers. The bottom of the Lynn Ogwin, for example, is chiefly of grass-green hue, and the trout from it are tinted with a brilliant emerald gloss over their golden yellow armour, which is inexpressibly beautiful. The trout from the Spean water, Inverness, on the other hand, are of a perfectly inky colour, and look as unpleasant as Zulus. A curious instance of this conformity of hue in the fish with the surroundings is also detailed by the author of the 'Wild Sports of the West.' He describes the trout of a sheet of water possessing one shore of bog and the other of light gravel as being of different colours according to the part from which they were taken; that is to say, that those from the side of gravel were of a lighter colour than is usual with ordinary river fish, and those from the bank of bog were dark-hued, in consonance with their habitat. Perhaps the most curious fact in this narrative is that neither of these different-coloured fish invaded each other's territory. Those caught on the bog side were always dark, and those taken from the gravel side always light. It appears from experiments I have made myself as to this influence of surroundings on the tint of the fish, that the pigment exhibiting such chameleon-like power of change is contained, not by the scales but immediately under the skin. Sir H. Davy, in 'Salmonia,' expresses a similar opinion.

Pretty nearly every river differs from its neighbour in regard to the size and quality of trout. The brown trout, indeed, varies from the 'fingerling' (as our American cousins expressively call the small stunted trout of some waters) to the lordly Thames fish. Such a difference would seem to indicate in some cases a difference of species, were it not for the close alliance of structure and habits

existing between both great and small. What a difference between some of the trout of the Welsh and Irish lakes—thirteen to the pound—and the monster Thames trout taken by Harris, sen., of Weybridge,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; or the Market Drayton trout of 21 lbs.; or that from the tributary of the Avon, near Salisbury, of  $25\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; or that shown at Brooke's Club in 1832, from Lough Neagh, of 30 lbs.! What a difference, in turn, would exist between one of these and the Lake Huron trout of 72 lbs., said by Mr. Pennell to actually have been taken by a fisherman from that splendid North American lake!

Yet all these trout nathless belonged to the same family as our familiar brown trout, though some of them are so markedly different as really to excuse, if not justify, the distinctions some writers have made. Witness, for example, the 'Fordige' trout distinguished by Walton, the Gillaro or Cæca-bearer (*cæcifer*) trout separated by Davy, and that peculiar breed of trout, mentioned by Mr. Pennell, with blunt snub noses, more like a hero of the prize ring than the symmetrical fish of our Colne or Wandle, in which every curve is a line of beauty.

We are not now, however, concerned with these variations of the familiar brown trout, and may dismiss them with the scant notice already accorded; pursuing instead the 'even tenour of our way' in connection with such points of the natural history of the trout as bear directly on the fly-fisher's art. The chief of these is probably comprehended by the senses of the fish, or at any rate three of them—sight, hearing, and taste; the other two are not prominently called forward for consideration by fly-fishing. Now the sight of a trout is unquestionably splendidly developed, and it is therefore absolutely necessary for the angler to keep out of the fish's sight, or his sport will be *nil*. The trout is a remarkably shy fish, and its organs of hearing also, notwithstanding Ronald's dictum to the contrary, are complex and good. At any rate, whether the fisherman believe fish can hear in the sense we understand the word or not, he may take it from me that Christopher North was near right when he warned him 'not to blow his nose like a bagman, nor tramp up and down the bank like a paving-machine.' By the by, speaking of the trout's shyness reminds me of the fanciful poetical version of the origin of trout and pike, translated by Duncombe from Vaniere. I will not inflict the verses on the reader, but the story is as follows: The fair Trutta on a summer day feeling inclined for a bath in the river, sought the brink, and divesting herself of her drapery began to lave her lovely limbs in the translucent water. Lucius, passing by, perceived the entrancing vision, and rudely broke in upon the fair creature's solitude. She, shrieking and imploring the gods for aid, fled along the bank pursued by the amorous Lucius. Just as he was about to clasp her, the gods took pity and changed her to a trout and her pursuer to a pike. Now they exist; *she* as a beautiful, shy and timorous trout, *he* as the remorseless, ravening fresh-water shark, seeking ever whom he may

devour. The idea is pretty, but about on a par, so far as utility is concerned, with the same author's story of the carp, who originally was a sea captain changed into that fish because of his love for gold. Hence the carp, according to Pope, 'with scales bedropped with gold.' The known shyness of the trout gave rise to an excellent angler's commandment—the second of the ten published in the 'Angler's Pocket Book' (1805): 'Thou shalt not show thyself to the fish, nor let thy shadow be seen on the water.'

I have thus 'noted' one or two little points in the history of our quarry which naturally arise in connection with its general capture, and now proceed to remark more particularly on fishing with the artificial fly for this fish.

A complete consideration of fly-fishing for trout would fill a volume. An instance of the precision of this statement may be found in Stewart's 'Practical Angler,' the bulk of which is really taken up with an able essay, perhaps the ablest ever written on the subject. It is patent to every one therefore that I can do no more than refer to those chief points in the art of fly-fishing which, because of their importance or difficulty, have been the object of much thought, practice, and dispute. Let me first refer to the rod.

The *single-handed* fly rod is, in my opinion, the handiest for trout artificial fly-fishing. I am aware that Mr. Francis Francis 'goes for' a double-handed weapon, on the score of its superiority of convenience. I do not find it so. On the contrary, the freedom of one hand is to me an agreeable feature in the use of the one-handed rod. Against it may be urged that its use through a long day tires one much more than a double-handed rod would do, owing to the one-sided strain on the muscles of the trunk and arm. To this I answer, 'Then use yourself to throwing with either hand and arm;' this will educate the left hand till you are ambidextrous. All good athletes are so, and, according to Mr. Charles Read, the 'coming man' will be so; all good and extra-skilful trout fishermen find the accomplishment an undeniable advantage. The single-handed fly-rod under such conditions becomes a more handy weapon than the other in nine cases out of ten. My own rod is of hickory, measures twelve feet eight inches, and weighs but fourteen ounces, and with it I can get twenty-five yards of line out without a splash, given, of course, favourable weather, &c.

Another point of discussion has been before now whether the fly-rod should be stiff or pliable—of course, I mean in a relative sense. The ordinary fly-rod is so supple that one may take its point and bend it round to the butt without materially injuring the rod, and when such a rod is extended horizontally by the user its whole length curves, departing considerably from the straight line. The advantages of such a pliable rod are broadly the greater facility afforded for getting out the line, and the tenderness with which a fish may be handled when hooked; further advantage I do not see. My own rod referred to above will admit of no liberties, such as that of bending it double, and it is a straight line when extended horizontally. Indeed,

it is so stiff that only one of my friends can comfortably use it—that is, can get a good cast out or play fish without the certainty of breaking something. In fact, the rod is more like a well-made roach rod than an orthodox fly ‘gedd.’ And what is the benefit of this? may be asked. ‘Simply and only,’ I reply, ‘in the extra celerity it affords me in striking.’ I can with this rod strike instantaneously, or not, as I choose. This quality the pliant rod does not exhibit; in truth, its very pliancy is an obstacle in the way of precise striking. At first sight there may be some who will doubt this statement; let me therefore pause a moment to demonstrate that what I say is correct. Take a piece of putty or paste and form it into a ball about the size of a marble, or larger, and place it on the table; hold your fly-rod in such a way that its point is about six inches above the plastic mass, then strike, and you will see the point of the pliant rod go forward and find the print of it on the paste. Thus it is clear that, at the moment the hand has answered to the eye and struck, the point of the rod, instead of flying upward so as to force the hook into the fish’s mouth, goes forward, thus slackening for a fraction of a second, the connection between the angler and the fish. In many rapid rivers this is not of great consequence; but as the fly-fisher must always have more rises than he can hook fish, such a matter is worthy of remedy, so as to enable one to get the maximum of sport out of the number of bites vouchsafed him.

With a stiff rod this fault of indecisive striking is minimised. The wave of impulse does not affect the stronger material of the rod to such a degree, and the forward movement in such a rod as my own, is inappreciable as to results in the basket at the end of the day’s fishing.

The casting line—a gut link, should be of the finest gut—literally the *finest* one can secure. The golden rules, if you are fishing a strange river, are always to use the local flies, and in addition, and of more importance, to fish with gut much finer than you see others making use of. This has very often been the secret of my getting a basket of fish when other more experienced fishermen than myself have failed. *Apropos* of this, I remember once fishing the Wandle near Croydon. It was a bright April day, and do what I would I couldn’t get a rise. At last I bethought myself of a roach gut line I had been at great pains to make from the frizzy ends of a hank of gut, which are usually thrown away as useless by those who don’t know. Soaked in hot water and carefully stretched out, these fine flat ends are of extraordinary tenacity, fineness and transparency. I attached it, and mounted two tiny duns and a March brown, dressed on the same sort of gut. Eureka! Here was the secret. My creel was laden at the end of the day, whilst a brother piscator (a very eminent angler-author, by the way) was, perforce, content with a miserable load of quarter-pound fish. Moral: fish fine. Another wrinkle in making your gut link is to allow one of the ends of gut, when tying piece to piece, to extend beyond the knot. A knot tied in this end, and one in the end of the fly-gut, will pre-

vent the attachment drawing when made, and the arrangement has the virtue of not straining the main gut unduly, which is the case if the bob-flies are attached in the usual way. The length of a gut cast ought not to be less than three yards, and it should taper if made of the ordinary drawn gut. Of course, this is impossible when the waste ends of a hank of gut are used as above indicated.

It is also a matter of opinion as to the desirability of using bob, or drop flies, at all. For my own part I almost invariably use a stretcher or end fly only, and, as I always know where a trout is likely to be lying, and can aim fairly well for the spot, I find myself more generally *plus* my temper at the end of the day than others I have known who insist on the additional chances of two other flies on the same line. I admit there is something very taking about the little bobbing fly, as it dances on the surface of the water, but fine tackle will not stand the contingency of three tolerable fish on one line, each fighting on his own hook, literally as well as metaphorically. Delightful old Penn in his 'Maxims and Hints' speaks as follows:—'The learned are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of whipping with two flies or with one. I am humbly of opinion that your chance of hooking fish is much increased by using two flies; but I think by only rising one you increase your chance of landing the fish.' This happily expresses precisely my own opinion. The reel line should be tapered silk and hair, or dressed plaited silk. It should not be forgotten that a heavy or light line will, if properly selected, facilitate or retard the casting power of the rod. The winch or reel ought to be of the ordinary check brass pattern. Multipliers are out of date, and deservedly so.

To try and teach by words how to cast a fly would be pretty much—to follow Walton's remarks on a similar subject—like a certain author who tried to teach the noble art of self-defence by book. The thing can't be done satisfactorily. One lesson by the water-side would excel a volume of instructions in usefulness, which is only another way of saying that in this case an ounce of practice is worth a bushel of theory. I shall therefore not now go into the method of casting, further than to warn the tyro that he had better take particular care to 'make haste slowly,' that is, not to try and do too much at a time; be content with a short line till he can say he can manage that to perfection. If he thus proceed, all other things shall be added that go to make up the sum total of the accomplished fly-fisher who can with dexterity

' On the dimpling eddy fling  
The hypocritic fly's unruffled wing.'

Why there should ever have been a controversy between 'up-stream' and 'down-stream' fly-fishers, I can never understand; yet such a dispute has more than once waxed hot and furious. If choice is possible on the water under contribution, it is clear as daylight that the best way to take modern trout is to get the blind side of them, that is, behind. If you go right in front of a trout, and



float a fly down to him with a jig, jig, jig of the artificial creature, as if it were madly striving to get up-stream again, be sure Master Trout will not trouble himself to look twice at the line, much less take it. On the other hand, if you cast up-stream, as trout always lie with their heads up-stream, you stand a good chance, because no fish can distinctly watch what is going on some distance behind, and often below it. Sometimes, however, it is not very convenient to adopt this course of action. In such exigency, therefore, to quote the 'Jolly Angler':

'Upon the curling surface let it glide  
With nat'ral motion from your hand supplied;  
Against the stream now gently let it play,  
Now in the rapid eddy float away.'

And, finally, remember the Fourth Commandment of the 'Angler'—  
'Thou shalt not fly-fish with the wind in thy face; and thou shalt not let thy line, nor any part thereof, fall on the water, but the fly only, if possible.'

Perhaps there is no branch of fly-fishing about which so much diversity of opinion, based in greater number of cases on experience, has been manifested as the 'when-to-strike' question. In Akerman's 'Springtide,' Julius and Senex thus discuss the question:—

'J. I have read that you should be prepared to strike the moment he rises.  
'S. And rightly so if you were fishing in the rapid streams of Derbyshire or Westmoreland; if you do not strike instantly, the fish winds your foot line round some great stone ere you can count two; but in these south-country streams, which run sluggishly, you should not strike till the fish has turned himself. A good fish will invariably *hook himself* on your *simply raising the point of the rod*.'

I quote this because this precisely echoes my own experience. In addition, also, I find with my relatively inflexible rod, that if I strike at once on seeing the break of the water, I strike too soon; my strike is too instantaneous; the fish has not had time to overcome the impetus of its rise by the reverse action of its fins, and its head and mouth are therefore in precisely the best position for me if I wanted to snatch the hook *out* of its mouth instead of *into* it. A large fish should also always be allowed to turn; but I must be distinctly understood in this connection not to advocate the indiscriminate waiting till the pluck of the fish is felt. The pluck is always the prelude to the repentance of the fish, and rejection of the bait.

Always play a fish down-stream. If he be allowed to run up amongst weeds and the various *débris* common to a trout stream, be certain of entanglement, and loss of fish and temper. Neither be too delicately tender, for, as Penn says: 'Much valuable time, and many a good fish may be lost by playing with him too long. . . . When you have got hold of a good fish which is very intractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her

‘death or her going into “weeds.”’ Of course, on the other hand, rough handling is by no means advisable (either in the case of your wife—or the trout); but be firm though kind to a large, unruly fish, and if you are by yourself, be careful not to endeavour to gaff or handle him till he is quite exhausted.

The ‘where to fish’ for trout so much depends on the nature of the river, that it is almost out of the question for me to attempt here even an approximate indication of the parts of a stream in which they are chiefly to be found. I have before said that trout are very shy, hence it is chiefly in secluded spots where the more wary—generally larger—fish are to be found. These hovers are by no means, however, selected entirely because they happen to be secluded, for, with all his retiring habits, the large trout is not insensible to the calls of appetite. Rather does he take up his abode in places where the greatest amount of food, and at the same time the best resting-place, may be. Hence this invariable truth—‘the best fish ‘are always found in the best place.’ In early season they do not much frequent the open streams. Chetham, in the ‘Angler’s Vade Mecum,’ says that this is attributable, when there are chub in the river, to these fish driving the trout away. I do not think this can be the case. Behind submerged trunks of trees; at the foot of waterfalls; in the quiet places sheltered from the impetuous stream by the jutting bank, are the best spots for the aim of the fly-fisher. If he rises a fish and misses it, let him adjourn to some other part of the stream for awhile, and on his return the disappointed *farior* may be induced to bite again. All parts of a trout stream are worth the trying, but those hinted at are most frequently productive.

Next in importance to the ‘how,’ is the ‘when to fish.’ From March till the middle of May, the forenoon usually shows the best sport; from that time till the middle of August, early in the morning, and the latter part of the afternoon, have been with me the most prolific of fish; later on, the same times as for early season are probably best. As to the weather, so far as theory is concerned, I don’t care a fig what it is like, that is in regard to the direction of the wind. I have taken trout in a snow-storm as fast as I could throw a fly, and so I have during a keen north-east wind, blowing sharp enough to cut sandwiches. In the face of such facts, I should indeed be foolish to dogmatize about the fittest weather. The sort of weather *I prefer* for fly-fishing—and this is the pleasantest way of putting it—is a temperature of about 85° in the sun, with a soft zephyr-like wind blowing from the south-west. Never begin to fish for trout before March, and don’t fish after October anywhere.

There are two schools of fly-fishers, which, for the sake of distinction, we will term ‘colourists’ and ‘formalists.’ The former believe in colour only as essential to the artificial fly; and the latter, whilst attending as nearly as may be to colour, believe in imitation of the form of the insect. I am not going to argue the claims of these two systems now, whatever I may be bold enough to do in

some future number of 'Baily.' Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell is the high-priest of the colourists, and with six typical flies proposes to supersede the thousand and one imitations of the 'formalists.' Such a consummation were devoutly to be wished, were it invulnerable to the test of experience. Unhappily, however, in my case it is not so, and I am perforce obliged to return to my 'Ronald's Fly-fisher's Entomology,' and the manifold imitations he instructs me to make. This, therefore, is my system, and I believe it to be a right one:—Take the fly which is most upon the water on a given day, and imitate it as closely as you can. The nearer the imitation, the greater your chance of sport. Trout are not such donkeys as the 'typical fly' system would suppose them to be.

But I find I am at length at the end of my tether, and I must draw these 'notes' to a close. Since the time when Juliana Berners wrote her 'Treatise on Fysshynge with an Angle,' and therein gave recipes for the construction of twelve trout flies, fly-making has developed into an art of exceeding refinement. Few indeed are those who can satisfactorily make their own, but that few are blest indeed. A more delightful pastime, when the weather or gout keeps the angler in-doors, cannot be conceived. However, I may not explain it here, but I will conclude this paper, *à la* the racing prophets, with my selection of flies for March, for most of the southern streams of England: February, Red, Blue Dunn, Red Spinner; March, Brown, Red-fly and Cowdung—these cannot be surpassed.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

## COURSING.

### THE WATERLOO CUP.

IF last year the postponement and withdrawal of so many important coursing meetings, owing to a continuance of frost, prevented the usual deductions of prognosticators, and spoiled the inferences drawn from public performances as to where the best greyhounds might be naturally supposed to be, how much more has the difficulty of discovering the probable whereabouts of the winner of the blue ribbon of the leash been increased by the bitterly severe frost of this past winter. Indeed, out-of-door recreation has been, until within the last few weeks, confined almost exclusively to the gunner and the skater, while the patron of coursing, and the frequenter of steeple-chasing grounds has, like Othello, found his occupation gone. Speculation on the probable result of the great event at Altcar, except among the large confederacy of professional speculators, has consequently been idle; and it was worse than useless to calculate upon the chance of a Waterloo Cup winner cropping up from among the performers at such second-rate meetings as have here and there been held. We know now how trustworthy were the vaticinations of last year's coursing, even when the redoubtable Coomassie

was out of the way, and how few of the 'cognoscenti' prophesied the victory of the little fancied Misterton; and now, when aware that Coonassie has gone to the stud, and Misterton has been comparatively shelved, there has been none of that fraternity found capable of drawing anything like a reasonable inference as to the issue. The Earl of Haddington naturally, amid such a dreary dearth of canine talent—or of such as could be discovered—sprang at once to the top of the quotations as soon as ever any betting was mentioned in connection with the great event of the coursing world. His lordship's kennel had been pretty nearly invincible up to the accession of King Frost, and much anxiety was of course manifested to learn, not only what he himself would be likely to run, but also who would be the lucky nominators to get representatives from his second string. It was necessary to get up a sensation somehow, and here was a fine opening for a fling at aristocracy, and throw out hints that so high-minded a sportsman as the popular Earl was playing fast and loose with his kennel. Providentially such persons as acted on this valuable information have burnt their fingers badly, and, through a letter from the Earl to the 'Scotsman,' have awoke to the extraordinary knowledge that there are even yet some gentlemen connected with the sport of coursing uncontaminated by the vices common on other fields of sport. Such a man as the Earl of Haddington can well afford to laugh at base insinuations, but it is among the evils of the present system of nominating for the Waterloo Cup that suspicion must be endured by no matter what order of owner of a kennel of greyhounds.

The settlement of so huge a stake over such grounds as those of the plains of Altcar has often been bewailed, but it becomes tolerably clear that a greyhound that can distinguish himself there is likely to be more than a match for the best performers on other fields. And the result of the late Ridgway meeting, where the superiority of Mr. Briggs's strain has been rendered so conspicuous, sufficiently proves the rule that Waterloo winning blood is the best for match coursing. Judgment in selection of the dam appears to be the main point to be observed, but that well made cup-winners, like history, generally manage to repeat themselves. The meeting of the Ridgway Club at Lytham, however, only produced the temporary displacement of the Earl of Haddington's nomination among the most fancied candidates, and among those who had read his lordship's letter to the newspapers the chance of his representative was more highly thought of than ever. Among the others, Honeywood, Wood Reeve, Decorator, and Market Day were certainly the most fancied; while some people who always pretend to a greater knowledge about such things than the actual owners of the greyhounds themselves, pinned their faith unhesitatingly to such good animals as Barefoot and Plunger. Perhaps, however, with the exception of the great kennel mentioned, no animal in the stake came with more really formidable credentials than Plunger; and upon his previous reputation, both for performances last year at Altcar, and in winning

the Derby at Ashburnham Park, Mr. Hinks had purchased him purposely to run for this year's Waterloo Cup.

We have no need to say that the draw dinner at the Adelphi Hotel was as well attended as ever, and that everything passed off most pleasantly. The weather on the Wednesday morning was all that the most fastidious courser could require, and the attendance at North End consequently enormous. The coursing commenced punctually enough, but hares at first were not so plentiful as usual. A move being made to Church House Meadows, this defect was abundantly remedied, and all went smoothly and rapidly enough. As usual, a whole host of favourite candidates came to grief in the first round; but what was unusual and satisfactory was that the whole of the round was got through without a single undecided. Lady Lizzie, so much admired last year, had the misfortune to fall lame, and, of course, was easily beaten; but Haidee was not at all well running, and it became tolerably clear, even thus early, that the Earl of Haddington was probably doomed to defeat. Poor Misterton, who was the lucky champion last year, was very hard run in this round, owing to his getting on to a couple of fresh hares before being picked up, and his chance, too, was as good as over. Honeywood and Wood Reeve ran their courses well, and their meeting in the second round was looked forward to eagerly, as may be supposed.

The first undecided was between Lighthouse and Assault, and the next between Market Day and The Squaw, Market Day outpacing his opponent handsomely. The same may be said in the case of Honeywood and Wood Reeve, the former being clearly the fastest at all points. Plunger also showed decided pace in his course with Truthful, and won well. Coquette, in a severe course with the much-vaunted Decorator, won easily, and was five lengths faster in the run up. Honeywood's finish with Wood Reeve brought a very satisfactory first day's coursing to a conclusion.

The meet on the following morning was appointed for Hill House at ten o'clock, when a real old Liverpool storm drenched the numerous company who were tempted forth in the hope of witnessing yet another fine day's enjoyment with the 'longtails.' Their pluck was, however, amply rewarded by the quality of the sport, which was of a highly satisfactory character, and the weather, too, altered vastly for the better as the day advanced; but as the crowd were just clearing from Gore House Meadows, down came the rain again, and spoiled everything in the way of pleasure except what could be seen of the actual business.

Several surprises were again the order of the day, and many backers of individual courses were sorely disappointed in their calculations. Stitch-in-Time was considered too good a match for Market Day, and after the performance of the day before, no one would have cared to back the chance of Star of Woodcote again at such a trimmer as Coquette had proved herself. The pair had a no-course before the victory of the former was declared, each having killed a separate hare, and finally Star of Woodcote was two lengths first to

a good hare, and coming round with the game got second and third turns, letting in Coquette, who, however, could not make much of her chance, though trying gamely, and her opponent wound up with a clever kill. This was after Plunger had well defeated Devastation, notwithstanding losing the kill. Market Day won a scrambling trial with Stitch-in-Time, which in sporting phrase must be termed 'cleverly,' for, although it was a good win enough, it was an unsatisfactory finish for the loser. But after all said and done, the real interest in the running was really confined to Honeywood, Plunger, Market Day, and Nellie Miller; since to the initiated in greyhound proceedings over the Altcar plains, and those accustomed to watch coursing in general and not merely that of particular greyhounds, it must have been a settled conviction that the winner of the Waterloo Cup lay among them. Surpriser won 'surprisingly' well in a short course with Barefoot, a dog in some parts of the country wonderfully fancied. Honeywood and McPherson had a capital struggle for the run up, which the former gained, and by that point mainly won a good course. This was a fine finish of the third round, for the Scotch-named hero ran a real good dog, and for a short period looked very much like upsetting the great crack. This round was run through with only one undecided, that between Encyclical and Hannah.

In the fourth round Plunger easily led Run Along, Mr. Reed's candidate, who had had a terrible gruelling on the first day. Plunger did not give his opponent the ghost of a chance in this trial, in which, after leading by three lengths, he wrenched two or three times and killed. This was perhaps the most meritorious performance of the day. Nellie Miller was much faster than Encyclical, whom she beat in most handsome fashion without giving much chance to that curiously-christened greyhound. Surpriser again won a grand course, this time with Star of Woodcote, the bitch having a heavy score to rub off when she killed, and so destroyed what chance she might have had. Excitement was well wound up with so many good trials in succession, and it may be imagined that it was at its height when Honeywood and Market Day met for their tussle. The former was a trifle the faster from slips, and Market Day was very wide at the turn, and Honeywood going on with surprising cleverness won with a large score to the good before he killed. The result of such sport more than atoned for all the discomfort caused by the inclemency of the weather. This performance of Honeywood made him, of course, a still more decided favourite, though Mr. Hinks's nomination might have been frequently heard mentioned in connection with the winner. This concluded Thursday's proceedings, so far as business with the Waterloo Cup running was concerned, and the weather proving auspicious next morning, no doubt could be entertained as to what would probably be the crowd and the excitement for the remainder of the sport now that all had gone on so satisfactorily.

On Friday morning, then, the weather was pleasant enough to

attract an enormous attendance at the famous old Withins, which has been the scene of so many deciding courses for the great prize of the courser's ambition; and to this spot a move was made at starting, and the crowd stationed on the bank by the side of the great drain. It may be mentioned that the rest of the work yet to be done took a longer time in getting through with than is usually the case; but the wildness of the hares after the exceeding tempestuousness of the preceding night is easily accounted for. Happily, the grand character of the coursing was not in the least interfered with, and, as was to be expected, the final courses of the stake were quite equal to any that had preceded them.

Plunger and Nellie Miller had a strong hare, to which the dog led a length and a half, and the hare beating back gave the bitch a chance, of which she made no use, and Plunger got round on the outside and killed quickly. Surpriser and Honeywood had a no-course, and afterwards the victory of Honeywood, who completely outpaced and outworked Surpriser, was decided enough. It was arranged now that the deciding course should be the concluding one of the meeting, after Honeywood and Plunger had run an undecided, which was run something in this wise: the Scotch dog was the faster, but was wide at the turn, and Plunger scored a wrench or two and the kill. The style of the kill, however, was one of the most brilliant ever witnessed at Altcar or elsewhere. Perhaps the excitement was never greater at a Liverpool coursing meeting, though the crowd have many times been more unruly, as we have remarked in years gone by, than when Wilkinson delivered these two grand greyhounds for their final encounter; and that nothing might be wanting to give it zest, the contest was between an English and a Scotch dog. Honeywood, in a fine stretch, was up first by three lengths, and was well away after the first turn; then all along by the main drain a fine working course was viewed, the difficulty being too great to say which dog was the better. Honeywood, however, had the turn of speed all the way, and when the flag announced his victory it was thought that the win must have been a very close one. The judge thought the winner had done enough at first to just outbalance Plunger's score.

The winner ran in Mr. Carruthers's nomination, though he hails from the Earl of Haddington's stud, his lordship thinking Haidee the superior, and running that one as his own representative. The winner is a fawn and white, by Cavalier out of Humming Bird, and Plunger is by Backwoodsman out of Gretna. The Scotch dog had previously carried all before him at Stranraer, and the Border Union meetings; and it is likely that the Earl of Haddington made his mistake in supposing that the dog lacked training when recently withdrawn from the Members' Cup at Altcar Meeting, when his career might have been then ruined by the frost. The win is a very popular one, for Mr. Carruthers has been long and honourably known throughout the coursing world. Mr. Hedley discharged the

duties of judge with his accustomed skill and impartiality, and Wilkinson those of slipper, to the general satisfaction of the public. The trainer of Honeywood, we understand, was always partial to his pretensions, and he was always the fancy from the first of

SIRIUS.

## ROWING.

DESPITE the unpleasant conditions of weather to which we have been recently treated, at what might have been fairly reckoned the close of an abnormally severe winter, constantly recurring paragraphs announcing the somewhat immature doings of the rival candidates for the University Boat-race serve to remind us of the near approach of that annual excitement, beloved alike by critical oarsmen and the easily pleased public, who, notwithstanding the alleged universal impecuniosity seem ever to have time and money to spare when an excuse for an outing presents itself. Indeed the uncritical *hoi polloi* have probably the best of it, as each recurring festival brings equal or increased attractions, while judges of rowing may perchance find a couple of crews in neither of which their pet science is illustrated to perfection. The forthcoming race, on the 20th, will probably take place at a dreadfully early hour, though suggestions are plentifully urged, that by waiting for the ebb and rowing down, spectators need not get up over-night; the University authorities, however, who have more than once affected to dislike an excessive display of public interest, can scarcely grumble at the tidal conditions, and to give facilities for a more numerous gathering on the river bank would scarcely be in accordance with their professions. Thus far Cambridge has enjoyed the favouritism usually accorded to the previous years' winners, but recently the Isis men have been favourably reported of, and something like level money quoted at the Tattersall's money market. Davis, the 1879 Cambridge stroke, has been rowing in the middle of the boat, and if a better man for the post of honour is to be found, they are lucky indeed; for granting that he was all to pieces at Henley, his form and judgment in the race last April will compare favourably with that of any predecessors. At Oxford, contrary to recent precedents, the crew seems more nearly settled, but at the time of writing it is of course absurd to form anything like a definite conclusion.

Amongst professionals, Boyd's decisive victory over Elliott, followed by his giving Hawdon a start and an easy beating, stamps him as our best man, to whom the task of bearding Hanlan should be intrusted. Nothing practical is however being done, and so far there is no real prospect of any exciting wagers of high class.

The sudden death of Mr. Alfred Trower at the early age of thirty has cast a gloom over a large circle, for independently of personal and intimate friends, it is not too much to say that he was universally and deservedly popular amongst the large circle of his acquaintance. As an amateur oarsman he had taken high honours, being recorded winner of all the most coveted prizes at Henley, where he made his *débüt* in 1870, rowing for Kingston in the Grand Challenge. Up to 1877 he represented the red and white with unswerving regularity, and became captain of the club, to which his physique and counsels were alike of the greatest value. Amongst other notable triumphs, he, with C. C. Knollys as partner, in 1873 beat the redoubtable



pair, Long and Gulston, for the Goblets. During the winter of 1876-7, Gulston, then captain of the London Club, was most anxious to get together a crew for the Philadelphia Regatta, where a very attractive programme was issued, though results showed much ignorance or mismanagement, with but a *modicum* of judicial impartiality. Trower, with characteristic energy, made one of the *quartette* whose practical victory on the American waters, in spite of scandalous interference during the race, will be remembered by those interested in the subject. After this he threw in his fortunes with the London Club, and won the Grand in 1877, taking the next year a seat in their stewards' crew, which, with but slight and gradual changes in its members, had won the race continuously since 1871, and, with one failure in 1870, when the Oxford Etonians beat them, since 1868. This time (1878) they met an American team, the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, who showed great speed in the trial heat, but were in the final rowed to an utter standstill by the Londoners. Mr. Trower, in addition to his rowing capabilities, was genuinely fond of hard-working yachting, and in Corinthian races his services as an able and willing 'hand' were in constant request. The best testimony to his geniality of character, and the respect felt for his memory, was perhaps given by the large gathering at his funeral, when past and present Captains of the chief rowing clubs acted as pall-bearers, while a crowd of sorrowing friends stood around, to pay the last tribute of regard and affection.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—February Facts and Fancies.

IN merrie Sherwood. From the horrors of London fog and London 'first nights'; from streets shrouded in darkness and coated with mud; from theatres invaded with almost an excess of luxury, and certainly an excess of unsweet sounds; from the club dinner and the inevitable poker, or the equally inevitable stall; from a choking atmosphere, and an existence that even the most bigoted cockney found irksome,—it pleased a good friend, early in the month, to deliver us. We had done conscientiously everything that there was to do, from eating and drinking more than probably was good for us, to seeing everything there was to see, from Shylock and Portia, down to Ariel and the 'great Vance,' and the change from muddy *trottoirs* to elastic turf was very agreeable. A ringing gallop from Laxton, in the Rufford country, with a fox which the hounds, though they lost him, well deserved, was better than a run after a shifty vixen that found in St. James's Park, went to earth in the Finborough Road. Pleasanter was a drive through the stately glades of Thoresby, the sunlight glinting through the rugged branches of oaks that might have sheltered the bold outlaw of tradition and song, through Clumber's somewhat melancholy domain, and so on to the wonders of Welbeck,—pleasanter was all this than a saunter from Pimlico to Piccadilly, in a mingled atmosphere of frost and fog, with the prospect of subsidizing into an easy-chair at the 'United Growlers', and listening to a wailing chorus of men who had no work to do. Pleasant to find oneself on the back of 'Red Rover,' with my Lord Galway at Headon Clump, on a morning when, though the overnight frost was sharp and white, there was a good scent on the grass, and a good two hours' run after a stout fox, who at last yielded up his life in Treswell Wood. Pleasant, too, to get into

the dog-cart at the Grove kennels, and be taken back to our destination through a country in which every covert had a history—how we killed in that spinney, and how we lost him in that big wood. Pleasantest, perhaps, of all, to find ourselves at the end of the day in the most comfortable of quarters, and under the care of the kindest and most hospitable of hosts; to sit at a well-furnished board, to play the rubber of peace, and sink into the feather-bed of contentment,—what could we desire more?

But all this, we feel, is strictly 'private and confidential,' and we owe an apology for the same. Some irate reader of the 'Van' will want to know what the blank we mean by feather-beds of contentment and rubbers of peace, and he may even go so far as to consign 'Red Rover' to perdition; but he had better not do that, as we should request Mr. Baily to strike his name off the list of subscribers to 'the green covers.' Most charming of horses, we take our leave of you, hoping that we may meet again. May you summer well, and carry your worthy master on cub-hunting mornings as freshly as you carried our unworthy self at Heaton Clump. Merrie Sherwood, we must also bid adieu to you; to your giant trunks and your chases knee-deep in fern; to your long brown glades, which the February sun makes golden; to your turf, now elastic—again it must be owned, somewhat holding; to the exulting crow of the cock pheasant, and the vanishing whisk of the squirrel's tail. Not a long adieu, we will hope, perchance only *au revoir*.

Kempton Park. H.R.H. and the something Hurdle Race, Lord Marcus and Sign Manual, Mr. Sutton Western's Tynemouth, Sir W. Throckmorton's Burley, and other swells, biped and quadruped. We were not there, but that unimportant fact would not prevent us writing a very brilliant account of it if we felt disposed. It was a successful meeting, we fancy. Everybody appeared glad to be in harness again; layers and backers were both thirsting for first blood, and even the much-enduring reporters were, after their long holiday, frisky. Sign Manual won two good races—a fact which Major Stapylton must have heard with astonishment not unmingled with incredulity, and Captain Machell with disgust. We hope Lord Marcus had a good time. Everybody was there, with the exception of Colonel Peyton, whom everybody missed. Mr. S. Portman was, as he always is, most gracious and attentive; Mr. S. Hyde most ubiquitous. An attempt was made to clear up some hazy St. Augustine accounts, but not with much success. The dead past will have to bury its dead in that matter, we feel convinced. For further particulars see back numbers of 'Racing Calendar.'

Two highly successful days at Sandown, good racing, crowds of people, and 'all the quality,' as they say in Ireland. Our Prince and Princess came and stayed at Claremont with Prince Leopold, and the satellites followed in the wake of the planets, and the lesser stars attended the satellites. The Club lawn and stand, especially on the second day when the sun shone brilliantly, and the air was mild, never made a braver show, and the sport was really first rate. Sir Wilford Brett and Mr. Hwfa Williams were always planning something to make Sandown yet more charming than it is, and this year they have checked that overcrowding of the paddock, which was the blot of last season. Sandown paddock is, as everyone knows, *per se*, and we say this with a due appreciation of the quiet beauty of that at Epsom, but Sandown paddock invaded by roughs is robbed of all its beauty, and that was very much the case last year when everybody on the public stand had a right of entry. Now this has been abolished, to the great comfort not only of members of the club, but also to the occupants of the Tattersall enclosure. If the multitude want to come into the paddock, they must pay,

and the consequence is that the place may be enjoyed now by ladies who want to see the horses, without the roughs coming between the wind and their beauty.

The going, despite the recent rains, was excellent, and if the racing had been only a little more in backers' favour, it would have been all that we could have wished. But the return on the first day was, with two exceptions, all in favour of the pencillers, and only Bacchus and Golden Pippin pulled us through. The former won the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase as easily as he well could, and perhaps that hollow win was the means of bringing his backers to grief the next day. In the Prince of Wales's, Bacchus lost nothing, for Citizen's day was over, and, though Sweet Meadow looked trained to perfection, and her stable backed her, she never looked dangerous, and both she and Citizen were well beaten as soon as they got on the line for home. Previous to this, by the way, the Cardinal's Handicap had resulted in a *fiasco* which was only gratifying to the backers of Highland Mary. Ballet Dancer had opened favourite, but it was soon evident that her party were going for Highland Mary, and this, combined with a run on Lady Hawthorn, sent Ballet Dancer to 6 to 1, and brought Mr. Davis's mare to a short price. Red Hazard is a roarer, and Colonel Otway did not care to have more than a pony on him, so he was the outsider of the lot, when, to the surprise of most people, he was seen to draw up to Highland Mary at the distance, and she being soon afterwards beaten, Red Hazard won very easily by two lengths. And then came an objection, and a fatal one. It is scarcely credible how such mistakes are made, but in the face of the conditions which said the race was for 'horses that had never won more than '300*l.* on the flat,' Red Hazard, and not only Red Hazard, but Post Haste and Ballet Dancer had been entered. All of these had won much more than that sum, and Red Hazard alone had taken something like 1800*l.* in stakes. Of course his disqualification was certain, and the race was awarded to Highland Mary. We believe her stable won a fine stake, and they well deserved it for their cleverness, for they made the running with Ballet Dancer, who would have been disqualified if she had won, to serve Highland Mary. Astute people. The public, moreover, frowned upon Ballet Dancer, and took little heed of Highland Mary, so the win was doubly grateful.

We have seen some good horses in the Sandown paddock, but it struck us that we had never seen a better looking lot of jumpers than we did previous to the race for the Sandown Grand Prize. Seventeen runners was a grand field, too, a good response to the liberal added money, 800 golden sovereigns. There was Bacchus, on whom the public had evidently fixed their affections, or divided them rather with Thornfield. The latter was looking perfectly trained, and the same might be said of the French Le Nageur, of whom our neighbours were known to be very fond. His owner and party were said to be rather afraid of Venice, though why we can hardly tell. Mr. Leopold Rothschild was rather confident about Thornfield, and there was a rumour that Captain Machell was fond of Hopbloom. The old horse was in great bloom, the season considered, but still did not go in the market as one of 'the Captain's' favourites or fancied ones generally do. Burley, Shillelagh, Ignition, and Sir Hugh were all backed for more money than Hopbloom, whose running at Kempton Park had probably prejudiced people against him. Then, however, he was not as fit as he was now. It was a very pretty race, which may be briefly summarised thus: Le Nageur could not stay; Bacchus found, with his weight, the pace and the company a little

too good for him—though we heard a fine judge declare he was as good as Master Kildare on the flat; Shillelagh ran for about two miles; Darley and Sir Hugh were not dangerous; and Hopbloom, catching Thornfield—who looked all over a winner at the distance, and ran a great horse—won very cleverly by a length. Bacchus was, we think, third best, and the others we need not mention. Captain Machell landed a good stake, we believe, but backers, as a rule, left Hopbloom alone. The sport was brilliant, certainly, on the second day, and the meeting, on the whole, went off with great *éclat*.

Mr. 'Algy' Legard will be the new Master of the Rufford when Mr. Charles Egerton gives up. Legard is a name well known in the fox-hunting world, especially in East Yorkshire, where they have taken a prominent part in all matters connected with hunting and hounds. Mr. Digby Legard of Etton Hall was Master of the Holderness from 1811 to 1821. His huntsman was Naylor, afterwards with the York and Ainsty, and his whip was Dick Simp-on, afterwards with the Puckeridge, who is still living. Mr. Algy Legard is one of the keenest men that ever lived, and knows all about hunting, and as he is well supplied with the sinews of war is sure to make a good Master.

The Southdown began hunting again on Thursday, the 5th, but it was then far more fit for skating than hunting. They found a fox about one o'clock, which ran over a very good country, but it was quite impossible to ride to them. Then went to the Abbot's Wood, where the hounds ran hard for four hours and a half, and Champion was obliged to stop them at six o'clock.—On Friday, the 6th, they ran both foxes to the hills, but they were obliged to whip off on account of the dense fog and the hills being still so slippery.—On Saturday, the 7th, they met at Firle, when the Master hunted them. They found a good fox in Camberlot, ran over a very stiff country with a rare scent for forty-five minutes up to Abbot's Wood, where they hunted him for another hour and killed, to the great delight of the Master.

Mr. Combe's hounds had a wonderfully good run on Wednesday, February 4th, from Henley Park, of one hour and twenty minutes with their first fox, and before they had properly finished the funeral ceremony some old hounds hit on the line of another fox, close by, and went off as hard as they could go. For two hours and fifty minutes they ran over the wild country by Chobham and Frimley on to Swinley and Bracknell, in Mr. Garth's country, nearly to Ascot, where Jones was obliged to stop them, as his horse was so beaten he could not get along. Had he been able to do so he must have killed, as he saw him not fifty yards in front of the hounds. They did not get back to their kennels until after nine o'clock. They had also another very good run of one hour and a half on Saturday, the 7th, from Liphook, but the scent went off all at once owing to a storm coming on, and so they lost him.

The Pytchley have had very good sport. Their red-letter day, however, was from Bragborough Hall on Saturday, February 7th, when they had a truly grand run from Braunston Gorse, where they found almost directly. They ran by Berry Fields to Drayton Grange and Drayton village, through Staverton Wood to Newbold Grounds, along the brook to within a field of Lower Catesby, where they turned to the right as if for Shuckboro' Hills, but the fox not facing them went on to Wolfhamcote, where they had a check of about four minutes, from the fox being headed by men in charge of two boats on the canal; on hitting it off again they ran back as if for Braunston Gorse, but not crossing the brook ran about a mile up the

Warwickshire side. He then crossed and pointed as if for Staverton Wood near the turnpike leading from Staverton to Daventry, touching Staverton village, ran down over the brook to Flecknoe, where they killed him handsomely at the Mere Dyke between Flecknoe and Nethercote. Only Goodall, Mr. Muntz, Mr. Wedge, and Mr. Cane saw the death out of those who rode right through the run. A great part of it was over some of the strongest country in England; the time was one hour and three-quarters, and the distance a good sixteen miles and a half.

The Bicester had a capital day on Monday the 10th from White Cross Green, a very popular meet with undergraduates in the days of Squire Drake and Tom Winfield. Only a select few (amongst whom were Mr. Henry Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Myers, Mr. George Drake, Baron Schröder, Captain Bowyer, Mr. M. H. Salvin, Mr. W. Dewar, Mr. J. Weyland, Mr. A. W. Deichmann, Major St. Quintin, a few neighbouring farmers, and some undergraduates from Oxford) met Lord Valentia and his neat pack of bitches. The morning looked anything but a hunting one, but they drew the wood, and the hounds had not been in covert two minutes before one hound spoke and then another, and then a cheer from Stovin proclaimed aloud a find of one of the right sort. After one turn round the covert they went away at the bottom up wind to Horton Spinny, where they turned through Blackwater and Horton Wood, where some think they changed, but 'forward on' was the cry, and many thought he meant to take them to the woods, but happily he turned to the right through Holly Copse, and was lost in a cold rain at Stanton St. John. In this run Stovin had a bad fall and broke a rib, but he went on through the day, and must have felt very uncomfortable after so severe a shaking. After this they drew White Cross Wood again, and no sooner were the hounds in it, than another fox went away for Arncot, but scent seemed to fail, and little could be done with him; but while Stovin was casting, a fox jumped up, and was hotly pursued by the bitches through Arncot Little Wood to Piddington, and back the same line by Whitecross Green and Horton Spinny to ground at Beckley Heath, in Lord Macclesfield's country. This must have been a sad disappointment to the hounds, as they must have caught him in a few minutes. This was a real good twenty-five minutes. Unfortunately, only a few saw this run, for those who got a bad start never had any chance of catching them.—They had also a good hunting run all over plough on Wednesday, February 11th, from Stoke Bushes, and killed their fox in good style just before dark. But their run of the season was on Thursday the 19th, when Stovin was out again. They met at Edgcote, found in Finemere Hill, ran as hard as they could go over Denham Hills to Marston St. Laurence, and killed at East Claydon, after one hour and ten minutes; this run was all over grass, with very big fences, and without the ghost of a check. Amongst those who had the best of it were Captain Grosvenor, Mr. Peyton, Mr. Randall, Mr. Brown, Stovin, and Tom Garrett, the first whip.

The Cottesmore have had famous sport. On Monday, January 12th, they met at Stocking Hall, drew Morkery Wood, where they found, and after a ring round the wood went away by Hooby Lodge and on to Greetham, where he was lost, then went back to Morkery, where they found again, and ran in the woodlands for one hour and ten minutes and killed. Then drew Mr. Hardy's plantation, where they found and ran through Mickley Wood, then straight to Witham Wood, where he ran the length of the wood, and going away on the Swayfield side went a wide ring past the covert they found in, then crossed the north road, leaving South Witham on the left, over a

still piece of country, past Worth Witham, through Gunby Warren on to Sewstern, straight past Gunby Gorse, past Thistleton village over Market Overton road pointing for Cottesmore village, where he was headed straight to Market Overton village, and being hard pressed he got up on a straw stack, but seeing a scarlet coat approaching him he jumped down and was killed after one hour and fifteen minutes; a good hunting run.—On January 13th they met at Owston Wood, and first had three sharp gallops to ground. It was a famous scenting day. At 2.30 they found a fox in Laund Park Wood, ran very fast past Coles Lodge to Owston Little, ran the whole length of the wood, where they hunted him slowly back to Laund Park Wood, through the wood, when the hounds getting up to their fox went away at the top, raced past Loddington, past East Norton to Vowes' Gorse, then bore away for Allexton with a wide sweep to the right past Hallaton Station, where there was a slight check, but were soon put on his line again, then ran for Medbourne away past Welham, where it got pitch dark, and the hounds ran clean away from the Master, the huntsman, and the first whip, who with Mr. Logan and Mr. Frederick Gosling, were all who persevered to the end. Mr. Arthur Fludyer, the Hon. Alan Pennington, Mr. Ingram, and Custance stopping by Medbourne. They found the hounds at East Langton, and according to the testimony of a workman, who said the fox passed close by him dead beaten with the hounds fifty yards behind him, it is probable they killed. This was a ten miles' point, and the hounds must have gone twenty. Mr. Logan put the hounds, Master, and hunt servants up for the night at East Langton Grange, and they reached Barleythorpe at two o'clock the next day. This was an extraordinary good run over the finest country in England.—February 7th. They met at Wardley Toll Bar, drew Wardley Wood, found a fox, but being headed in the first field he turned towards the covert, where the hounds caught a view and killed him. Found again in the wood, and had a nice hunting run to Glaston village to ground. Found again in Glaston Gorse, and had a very sharp ring for twenty minutes to ground. They then found a brace of foxes in a small gorse by Quaker's Spinney, where the hounds chopped one, the other going away: hounds were quickly on his line, and they raced away past Leigh Lodge, past Laund Park Wood, past Withcote Hall, through Owston Little Wood; the pace had been tremendous up to Withcote. They then ran to Knossington village and killed at the back door of a cottage; luckily it was shut, or he would have gone inside; this was a grand gallop.

We have news of the sport in the Berkeley Vale from more than one correspondent, and it appears to be generally admitted that, frost or no frost, the season of 1879–80 will be handed down as a red-letter one. Ben Barlow, the huntsman, was incapacitated for a short time by a nasty fall, which prevented his seeing the big pack through the now celebrated Tewkesbury run, but the week's sport he showed from the 6th of this 'month of 'Sundays' made ample amends. We proceed to details. During the week the hounds were at Alveston Ship for the cub-hunting we had good sport every day.—October 17th, ran from the New Cover, by Stoke to Brentry and killed. The field were all beat by the railway.—October 22nd, ran from Kyneton Grove to Tytherington, and nearly to Rangeworthy and killed.—November 3rd, a very pleasant gallop from T. Ward's withy-bed to Cote, Littleton, and Heywood.—November 10th, met at Levi Cornock's house at Oldbury, drew his withy-bed and found. The fox ran on to the sea wall, and the hounds had him for a bit in view; they then got on the mud close to the water, and raced along to Oldbury Pill, which they swam across.

This of course put the field out of it for a bit, as they had to go round quite half a mile. We got to the hounds just below Bob Comeley's farm at Cowhill, and then our work began: up till now it had only been galloping. Keeping about a quarter of a mile from the Severn he went almost straight to Cote, but did not touch the Cover. We were now going over a very heavy country, all grass, and big rhines; the main rhine that becomes Littleton Pill reduced the field to about ten, and for a few fields hereabouts we lost sight of the hounds, but seeing them going up Cote Hill we soon got all right; from Cote to Aust, where we lost, it was not fast. The hounds suddenly threw up about 100 yards from Aust Parsonage and never hit it off again. Time, thirty-seven minutes.—November 17th, we raced from Berwick to New Passage and killed in the open, the hounds sticking to their fox through the gorse (when a fresh brace got up) and drove him out. Frost now intervened, but on December 30th we began again; Lord Fitzhardinge with the horn, and had ten days' as good scent as I ever knew come together, good runs and kills nearly every day; but January 7th beat all the lot put together, both before and since the run from Tewkesbury Park. We found at the Park at once, got away at a grand pace, due south, by side of Severn to Barrow Hill, past the Cover, and to the left through Apperley and Notcliff. Leave Tredington on the right, over the Swill Brook (which only Lord Fitzhardinge, Colonel Kingscote, Walter Lucy, Bob Chapman, F. Archer, and H. Baker jumped, Charles Traviss getting in), past Fiddington, nearly to Aschurch, short to the left, recrossed the Swill Brook at a bigger place opposite Walton Cardiff, leaving the town of Tewkesbury close on the right, across the 'Bloody Meadow' to the Severn, across it, close to the ferry, and for one and a half mile into the Ledbury country, killing in open at Bushley Park Farm. Fifty minutes. Hounds never once handled, or spoken to throughout. I make it eleven miles as hounds went, taking two points, *besides* find and kill. We soon had more frost and some few bad days; but began in earnest on Friday, February 6th. Owlpen. Fog too thick to hunt on the hills; after a long draw, found at the Seggs and ran a ring very fast through Breadstone and then by Tumpy Green and Horn's Hill, straight up Stinchcombe Hill. Thirty-four minutes to the foot. Hounds were never touched. H. Clifford, H. Baker, and F. Gist were riding to the leading hounds throughout this good gallop, which ended by their marking him to ground on the side of the hill.—Saturday, February 7th. Found just outside Hills Wood, round which we ran, then through Round House, and just touching Churchill Wood, away over the Vale to East Wood, which, however, he left one field to his right, and across the Fulfield road to Lower Stone; turning again short to the right he crossed the Bristol and Gloucester road just opposite Skey's Grove, through which he ran, left Daniel's Wood on his left and so into Tortworth Park, and after one turn round the big wood, they marked him to ground at the top near the house. Hounds well deserved their prey, though some of the field would have liked to see so good a fox spared. Time fifty-seven minutes altogether, of which thirty-two were in the open. Out of many 'on the ride,' the two Miss Sumners were very prominent, and Miss Burgess was also in front throughout the run.—Monday, February 9th. Little sport till the afternoon, when we found in T. Ward's withy-bed, and the hounds had twenty-five minutes almost entirely to themselves to ground at Knowle Park, after taking a good circuit over the cream of the country. The main rhine outside the withy-bed proved fatal to most of the field, and though the huntsmen, Messrs. Matthews and James, jumped it, they never could get

within two fields of the hounds.—Tuesday, February 10th. Hardwicke Court. Found a brace in the new gorse at Quedgeley. Chopped one. Found three in Monks Hill and killed after a ring. Found a rare good fox in Hardwicke Gorse and ran a great pace along the meadows, through Whitminster Grove and lost, owing to the river and canal at Eastington. Thirty-two minutes; the first fifteen being a real cracker. Found a good fox at Frampton and had a very tidy twenty minutes over the Frocester Meadows to Peter's Church and lost.—Wednesday, February 11th. Simond's Hall. Hounds ran hard on the hills for three and a half hours and killed a fox.—Thursday, February 12. Rockhampton. After a long draw got away from Round House Wood into the Marsh, past Nupdown, and almost to Severn at Sheperdine; to the left across the rhines past Rockhampton withy-bed, up to Churchill Wood (forty minutes), through it and down again to the World's End Farm, up to the right, through Hills Wood down to Lower Stone, and along the bottom under Sunday's Hill, to ground just below Longman's Grove. One hour and thirty-five minutes.—Friday, February 13th. Woodchester. Ran from there across the Bottoms to Kingscote, where hounds divided, and both packs ran into the Duke's country. Lord Fitzhardinge's lot ran to Avening, where he stopped them; the huntsman and second whip caught their lot at Union Gorse, and had a clinker over the walls through Chavenage and Upton to Ledgemore, where they ran into him fifty yards from the earths.—Saturday, February 12th. From Bengough's Cover, a ring through Breadstone and Crawless, then straight, leaving Cat's Castle on the left to Slimbridge; killed in open. Fifty minutes. Then from Slimbridge to Red Wood, through the Decoy to the left, across meadows, leaving Cat's Castle on right, to Slimbridge again and killed in open. Thirty minutes. We doubt whether a finer eight consecutive days' sport than the last mentioned was ever recorded, and before taking leave of the pack, let us mention that nearly thirty couples of their draft hounds are to be sold at Bristol on the first Thursday in March. They are a very good-looking lot, bred from the best of the Berkeley blood, and from the Badminton 'Speaker' and 'Ranger,' and are well worth the attention of any M.F.H. in quest of young well-bred hounds.

It is a strange coincidence that on the same day, 13th of February, on which the Berkeley hounds killed a fox in the Beaufort country, the Duke's hounds returned the compliment by a capital gallop from Cherry Rock into the Berkeley country by Hunt's Gorse, leaving Cromhall to the right, and killing in Prest Wood; time, twenty-six minutes. Hounds ran hard, and the ground being very trappy, the grief was considerable, quite half the field tumbling in the course of the run, including Mr. A. Grace, when leading at a post and rails with a ditch 'from you.' Among those who stood up and saw the run well was Mr. E. Burges (*etate* we don't like to say what). He has only just recovered from a very serious attack of bronchitis, which had almost consigned him to the '1000 to 10' division; yet here he was riding as straight as ever, with the spirits of a boy and the judgment of a veteran. Captain F. Henry went well, and also distinguished himself in a capital day's sport on the 17th of February, when they met at Tolldown. They had a good twenty-five minutes in the morning from Doddington, running a ring over the Sodbury Vale to ground, whence the fox was bolted and killed. Late in the evening they had a real clinker from Golter's Gorse, running for an hour and forty minutes, and leaving off at Stanton Park, all the second horses being beaten to a standstill. The charter of sport on Ash Wednesday was maintained this year at Beckhampton, where they had



three clinking gallops over the downs, which one sportsman described as riding 'three Ascot Cups in one day.' One of these lasted seventeen minutes, and the best of good nags could not have stood five minutes more of it. Lord Worcester brought two foxes to hand, and the only regret was that the Duke should not have been present to enjoy the fun.

The Queen's Hounds had a very good day on Friday, the 6th, after the frost. Goodall turned out the first deer at Shottesbrooke, and after a capital gallop of fifty minutes took it on the ice of the lake in Foliejohn Park. They then uncartered another at Westley Mill, which ran through Billingbeare Park to Hurst Down to the Loddon and away for Twyford Station, where he came to hand after a good hour and twenty minutes. There was a tolerably good field out, amongst others being Sir Gilbert East of Hall Place, Mr. and the Misses Ellis of Shottesbrooke Park, Mr. H. W. Nevill of Herne Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert of Muckcross, Messrs. Walker, Crocker, and others.

The Fife had a very sharp twenty-five minutes on Monday the 16th, when they met at Ladybank Station. They found a leash of foxes in Southesk Wood, and had a lot of covert hunting, until one broke by Ladybank, skirted the railway, and ran to Trafalgar; then drew Melville new covert. The rain came down in torrents, and there was a very high wind, yet they found at once, took a ring in covert, then broke towards Ladybank, turned towards Trafalgar, and lost near Balmeddo. It never ceased raining; and the hounds raced over the plough as well as the grass. In this run were Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bell, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Walker, Mr. Christie, and two Messrs. Richmond from Perth.

We have to record the death on Monday, February 16th, of John Walker, in his eighty-third year, who was one of the best huntsmen and judges of hounds that ever lived. He began his long hunting career in 1818, with the Hon. Lumley Savile, who was afterwards Lord Scarborough, as whip to Davis, then hunted the South Wold, or, as they were then called, the Spilsby, for eight seasons under the Hon. George Pelham, and on leaving went to Lord Kintore, who lived at Wadley House, and hunted the old Berkshire country for four years. After which he went to the Fife, and for eighteen seasons hunted that country under Admiral Wemyss, and Mr. John Whyte-Melville; then in 1848 he came to Sir Watkin Wynn, and hunted his hounds for fifteen seasons, until he was succeeded in 1865 by Charles Payne. After his retirement from hunt service, he lived at Marchwiell, near Wrexham, and hunted with his old pack. He caught a chill through getting wet in the hunting field, which he rather neglected. The consequence was he caught a second, which carried him off. No more respected hunt servant than John Walker ever lived. His was a career that all young huntsmen should strive to imitate.

Capital accounts reach us of the hunting in Holderness, where the new Master, Mr. Arthur Wilson, has been showing excellent sport. He has luckily been enabled to retain the services of George Ash, who graduated under the late Mr. James Hall, having succeeded Jack Backhouse, who so many years carried the horn. That veteran sportsman, John Holliday, still goes as well as ever, and can beat most of the young ones; but the fair element, Lady Sykes and Mrs. Robert Clarke, are always to be found in the front, and no place is big enough to keep them from the tail of the hounds.

The Cheshire packs, under the Mastership of Captain Park Yates and Mr. Corbet respectively, have had their fair share of sport, but since the frost

have had nothing very remarkable; the best day being a quick thirty-five minutes to ground in Mr. Corbet's country. The South Cheshire found a regular otter of a fox at Bostock on Saturday the 14th, and hunted him up and down the Weaver, through the town of Northwich, killing him at Hartford Bridge, close to the river in which it seems he must have been born. They had a niceish thirty minutes on the 19th from 'Old Oulton 'Lowe,' killing at Church Minshull in the open. The fields are as large as ever, among the regular attendants being Lords Cole and Rocksavage, with the former of whom the Duke of Portland is now on a visit. Amongst others who go well are the brothers Hornby (the famous cricketer, A. N., being as much at home in the pigskin as with the willow), Messrs. T. H. Marshall, E. Townshend, J. and W. Burkett, Hume, Jocelyn, &c. &c., with a good sprinkling of lady riders, Mrs. Park Yates, Miss Dixie, and Mrs. H. Tomkinson being generally to be seen at the covert-side. Captain Park Yates intends to have a sale of hunters on the Saturday in Chester Race week, and we hear he has got some uncommonly good ones.

The Rufford had a good day on Thursday the 12th, when they met at Elm Tree Heath. In the morning they had a quick forty-five minutes from Williamthorpe Wood to Hady Hill, and in the afternoon they found an old dog-fox at West Wood, who took them a dance into Lord Galway's country, lasting about an hour, with only one check. The earths not being stopped, he escaped for another day. Among the first flight were the Masters, present and future, Messrs. C. A. Egerton and A. W. Legard, the Duke of Portland, and Messrs. Cammell, Burkitt, Dodsley, &c. &c. Fred. Gosden remains on at the end of the season; but they want a new first whip to replace Harry Pacey, who is looking out for a huntsman's situation.

The Bedale continue to have excellent sport, and Major Dent more than justifies the favourable opinion we expressed of him at the beginning of the season. On Wednesdays and Fridays few hunts in Yorkshire are unrepresented, and hard riding is the order of the day in consequence. Whether it is the real love of sport that attracts these distinguished strangers, or merely an unholy desire to cut down the gallant major and the 'Bedale Boys,' no matter, they are always welcome; and if a notorious local 'bruiser' *did* say 'He'd break his neck sooner than let the York and Ainsty Colonel pass him,' we hope he is long since forgiven.

A correspondent from Jersey writes, that in spite of occasional frost and snow, so unusual in that genial clime, the Jersey Drag Hounds have had some capital sport. The new Master, Mr. Arthur Jones, has proved a worthy successor to Mr. J. Smyth Pigott, who is repairing his broken leg by a cruise in the Mediterranean. They wound up the season the first week in February, owing to the early nature of the crops, with a gallop over the Quennesais, winding up with a dance at Mr. Jones's house at Portelet.

A new Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, the former a well-trained veteran, ripened in the mellow atmosphere of the Old Haymarket, the latter a lady who is gradually winning her way to the front, and now essays a bolder flight than common. That the performance of 'The School for Scandal' at the Vaudeville would excite attention goes without saying. We had seen an admirable personation of Sir Peter by Mr. W. Farren on these boards—one that reminded us of his father—and now we were to sit in judgment on Mr. Howe. He was on the whole good we think, a more unctuous Sir Peter than some we have seen, and with a commendable adherence to old traditions. Miss Kate Bishop's Lady Teazle was a very level performance, nothing very striking about it, but played with vivacity and intelligence,

which could not be said of some of the other ladies in the comedy. Lady Sneerwell did not find a very apt representation; but the gentlemen made up for whatever there might have been of shortcomings on the part of the other sex. Mr. David James gave us such a perfect cabinet picture of Moses as we do not remember having seen before, and Mr. Lin Rayne a sketch of Sir Benjamin Backbite marked by much originality. Mr. Clayton's Joseph Surface was not new to us, and the performance was even more artistic and thoughtful than on the last occasion of our seeing him. We are glad to welcome him back from the States, and he must not leave us again so long.

We came away from seeing Mr. Wills's 'Ninon' at the Adelphi without our having been able to make up our mind as to whether it was a good play or not. The theme is dramatic no doubt. A woman impelled by the memory of irreparable wrong done to her sister, to hunt a man with implacable vengeance to his death, and failing, through her heart's weakness, in her task—all this is very effective from a dramatic standpoint, and the author has on the whole done his work well. The situations are one or two of them good, the dialogue generally eloquent, but it is the *dénouement* that strikes us as weak, and which brings the curtain down with a feeling almost akin to disappointment. And yet in obedience, we suppose, to the demand of English audiences, that *dénouement* is a happy one, but still with such trump cards as Mr. Wills held in his hand, it must have been pain and grief to him those hasty and improbable nuptials. Dared he not close the drama on the tragic situation of Ninon's discovery that the man she has pursued with her vengeance to his destruction was the one for whom she ought to have laid down her own life—and that all she has effected is the ruin of a noble enterprise? It would have been a grand finale, but then the British playgoer would not have been satisfied—so when Ninon flings herself before St. Cyr, and says to the furies of the Revolution, who are thirsting for his blood, 'He 'is my husband!' the swords are dropped, and the curtain falls. Rather lame and impotent, but so we suppose it must be.

The acting is good. If Mr. Neville was hardly at home in the tricolour, he showed all his wonted energy when his pent-up devotion to the white cockade was allowed to exhibit itself. Miss Wallis had the very difficult *rôle* of the heroine assigned to her, and she carried out the author's intentions with much power, if now and then she failed in some of the finer touches of her art. The first dawn of pity for her intended victim, that pity which was to ripen into love, was hardly sufficiently shown, though it must be owned in the passage where Ninon exhibits her self-aborrence for the weakness of heart in yielding to the fascinations that, as she supposes, ruined her sister—Miss Wallis rose to the occasion. Some great liberties were taken by both author and actor with Marat, and Simon, the gaoler of the young Dauphin, is made repulsive enough, and the latter interesting enough, to enlist the warmest royalist sympathies of the gallery. In fact, the situation at the end of the third act, where the Dauphin is hidden beneath a cloak on the sofa, and when, after Marat and the mob have retired, he emerges from his hiding-place radiant in blue velvet and gold, is the most telling in the piece, and the applause is frantic. Mr. Irish rather exaggerates the picture of an old abbé; but Mr. Taylor's exhibition of abject terror as Simon was a fine piece of acting. As we have hinted above there is much to commend and like, much that disappoints, in Ninon. There is a lack of probability, and the *dénouement* is no doubt terribly weak. Pity that what might have been a splendid termination has had to be sacrificed to the exigencies of modern taste.

We have often before this mentioned the admirable series of afternoon

performances at the Imperial, which Miss Litton has resumed with 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Again is the fair lessee the most charming of Olivias, and again does Mr. Farren give us a picture of Dr. Primrose, not, we think, to be surpassed. Mr. Lionel Brough is, to our great disappointment, not the Moses of the story we used to devour in boyhood, but Mrs. Stirling is Mrs. Primrose in the flesh. We trust Miss Litton's efforts to place before us this and other comedies illustrating a bye-gone age and manners, will meet with the success they deserve. How admirable was the performance of 'The Beaux Stratagem' at this house, and yet we fear it was not appreciated by the public as it should have been. 'She stoops to Conquer' had more success, and we trust this and other comedies will be again produced at the Imperial during Miss Litton's management. She has a company in some respects unapproachable, and we cannot but think that if she perseveres she will raise the public taste to a proper appreciation of our earlier stage literature.

The senior brother of that great racing fraternity of the Dawsons has quitted the scene after a long and honourable career, during which those who knew him best declare that he never made an enemy or lost a friend. Better known to the older generation than the present one, not the familiar figure of either 'Joe,' 'Mat,' or 'John,' his triumphs on the Turf were won some thirty or forty years ago. Scotch by birth, Yorkshireman by choice, he clung to the country of his adoption to the last, and was laid to his rest in Coverham churchyard, under the shadow of the moors where he lived and trained. That Thomas Dawson was a remarkable man, and that he almost revolutionized the old system of training and preparation, few will deny. Before his time, when James Croft flourished at Middleham, the ancient order of drenchings and sweatings reigned supreme. Thomas Dawson substituted old oats and hard work for these drastic remedies, and his system has been universally followed wherever the English racehorse is trained. His brothers, we believe, cordially acknowledge what they owe to him, and as they now rank among the foremost men in their profession, we have a right to believe that the present status of the high-mettled racer owes much to the man whose loss we deplore. How odd the name of Blue Bonnet sounds now, and how strange would look the handsome tartan jacket on that queer bit of mortality called Tommy Lye. The first time we ever saw 'Tommy' and his noble employer was on the old Cheltenham racecourse—more years ago than we can remember—but as Bellona had just won the Gloucestershire Stakes, zealous students of Turf history can discover the date in their Weatherby. Tommy was just entering the paddock, and Lord Eglinton was there to meet him and the mare, and the cock of Tommy's eye, and the expression of his face (he said nothing to his employer's greeting) was a study. We suppose Dawson must have been present then, but we have no recollection of him, and even Lord Eglinton seemed a secondary personage. Our eyes saw nothing but Tommy Lye.

A facile writer, Yorkshire born, and who knew Tom Dawson as well as he knew his own father, hints in the columns of a leading sporting newspaper on the relations subsisting between the late Lord Glasgow and the Tupgill trainer in a way that makes us wish he had been more explicit. We are sure he could, if he would, many tales unfold. When Greek meets Greek, the effects are supposed to be awful, but we can conceive a passage of arms between the Scotch earl and his trainer as being something more awful still. We confess it makes our mouth to water, the very idea of the details of the engagement. Could the talented writer in question be induced to favour us with them privately? But perhaps after all they would lose in the trans-

mission. The fire of expression would be lost in type, and the vocabulary of the noble earl might want a glossary. Still any contribution that might be thought not too strong for 'the green covers' would be thankfully received and much appreciated by the 'Van Driver.'

The *vexata questio* of what is a gentleman rider seems cropping up again, apropos of a great pilling that the unpaid met with at the hands of the G.N.H. Committee in the beginning of the month. The 'persons who 'have never ridden for hire' went down like chaff before the wind in Old Burlington Street, and great has been the lamentation in consequence. The question is beset with difficulties no doubt. That 'gentlemen riders,' in the strict acceptation of the term, might be counted on the fingers of your two hands, we have no doubt. They are men of position and income, to whom on both accounts money could not, as it need not, be mentioned. But there are also gentlemen with every right to the name, of a certain position, if not an exalted one, in society, who, however, are not possessed of a superfluity of this world's goods. Why should they have their *status* as gentlemen riders called in question if they accept their expenses? We fear many of our friends will shake their heads at our heretical notion, but we cannot see how a gentleman forfeits his position by so doing. Remember we mean *legitimate ex's*, the actual sum out of pocket with no margin attached. There was a scandal last year in the cricket world, when certain gentlemen cricketers interpreted legitimate ex's after a very broad fashion, and clearly thought 'remuneration' for knocking cricket balls over haystacks, and getting appalling scores ought to be allowed. But is the man who gets paid his railway fare and a modest hotel 'remunerated'? We cannot see it. If an honest gentleman whom you have asked to come some two hundred miles or more to ride for you, who is away from his home for three or four days, if he says, 'I really 'cannot afford to come without 'my ex's!'' is he then out of the pale of gentlemen riders? How is he remunerated? If he makes eighteen pence beyond his outlay, then he is, but not otherwise.

But it is to be hoped that the G.N.H. Committee will really do something to try and solve the difficulty. That their task, if they do undertake it, will be no light one, we freely admit; but that fact ought to spur them on. 'The status of Bicycling' is we see troubling that portion of the community who are followers of the harmless pastime; and a self-elected body called 'the Bicycle Union' seems to have got itself into a terrible tangle on the 'amateur' question. We are not greatly concerned about bicycling, but no doubt it should have a status if it could be found out. But the status of 'gentlemen riders' is, we submit, a much more serious question, and after all these years to think it is not settled is rather humiliating. May it be in the good time coming.

We are all of us supposed to be ardently studying the spring handicaps, and the Lincoln and Grand National fevers are certainly beginning to develop themselves. About the City and Sub. and other events we are quiescent, but the two we have mentioned are getting unpleasantly near. What is to win? Well, in our humble opinion Parole occupies his rightful position as first favourite for the Lincoln. He is a grand horse at that distance, and will very nearly win we believe. Something that gets the best of the start may beat him, but still we shall expect to see him flattering his backers very much at the distance, and perhaps landing them at the post. We hope so. Whatever beats him will win, and among the 'whatevers' we fancy Lincolnshire, Rosy Cross, Placida, Briglia, Speculation, and Elf King, &c. &c. The Liverpool seems a very hard nut. For the old cracks, winners though they be, we confess

we have not much fancy. Austerlitz is said to be very well now, but when the final note of preparation comes will he be able to stand it? The like may be said of Regal, and Liberator is a dangerous horse to meddle with. We hear a good account of Empress, who will be the mount of one of the Messrs. Beesley's, and she is certainly anything but unfavourably handicapped. Victoria, Marshal Niel, and Gunlock also take our fancy, and so would Bacchus, if we were certain as to his owner's intentions. But groping among the dearth of good steeplechasers for winners is searching for treasure in the dark. We fancy the race will go to Ireland, and if only our Irish cousins would tell us in what direction it was going we should be so much obliged.

We have often heard the question asked by some man engaged in furnishing a house, 'Where can I get some sporting pictures in oils to hang up in the 'smoking-room?' It is easy enough to buy half a dozen prints of a stereotyped kind, in which, as a rule, the riders of the hunt are depicted as performing in the middle of the hounds, and one naturally exclaims, 'If such and such a Master saw that style of things going on, there would be some rough language afloat.' In fact, a painter of sporting subjects must be himself a sportsman, or he will inevitably betray his ignorance in his pictures. We have lately examined some hunting sketches from the brush of Cecil Boulton, Esq., an artist who, besides having the talent to paint horses and hounds, possesses also the experience which the hunting field itself alone can give. We can safely say that we never saw a real Hunting Seat better drawn than by Mr. Boulton, who has, we believe, been very successful in some portraits on horseback which he has attempted. Added to all this, Mr. Boulton, as a rising artist, has adapted his prices to suit the times, as, we feel sure, any friends will admit who will come and have a look at his pictures at the office in Cornhill where this Magazine is published.

'Green Ferne Farm,' a novel in one vol., by the author of the 'Gamekeeper 'at Home' and other works which have been noticed in 'Baily,' is sure to attract numbers of readers, but we doubt whether it will be so universally popular as its predecessors, as much of the dialogue is in the villainous Hampshire dialect, which is only a trifle more polished than that of 'Zummerset-shire.' The chapter on 'Nutting' will perhaps prove the most attractive. The chapters entitled 'Evening' and 'Night,' which relate the adventures of a lady and gentleman who had lost their way on the Downs on an evening of fog and darkness, with an atmosphere surcharged with electricity which generally precedes a thunderstorm, will be found interesting to the dwellers on the hills; and it also goes to prove that an English gentleman can behave as such, and though not an avowed lover, prove too true an one to take advantage of a situation exceptionally hazardous. Mr. Jefferies has 'made his mark' as an author, and his present work will be widely read.

# B A I L Y ' S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

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APRIL, 1880.

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VOL. XXXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

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1880.

# DIARY FOR APRIL, 1880.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TH	Abergavenny, Eglinton Hunt, and Catterick Bridge Races.
2	F	Bangor, Packington, and Royal Artillery at Bromley Races.
3	S	Packington and Brocklesby Races.
4	S	LOW SUNDAY.
5	M	
6	TU	Northampton and Punctestown Races.
7	W	Northampton, Punctestown, Chepstow, and Sussex Hunt Races.
8	TH	Croxton Park, Ipswich, Warwick, and Pontefract Races.
9	F	Warwick, Daventry, and Southdown Hunt Races.
10	S	Road Club Steeplechases.
11	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
12	M	Rufford Hunt Steeplechases at Heath.
13	TU	Newmarket, Craven, Lichfield, and Linlithgow Hunt Races.
14	W	Newmarket, Lichfield, Torquay, and Alderhot Races.
15	TH	Newmarket, Aldershot, and Halifax Spring Races.
16	F	Newmarket and Halifax Races.
17	S	
18	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
19	M	
20	TU	Epsom, Knighton, and Curragh Races.
21	W	Epsom and Curragh Races. [Races.
22	TH	Epsom, Sandown Park, United Border Hunt, Kelso, and Thirsk
23	F	Sandown Park and Thirsk Races.
24	S	Sandown Park Races.
25	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
26	M	[Races.
27	TU	Newmarket First Spring, Meath Hunt, and Stratford-on-Avon
28	W	Newmarket, Two Thousand Guineas.
29	TH	Horse Show, Agricultural Hall—Entry Books opened. New-
		market, Ludlow Club, and Queen's County Races.
30	F	Newmarket, One Thousand Guineas.

28 28 Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday  
and Saturday.







Charles Beaumont

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

THE second son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford, Charles William De La Poer Beresford is so thoroughly well known as sailor, senator, and sportsman, that our readers will, we feel sure, be glad to find his portrait the last addition to 'Baily's' gallery.

Born in 1846, Lord Charles entered the Navy in 1859, was made Lieutenant in 1868, and Commander in 1875. His professional services have been many and varied. He has been twice round the world, on every naval station, and, we believe, in nearly every country of the known globe. His abilities and sailor-like qualities were soon discovered, and his promotion, though rapid, has been well deserved. In 1874 he entered Parliament as Member for the county of Waterford, and his speeches on naval affairs are marked by that thorough knowledge of the subject, mingled with a keen sense of humour, so eminently characteristic of the man. They are listened to with cheers and laughter, and are always to the point. More especially is he noted for being emphatically the sailor's friend, and any slur on the character and discipline of our blue-jackets is sure to call him, if present, on his legs, while in terse and telling speech he indignantly refutes the accusation. Quite at home, too, is Lord Charles in that after-dinner oratory which sits so heavily on the majority of us. He is always ready with a good story and a fitting allusion; and we well remember how, at a banquet given two or three years since by Lord Hardwicke and the gentlemen who hunt with the Royal Buckhounds to the farmers, he kept both hosts and guests in one continued roar on returning thanks for the Navy—not a toast generally provocative of laughter—but made so on that occasion by the native humour of the speaker.

To say that Lord Charles is a keen sportsman, eager after adventure of all kinds, seeking it in far-away and outlandish places—and as fond of a little fighting, when he can get it, as he is of fun—is merely saying that his name is what it is. He is one of the few men who have got to the summit of 'Peter Botte'—the far-famed

mountain in the Mauritius ; and one of the few captains who always take out harness in their ships. He has shot nearly every bird and beast there is to shoot, frequently under great difficulties, camping out in places where he was in ignorance of the locality, with perhaps a solitary blue-jacket and whatever natives he could impress into his service. He has driven tandem all over the world, out of cart, waggon, buggy, and once, in Australia, out of a hansom—for which latter act and deed, if there had been a driving V.C., we consider he ought to have had it. When at home in England or Ireland he generally manages to have some good horses—we have heard him say that a sailor ashore ‘ must have his leg over something ’—and with them he hunts about, if we may use the expression, a week with one pack and a week with another ; by which means he knows many countries and is known of many men. A great love has he, too, for the hound, and a good judge is he likewise, never missing a chance of seeing a pack on the flags when near a kennel. He has ridden steeplechases in his time ; and is very proud of having won the Duke of Beaufort’s point-to-point race—three and a half miles—a few years ago, across a country none of the competitors knew—a really sporting affair. He was then on a horse called Fore Top, that his brother, Lord Waterford, bought him. One or two race-horses have belonged to him, the last of which was Zero—good enough, perhaps, to have won a Liverpool—but he met with an accident, and had to be destroyed.

That a Beresford should be brave is only another form of saying that he is his father’s son. Lord Charles has, however, shown conspicuous gallantry on more than one occasion, and in what we may call its highest form—not in taking life, but in saving it. As he himself modestly puts it—and we will not spoil his words—‘ I have ‘ had the luck to be in the way when several men fell overboard, ‘ and the good fortune to save them.’ Very true ; but something more than good fortune is required on these occasions—indomitable courage and a cool brain ; and those who know the circumstances under which these lives were saved, know how eminently those qualities were shown by their preserver.

To add that Lord Charles Beresford is most popular among the popular and petted of society is almost needless. Enjoying life with all the zest of a still youthful manhood (‘ I would like every day ‘ of my life over again,’ he said to us lately), entering largely into the world’s pleasures, he has yet a keen sense of the duties and responsibilities of his position and calling. If he is the welcome guest of many a social circle and brilliant coterie, if his is the *bon mot* that sets the table in a roar—the sense of fun combined with the quaint turn of expression that would stir to laughter the dullest—he is also as smart an officer as ever trod quarter-deck, as thoroughly a business member as any in the House of Commons. With him, as with others, *noblesse oblige*.

## 'THE RACEHORSE IN TRAINING.'\*

WE could heartily and sincerely wish that the author of the book bearing the above title had seen fit to bring his labours to a conclusion with the chapters embracing a description of stable management and administration, in which it would puzzle modern Turfites to find a greater adept or mightier master of his art than William Day. There may be nothing strikingly original about his ideas of interior economy, construction, and daily régime, and the chances are that this portion of the subject-matter will appeal only to a limited class of readers; very few of those professedly interested in racing matters caring to dip much below the surface, nor to inquire into the ways and means whereby the racehorse is presented to their admiring gaze, the model of health, soundness, and condition, at the post. The vast majority, we fear, of those whose claim to the title of sportsmen stands upon no surer foundation than that of speculators, are apt to regard the animal who carries their money and their confidence in the same light as cards or dice; so that it can signify little or nothing to them by what process horses are delivered fit and well to the starter, as long as they are able to use their legs to the required tune. Incidentally we may mention, that the earlier chapters to which we allude are well and concisely written, reasonably short and to the purpose, and afford solid proof of the experience, judgment, and sound common sense of the writer. The description of the establishment at Woodyates is somewhat similar to those imaginary delineations by early divines and allegorical writers of the kingdom of heaven; and we might even strain the simile a little further, by declaring that but few indeed, and those highly favoured ones, have returned to this mortal sphere with descriptions of the once great Hampshire stable; showing what jealous watch and ward used to be, and probably still is, kept over the collection of animal treasures under William Day's surveillance. It seems a thousand pities that a personal inspection of the capabilities of the place should be denied to the *profanum vulgus*; but as it is, we must look and long, and gaze with the eye of faith upon the golden apples beyond the tether of the implacable dragon which guards them. Doubtless it was this extreme vigilance and resentment of intrusion that caused the 'hatching' of those numerous *canards* concerning manners and customs in the Woodyates stable. It has long been confidently asserted, though never thoroughly believed until now, that in order to prevent or to counteract the influence of corruption among the stable lads, each horse was known, like a convict, only by his number; and all sorts of dodges were adopted for preventing the dissemination of 'useful knowledge' to the outside public by means of trials being untimely blown upon. To every individual, and most of all to the trainer of racehorses, must be permitted the indulgence of his little fads and fancies; but we cannot help

\* 'The Racehorse in Training.' By William Day.

comparing, however invidiously, the open, gracious, and free receptions experienced in old times by visitors at Whitewall, and in latter days at Russley—or in fact at almost any of the great Newmarket or 'provincial' stables—to the secret and silent system formerly, and possibly even now, in force at Woodyates. We believe neither in the necessity for, nor in the advantage, nor indeed in the possibility of keeping the staff of a training stable ignorant of the identity of its inmates; on the contrary, we are convinced that secrecy is likely to be far more respected when reasonable confidences are exchanged, and when the natural thirst for probing mysteries is allayed by a system of mutual trust and good faith. But this by the way; for we must hasten on, pausing only to remark, with reference to William Day's recorded stable experience, that he appears sedulously to eschew the rule-of-thumb principle in training operations, which has prevailed in many establishments of a similar kind, to the cost of its patrons and adherents. Sound and sensible remarks on the important subjects of food and water will be read with interest by all practical horsemen; indeed, the man who never owned or saw a thoroughbred in his life may glean a multitude of useful hints as regards stable management from the earlier chapters of the work before us. The chapter on the 'Purchase of Yearlings' will be read with special interest, and we are bound to admit that its author has, throughout his career as a trainer, sedulously and consistently acted up to the precepts inculcated therein. Nobody ever saw William Day nodding for a sensational lot; but he might in common fairness have admitted that the judgment of heavy bidders is not invariably at fault, while we may in turn be permitted to question the policy of buying unfashionably bred ones by the dozen, like South African wine, as was the case, on occasions, with the Diss yearlings. One or two 'nuggets' in a lifetime hardly make up for a lot of rubbish without a grain of gold in it; and we fancy the Woodyates trainer found it a far better game to convert selling platers into high-class handicap horses (as in the cases he mentions of Weatherbound and Dulcibella) than to aim at the highest Turf honours in weight-for-age races. As to the sale of horses which did good service to the home stable, and failed to distinguish themselves after having passed into other hands, the note in which their names appear smacks too much of vainglory, and is, moreover, highly suggestive of the 'sucked orange,' of which clever folks are so anxious to get quit. Every trainer 'swears by' some horse or other of which he has had charge and management; and as Queen Mary said that 'Calais' would be found written on her heart after death, so we may gather that little Joe Miller holds the highest place in his trainer's affections, as he does on the top of the stable vane at Woodyates. Scattered up and down through the work we find numerous allusions to other racing worthies of both sexes; but the name the little Venison pony crops up most frequently, even when mentioned in the same breath as the raking

Brigantine, Promised Land, and other coursers of high degree. No one can peruse the practical part of William Day's volume without pleasure and profit; for not only is the subject-matter interesting, but its 'exposition' is so well and happily rendered, that who shall henceforth dare to rail against our trainers as uneducated or uncultivated?

But we are bound in common honesty to say it is vastly otherwise when we are brought face to face with the real drift of the work, its intentions and tendencies, and the spirit in which it is submitted to public perusal. Even throughout the earlier chapters, which we consider as deserving almost unqualified praise, there breathes a tone of mistrust, suspicion, and jealousy that taints the whole work, and for the prevalence of which the middle chapters are still more unhappily remarkable. It is the old story of an everlasting conspiracy on the part of the powers of darkness against an angel of light—of stable lads, jockeys, commissioners, betting men, touts, employers, their friends and acquaintances, and last but not least the irrepressible 'British public' itself, arrayed in formidable league against the hapless professor of the trainer's art, whom they will not allow to be virtuous and straightforward, strive he never so manfully against their machinations. The author would make himself out as entitled to undertake the *rôle* of that sight for the gods, a good man struggling against adversity; whereas we, viewing him by the light of ordinary life, have been led to regard William Day as a sort of Haroun-al-Raschid among his brethren, living a secluded life in retirement almost as impenetrable as that affected by the Eastern myth, and unexceptionally favoured in the 'golden prime' of Woodyates, which so many of us still remember. A vast deal of the insinuations levelled against employes necessary for conducting a racing campaign must necessarily recoil upon their author, who seems for the moment to forget the number of brilliant successes achieved in spite of his being surrounded by all manner of conspirators against the object he had in view. Is it credible that such things should be, or that things being so, any single individual should be found ready and willing to undertake a life-long warfare against servants, retainers, and others indispensable to him in his capacity of trainer—and often to no purpose at all?

Taking the book as a whole, and having regard to the impressions which it produces, its general apparent aim and scope, and the conclusions to be drawn from a careful perusal of it, we think that William Day might very reasonably, following the lead of a distinguished convert to Romanism, have entitled the volume, *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*. Concurrently with this, the idea of an elaborate apology for the Turf in general pervades the work, and its author will not need to be reminded about the French proverb which runs, *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. As the immaculate trainer is the unfortunate victim of a conspiracy to cause his feet to slip, so the Turf, innately pure, is in no way responsible for the ruin of too many connected with it; but it is owing to external influences that it becomes a medium of loss.

This will be characterised as a somewhat startling and novel doctrine, but its attempted inculcation cannot be doubted if we turn to the pages where mention is made of the late Marquis of Hastings' racing career. Anything more astounding than the statements here made we never read; but, unwilling as we are to rake up old scandals, it must be admitted, firstly, that we have only followed the author in his attempts at resuscitation, and, secondly, that we could not allow to pass unchallenged statements which a future generation may haply mistake for gospel truth. The passage has only to be read, to so hopelessly confound and upset preconceived theories, that it is only charitable to suppose some mistake has been made, to be amended in future editions; and with this remark we take leave of a serious blot upon the work. Neither does there seem to be any occasion for the author to dwell so long upon the impracticability of owners laying against their own horses, and conspiring to defraud the public. The latter have frequently to undergo the milking process (without a chance of being able to kick over the pail); and we assert this to be fact, without claiming a morsel of pity for fools who rush in where 'angels of light' are plying their profitable task.

The racing and 'racy' reminiscences embodied in William Day's *magnum opus* are just those which possess the least interest from curious or sensational points of view. Few of his readers, except irrepressible jokers, have 'Joe Miller on the brain,' and we could have wished the 'little un' had been left for good and all careering about on the stable vane, while his trainer was telling us about some of those 'morals,' sought but never found by the confiding public. It is only natural, perhaps, that a good general should make the most of his victories and the least of his defeats; but, as a veracious chronicler, ought not the Woodyates 'historian' to have let us into certain 'secrets of the prison-house,' which could not now spoil by revelation? We shall make no pretence of setting our references in chronological order, but what would not those even of moderately long Turf experience give to know concerning certain former household words in the mouths of racing men, occupants of stall or box at Woodyates in its palmy days? We see only the bright side of the picture, which may have curious inscriptions at the back; while the reverse of the medal is often highly interesting to those who have long been intently inspecting its obverse. Why is William Day so unaccountably silent upon the subject of his Derby ride on Promised Land—that notoriety alternately with 'milk and honey' flowing—and is it nothing to the racing world why the same horse cut up so unaccountably badly at Doncaster, after one of the hollowest Goodwood Cup victories on record? What about that 'mighty monster' Pax, that rank impostor The Ghillie, Armourer, and other phantom favourites for great events? Were the stable on Mail Train for his maiden win, 'after long years,' in the Queen's Vase at Ascot? And how came it to pass that so many 'moral certainties' collapsed like paper bags, so many outsiders came to the rescue in the nick of time? Was all this accident or design? and if the former, what,



it may be asked, is the good of trials, on which so much stress is laid? or, if the latter, what is to be said for those who, deprecating conspiracies on the part of others, themselves incur the odium of laying traps for the unwary? We should have thought, too, it were possible, without treading upon delicate ground, to have recorded some of those 'tales and traits' probably spoiled and distorted by incorrect versions of them having gone forth to the world. Among the names of 'eminent Turf tacticians' we fail to find that of the reputed prince of diplomatists, Lord Frederick Swindells, at whose feet we long to sit and fancy, and to hear from his own lips the story of Weatherbound and Dulcibella. Poor 'Argus' was wont to relate with great gusto how the great Turf Talleyrand revealed to him the secret of those intended *grand coups* which came off with such admirable certainty and precision. 'Thee 'll 'name the winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, lad,' was the promise of good things to come, and it could be no breach of confidence to disclose the Aladdin-like process of turning old lamps into new, and of converting crocks into cracks, 'as with a 'touch of the enchanter's wand.' We confess, too, to a longing for a chatty half hour with that resolute horseman and reliable servant of the stable, Sammy Adams, to whose expert handling so many animals with different missions were entrusted, and to whom no order was ever given in vain. The author is sadly in want of a 'model jockey' to place in the scale against the insolent and incapable pets of the pig-skin; and yet by the unaccountable irony of fate, the steersman of Catch 'em Alive to a most sensational victory in the Cambridgeshire, and of other Woodyates 'bread-winners,' is never so much as mentioned in connection with 'The Racehorse in Training.'

Having bestowed praise where we honestly believe praise to be due, upon the chapters devoted to a practical exposition of the trainer's art, and having 'agreed to differ' with their writer as regards his general views of racing morality, it is pleasant for critic and author to 'come together again' over certain burning questions discussed in the concluding portion of the work. William Day's strictures upon more than one glaring abuse and scandal connected with the Turf are none the less just and well deserved because they have (in many cases) long continued unremedied; and in these days when so many obvious shortcomings are blinked and glossed over by good-natured writers of optimist tendencies, it is refreshing to hear a 'voice from the ranks' raised in no uncertain tone against evils affecting the welfare of sport. It is evidence of the existence among the training fraternity of an earnest desire to carry out their work with clean hands; while it affords positive contradiction to the reckless statements of those who would represent 'the profession' as careless of the means of attaining profit and success, and as willing to encourage, to that end, sport in its most debased and trumpery phases. We can endorse every argument urged by William Day against those happily disestablished nuisances swept away by Mr.

Anderson's little bill—the suburban meetings; and the legalization and consequent possible control and regulation of betting has so frequently been advocated in these pages, whenever the great welshing nuisance has come under discussion, that it is gratifying to find a staunch supporter among those who may justly be reckoned the best judges of what is reasonable and practical. As regards the advisability of adopting a heavier scale in handicaps, we also fully agree with William Day's very apposite remarks; but we may take leave to doubt whether, along with an ample limit as regards weight, we are entitled to expect also an expansion in those principles of morality which we desire should govern the life and practice of our jockeys. Doubtless many of those undesirable exhibitions of incompetence in the saddle by popular and pampered feathers of the period would be obviated by the introduction of the reform advocated; but should we find those fuller of years and flesh possessed of any more exalted ideas of honesty and fixed intentions of going straight? We fancy not, and in the end it might be found easier to deal with pliant young occasional delinquents than with habitual and hardened offenders. Still, we commend a careful study of W. Day's remarks to all having the best interests of racing seriously at heart; and there is nothing unreasonable nor utopian in the reforms projected, far as we may seem to be from their adoption at present. Into certain 'open' questions, such as the relations between owners and trainers, the comparative excellence of ancient and modern racers, as well as diplomacy in dealing with stable commissioners, and the great 'scratching' controversy, we are unwilling to enter on a review of the work before us. The debateable ground which they occupy is quite beyond the scope of an article which aims rather at generalities than abstruse disquisition; and we merely bring them forward for the purpose of expressing a wish that the author had contented himself with sticking to the practical phase, instead of soaring into regions encumbered with the clouds of doubt and delicacy. The clearest intellects are apt to get confused and blinded by venturing upon topics concerning which ultimate agreement between the contending factions is about as likely as the universal settlement of political differences; therefore it is no wonder that we find our author occasionally out of his depth, as when, for instance, he alludes to the Waterloo Cup in the same breath as a big handicap, and advocates the assimilation of the racing system to that of coursing in certain respects. The attacks on the Turf, too, which he takes the trouble to answer, are of such a highly-wrought and exaggerated nature that they carry their own refutation with them; and it looks too much as if the apologist had purposely selected a weak case for demolition by his strongest line of defence.

Upon completing the perusal of the work before us, and laying down a volume in many respects ably written and cleverly compiled, and evidently proceeding from the pen of 'one in authority,' we are irresistibly led to ask the pertinent, if somewhat delicate and compromising question—How and why is it that a training establishment

formerly of credit and renown, having for its head an individual of such keen observation, long experience, and undoubted ability in his calling, has been so emphatically down upon its luck of late, and fallen upon such desperately bad times? How is that we hear of former employers dropping off one by one, in search, we presume, of more suitable or congenial quarters for their horses? of gaps in the stable ranks unfilled by fresh recruits? and of the gradual diminution of a *prestige* for *coups* and surprises unequalled within our recollection? There are always plenty of new worlds to conquer upon the Turf, and we do not find, as a rule, its Alexanders seeking repose and retirement in the prime of life, even after having attained the height of their ambition by sweeping the board of all its good things. Can it be that the author of 'The Racehorse in Training' has erred in the direction of too much instead of too little of that learning which is said to be a dangerous thing; or is it that the racing community has waxed weary, like the Athenians, of hearing William Day always called 'the clever,' and ostracised him out of mere envy and jealousy? Or has the cloud still its lining of silver, and are we destined to witness a latter day 'revival,' the outcome of which shall eclipse the ancient glories of Woodyates; and hear of its long platoons of now deserted boxes resounding once again to the whinny of the thoroughbred, and of carefully prepared 'moral 'certainties' vanned to every course in the kingdom, as in the 'brave days of old'?

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## BIRDS AND BEASTS OF SPORT.

### III.—PHEASANTS AND PARTRIDGES.

NOTHING in my opinion is more enjoyable than a stroll early on a June Sunday morning, say at eight o'clock, in the home park of one of our great English county magnates. I name Sunday morning advisedly, because all around is so quiet—even the birds seem to chirrup in a subdued tone; pheasants of the most gorgeous plumage venture near the house, and here and there, every now and then, there darts across the path a timid rabbit or a startled hare, jump, jump, jumping, whilst in some adjoining field a covey of partridges rises, with their strong and startling metallic twitter, as we cross the rustic style leading into the church road. On that road there is sure to be seen, at that early hour, a perfect wealth of what may be called 'the minor objects of natural history.' Butterflies flash across the view, the drowsy hum of the busy bee strikes on the ear, while the varied sounds of many birds give life to the scene. Yonder, be sure, at the gap in the hedge where are the remains of the old road to the church, now superseded, there is a robin's nest; and not far away may be seen a busy colony of industrious ants hard at work, all heedless of its being Sunday. For a brief space I 'view the ant's

'labour,' and try to 'be wise.' Scarcely do I take my eyes from the scene, and pass on to the old graveyard, when a happy hen-pheasant with a populous brood of young ones emerges from a plantation, to find a ready-made breakfast on the ants' hill. How deftly the clever old matron takes up a coign of vantage: she cuts off the retreat of all the ants that are a foot or two from their nest, and these her children lose no time in gobbling up—scared towards the end of the banquet by the appearance of a terrier belonging to one of the gardeners, who emerges from the vegetable garden by a side-door. The house of the head-gardener looks a tempting residence; it is larger and handsomer, and probably far more convenient, with its picturesque old Tudor windows and chimneys, than the manse of many a Scottish country clergyman; it is surrounded by numerous clusters of fancy trees, and the laburnum and lilac, and the red and white hawthorn blooms scent the neighbourhood with a delicious perfume. Not a man is moving about; all around is quiet; the sun blazes ahead, and, as if to solemnise the scene, there falls upon the ear the rich tones of the organ, the bellows of which the under-gardener, who has just passed me, has gone to blow—whilst the organist, a 'high professional' from the neighbouring town, 'pre-ludises' for an hour before service. Skirting an outlying portion of the home farm, and taking a near cut through a 'green, green meadow,' I come to a wicket-gate which admits me to a fine old orchard 'of twenty good acres and more,' the domain of the chief keeper. Although Alick Kinnaird is said to be 'a dour old Scots-man,' he and I get on so well together that he is not averse to a crack about pheasant-breeding even on 'the Lord's day,' which is his designation for the 'holy sabbath,' as his wife Betty calls Sunday.

The reader, I trust, will acquit me of a hankering after fine writing. I know very well that, in the hands of a literary artist, 'a fine thing' could be made of a description of a Sunday morning early in the leafy month—the scene being laid in Partridgeshire, the particular spot selected being the fine park surrounding Plinlimmon Towers, the palatial home of my Lord the Marquis of Plinlimmon. We all know what the literary craftsman can do, given an opportune time and place; but I am not a literary craftsman, and so, without the slightest feeling of envy, I leave to him the pleasant task of creating a picture out of the little bit I have so roughly sketched, if he feels inclined to accept the task. In Plinlimmon Towers itself, one of the stateliest of 'the stately homes of England,' there is a wealth of matter in paintings and books to fill up many pages, whilst the courtly and pleasant host, and the comely and gracious hostess might afford scope to those society writers who delight to portraitize 'the personages of 'the period.' Without, surrounding the stately Tudor palace, there are gardens and lawns, and shrubberies, and sheets of ornamental water, with modern aviaries and ancient colonies of old family rooks, sufficient to fill up the scenery of a three-volume novel. The scene lies ready to the ready pen, and as yet is unhackneyed, so far as 'the tall towers of great Plinlimmon,' and the stream flowing

through the domain which has been more than once the theme of the poet, are concerned.

My converse with Alick Kinnaird, my lord's chief gamekeeper, on the subject of pheasant culture, I shall try to place before the readers of 'Baily's Magazine' in such a way as to prove interesting.

Alick, or 'Mr. Kinnaird,' as he was called even by the Marchioness, was (and happily he is still living and life-like at the ripe age of 67 years) a Scot of the most pronounced type, an intelligent, hard-headed fellow, and a 'perfect deacon' at his business. Like most of his countrymen who come south in early life, Kinnaird had managed to save almost all his income since he took service with the Marquis thirty-six years since, and he has now, I should say, a sum of about five thousand pounds, well invested in North-Eastern Consols. I never could even guess the likely amount of Alick's income: some of the visitors, while chatting in the smoking-room of the Towers, were of opinion that with wages, perquisites and pickings, he would earn full four hundred a year; at all events, his position was so good that he refused a fine offer from the Emperor Napoleon, who was fain to lure him over the water to Fontainebleau.\* Kinnaird's eldest

\* As a good deal has been written in various newspapers of late about gamekeepers' 'tips,' I need offer no apology for alluding to the matter. The mere wages of keepers vary considerably, and do not, as a rule, amount to much money, but they are well remunerated otherwise. 'I don't give a snap of my fingers for the wages,' said a respectable Scotch keeper to me last season when I was inquiring into the rabbit trade. 'No, sir, my wages are the least part of my income; I have fifty-two pounds a year, a free house, grass for a cow, and a percentage on the rabbits and hares I sell; besides, Sir William's friends are all very kind both during the grouse season and at home here when we go in for the partridges and pheasants. There are at least sixty gentlemen visitors, counting from "the 12th" to New Year's week, and a few of them give me each a fiver, and others two and three pounds a piece.' I know it to be a common practice at some places for the head-keeper to be presented with a 'fiver' by the majority of the visitors—and not one leaves after a good week's sport without making a present of some amount, it cannot be less usually than two sovereigns. I remember hearing of the complaint of a country vicar, whose living was but a modest one, probably some four hundred a year; his constant exclamation used to be, 'Would that I were his lordship's gamekeeper in chief! He makes, I am told, seven hundred a year, besides being able to pick the bones of a pheasant whenever it seemeth good to him so to do.' This was probably a true enough statement, as I have some knowledge of a keeper who received in the season from his master's guests fourteen ten-pound notes, eleven 'fivers,' and ten presents each of three guineas, besides, as he himself said, about 'a hatful of single sovereigns,' which was his pleasant way of speaking of his minor gifts. I have heard also that many 'canny' keepers derive a fair amount of commission from the breaking of dogs, and from the sale of or selection of guns and fishing-rods. It used to be the case also, that some masters allowed their head-keeper to dispose of the rabbits for his own benefit, on condition that he paid the wages and keep of a rabbitier for a few months in the winter time—a capital bargain! but with the growth of rabbit commerce that custom has been pretty generally given up; many keepers, however, are still paid so much a head or *tail*, for the 'vermin' they destroy, and as a consequence many animals are destroyed that had far better be allowed to live. A good story is told of a well-known Scotch nobleman who always tipped his own keeper just as his guests did at the end of the season. 'Well John,' said his Grace, 'there you are, a tenner as usual, but mind, I think it is —— shabby

son is a farmer, and has perhaps the very best and most productive farm on one of the Irish estates of the Marquis, whilst his second son is in the enjoyment of a nice little post in connection with the Government manufacture of small arms—a situation obtained through the commanding influence of her ladyship the Marchioness.

‘Good morning, Mr. Kinnaird; I hope you will excuse my visiting you on a Sunday, but the fact is I am leaving for town to-morrow, and was anxious to see your “pheasants,”’ said I, as the keeper came out to meet me with a fine Dandie Dinmont running at his feet.

‘Oh, sir, you’re very welcome, Sunday though it be; for my part, Mr. Mannering, I never think it any sin to look at the Lord’s creatures on the Lord’s Day. I have a grand show of fine birds, just at present, sir—*new birds*, as I may say.’

‘Indeed I am glad to hear it,’ I reply; ‘in-breeding is, nowadays, playing sad havoc with our birds and beasts of all kinds.’

‘Deed is it, sir, ’deed is it, both the tame and the wild. This spring I have had as many as thirty sittings of eggs from my own country, and splendid eggs they’ve proved; not more than twelve in the hundred have failed, real good luck, and the chicks are all I could wish.’

‘You have been lucky indeed, Kinnaird; but where did you buy your eggs?’

‘Buy pheasants’ eggs! Not one, sir; I never bought an egg in my life, and would never think of such a thing; none but blackguards have eggs to sell. How can people honestly get them? No, no, Mr. Mannering, take my advice, sir, and never, as long as you live, buy a game-fowl’s eggs; man, the knaves that deal in them would steal them out of your own preserves and offer them next day as new ones, ay, and steal them again, too, if your keeper was not a wide-awake fellow.’

‘Really, you astonish me,’ I replied; ‘I thought it was quite a safe thing to do to buy eggs.’

‘No, sir,’ continued Kinnaird, ‘it’s anything but safe, as I know from experience; burnt bairns dread the fire, sir. When I was a very green hand, I once bought fifty eggs for four sittings; would you believe it, Mr. Mannering, they had been painted! It’s a fact, sir, it was done to spite me; and how I was so green as not to see through the trick is one of those things that nobody can fathom. If it was not the Lord’s Day I could almost swear at the —; weel, weel, least said is soonest mended.’

‘And if it’s a fair question, where did you get your last sittings, Mr. Kinnaird?’

‘Oh, every egg came from Scotland: twenty-seven from a place

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‘of you taking my money just as if I was a visitor at my own castle.’ John’s happy grin, as he touched his hat to his master may be more easily conceived than described, as advertisers say. It is a matter of ‘cause and effect’ that, if keepers are so well ‘tipped’ by visitors, they cannot also expect to be paid high wages.

'near Edinburgh, fifty-eight from Lanarkshire, thirty-four from Stirlingshire, and the rest from Dumfriesshire. For seventeen years now I have been mixing and improving his lordship's breed, and although I say it, that shouldna say it, there's not a finer show of pheasants in either this or any other three counties of England. The grand feature of pheasant breeding is to get naturally laid eggs, you see, sir, not eggs laid by tame birds kept probably for the purpose, but the eggs of wild pheasants.'

'But how do you manage the hatching so well?'

'Oh, easy enough now, although it has been a matter of long study to me. I have at present a breed of sitting hens after my own heart, a simple cross between a game fowl and the common barn-yard hen, and it is excellent; the hens make a good cover for twelve or thirteen eggs, which is a natural number, and I never like to risk more under one fowl: it is better to ensure the hatching out of a dozen than to set sixteen, and probably lose from five to seven. It is a great mistake, sir, to put a hen on sixteen, or sometimes, as I've seen, on eighteen eggs; that is just the way to ensure a heavy deficiency in the return of chicks. Another feature of successful hatching is to have hens always ready to sit; of course, I'm fortunate here, I have fifty to choose from, and this year I have hatched some eggs in twenty-four days—fine birds as ever you saw. As a rule I never interfere in the hatching, being quite content that nature should be her own doctor. A good hatching hen ought, if possible, Mr. Mannering, to have very small feet, so as not to hurt the young ones.'

'And as to the young ones, what do you consider the best food to give them?'

'Nature provides at first, the egg affording a meal or two, and as the birds begin to venture about I contrive to get them what I conceive would be their natural food. We have colonies of ants about here in great plenty, no end to them in fact, and from these we derive hundreds of thousands of eggs every season, which are greedily devoured both by the young ones and the old ones. So long as I get plenty of these eggs I know the birds will thrive, but you see I have much to study. The pheasants which breed here so plentifully in the woody copses must get their share of the eggs as well, but to keep up a plentiful supply of food we shoot a few dozen rabbits as well as any wild cats or other vermin we find, and hang them up on the lower branches of the trees as a kind of dripping roast, as I may say; the gentles fall from them in hundreds as they decay, and the birds eat them with great avidity. The pheasant, and the partridge as well, is a wonderful friend to the farmer in eating up all sorts of insects, but the farmer is always grumbling, never pleased; nowadays he pretends he is being ruined by the game; that is all fudge.'

As I had no desire to listen to one of Kinnaird's political disquisitions, and, like all Scots, Kinnaird is a keen politician, I took him on another tack.

‘Have you been much troubled with vermin of late?’ I asked.

‘Well, I may say, yes, and I may say, no; the fact is, vermin are sure to multiply when their food is plentiful, and where there are hundreds of young pheasants, and thousands of pairicks, young and old, their enemies are sure to multiply. The truth is, Mr. Mannering, as I have long ago found out, the vermin are a great factor in the game question. The balance of nature you see, sir, must be preserved, the pheasant devours every year a few thousands of mischievous beetles, and if an occasional hen falls a prey to a cunning fox or malignant stoat or weasel, I have no alternative but to look as pleasant as I can under the circumstances.’

‘Ah, you have just to grin and bear it, eh, like us all?’

‘Just that, sir.’\*

‘And how many birds do you rear in the course of a season? If I may judge by the waggon-loads of them that fall in the battues every year, you must breed a great number.’

‘Not so many as you think, Mr. Mannering,’ was Kinnaird’s reply. ‘I only breed for blood, you see, sir; I don’t breed for shooting, except indirectly. We have in a ring fence, as you may say, over seven thousand acres of partridge and pheasant ground here, and we have other seven thousand acres at a distance from the Towers of only thirteen miles; all the woods and fields are enormously stocked, and I prefer the wild birds, as being by far the best for sport. This season I have bred about four hundred birds from Scotch eggs, and about half as many from foreign ones; these will all be allowed out in the woods in the course of a month—in fact, they can get out of this orchard whenever they please into the young plantings, and from them they make their way to the old woods, and so keep up the stamina of the Plinlimmon breed. I send away a good few of our eggs every year in

\* The same holds good of the partridge. That bird and its numerous young ones devour no end of the minute vermin of the fields. A clever naturalist, a clergyman by the way, said to a farmer, ‘If you are not altogether overrun with them (the partridges), be thankful that there are a few nests on your fields; they will do you far more good than harm; one hundred birds in the course of a season will each of them eat ten thousand insects, which would otherwise live to prey on your crops.’ A pheasant has been shot before now with over 400 grubs of the crane fly in its crop, and a liberal handful of the turnip moth has been found in a partridge. It may be taken for granted that both partridge and pheasant play a useful part in modern agriculture. I do not know the exact ratio in which pheasants should be allowed on an estate, but I fancy that about forty birds to the hundred acres would not be too many, as a rule: on some manors I have read about where pheasant rearing is made a speciality, they are much more numerous; from one ducal manor in a certain county not far from London, after numerous donations to hospitals and infirmaries have been made, not to mention the loads sent to private friends and poor retainers, as many as three thousand birds will reach the dealers in Leadenhall Street in the course of the season. The quantity of pheasants and partridges received in some years by dealers in London would scarcely be believed if it were known to a figure. In November the finest pheasants of England may occasionally be purchased for half-a-crown each; some of the restaurants buy large numbers at that time in order to present their customers with a *récherche plat* at a modest price.



‘exchange; but always to new districts. It would be no use my sending eggs to Bohemia that had been laid by birds bred from Bohemian eggs; would it, sir?’

‘Well, you will require to keep a careful record of all the persons and places from which you obtain your eggs.’

‘And so I do. Next year, you see, sir, I will try Berwickshire and also Yorkshire; and I expect that his Lordship will bring me half a dozen or so of Italian cocks from an estate near Turin; and Lady Plinlimmon has written to a friend at Hong Kong to bring her some specimens of the Chinese kind; so that you can see, sir, I am in a fair way of still farther improving our breed. I hate in-breeding.’

‘And about the *paitricks*, as you call them, Kinnaird; how about them? Do you keep improving them also by introducing new strains of blood?’ I next asked.

‘Well, sir, I have tried, and, I think, considering the difficulties I have encountered, I have not succeeded so badly, although the bird is a tender one to handle. There is one thing I may say, and it is that I have always set my face against the introduction of the red legs. If the breed here has been improved, it has been by an infusion of Scotch blood, a good selection of chicks being made, and some supplies of new eggs being hatched out; but I must say, although we can come some seven hundred miles in a day and night, that it is not easy to acclimatize these birds on new ground. Four years ago I had about sixty fine chicks brought from a place near Kelso, in Scotland; but I found that over twenty of them died within a month after they came here; still, if only a dozen, or even half a dozen, are left to breed, it soon tells. I have been more successful with the eggs; my plan is to get a few hundreds and drop one or two, as I see fit, into all the nests I can find. In regard to the *paitricks*, I am also satisfied of this fact, namely, that his Lordship’s birds will outweigh the birds of any other manor. I made a bet with my friend Pringle, the Duke of St. Rollox’s keeper, that I would weigh twenty birds from any day’s shooting against twenty birds from any of his coverts; and I won the bet by twenty-seven ounces. My pheasants, too, as you may know, sir, are all extra heavy. Then again, Mr. Mannering, look at the Plinlimmon hares; there’s none like them in any other part of England. I have brought scores of fine Scotch ones from Lanarkshire and Midlothian, and the year before last I got a dozen of jack hares from Wigtownshire, by which I see that our breed is yearly in the way of being improved, and it will go on improving, sir, just like the pheasants, and you must admit they have been made better than ever they were within the last ten years. My birds don’t sit to be shot at, sir, as you know, and you cannot doubt about the good effects of crossing.’

‘I do not doubt it, Kinnaird,’ said I; ‘and another point is also in their favour; they are worth eating for their flavour; I never get birds to eat like yours—they are really good.’

‘ Ah, sir, that’s from the Bohemian blood that’s in them. No bird has such a flavour as the Bohemian has ; then, you see, our forester is not an enemy to our birds ; he plants for them, and I can always depend on their having a fine supply of everything they like best, just at the time when it is best for them. He is a brother-in-law of Pringle, the Duke of St. Rollox’s keeper.’

‘ And a Scotchman, of course,’ said I, with a laugh.

‘ And a Scotchman,’ repeated Kinnaird, drily.

‘ Well, I admit, Mr. Kinnaird, that your countrymen make first-rate keepers and bailiffs,’ I replied.

‘ And what for no, sir ? They’re, as a rule, honest men ; they are sober men as well, and they are both industrious and frugal, while most of them are fair scholars into the bargain. Sir Thomas, the chamberlain to the Marquis, says I keep my cash-book as well as any banker ; but I think it’s better kept than some banker’s books, Mr. Mannering, because, do you see, I have nothing to hide ; I don’t require to vamp my balance-sheets.’

The reader who has followed me so far will not fail to have noticed that Kinnaird, like others of his countrymen who have come south, did not neglect to hold a good opinion of himself ; but despite his self-esteem—more likely because of it—he was an excellent servant, and in great favour with the Marchioness, herself a Scotchwoman of some wonderful old Border family. I am indebted to Kinnaird for much useful information, as also for two excellent guns which he bought for me in Birmingham. Kinnaird’s statement that he does not breed directly for the battue is quite correct ; but then the home plantings of Plinlimmon have been created for the birds, the consequence being that they have abundant shelter and any quantity of food. Even in the most severe winters, the pheasantries in Plinlimmon home park are little affected ; and it is really wonderful to find that such a delicate Oriental bird as the pheasant has become so well acclimatized as to stand our sometimes very severe frosts. The percentage of unhatched eggs as well as of birds that die almost as soon as they are hatched, and of others that die from ‘gapes’ and other maladies, is very varied. Some keepers are exceptionally fortunate in experiencing a lighter degree of mortality than others ; I have known careful men who seldom succeeded with more than sixty per cent. of their eggs, whilst, in some instances, a keeper has not lost half a dozen eggs out of the hundred. The position of the coops should be studied, and the place on which they stand in one year should not be used in the next season ; indeed, the standing of the coops should be slightly changed day by day, or even twice a day, and all about should be clean. I am in favour of a gravelled site for the coops, with plenty of both long and short grass close at hand—the whole being near a nice and very varied shrubbery, bordering a plantation of older trees. The food cannot be too varied, as the birds after they are a fortnight old become not a little capricious as to what they eat. Oatmeal mixed up with grated liver may be provided, and plenty of maggots must be obtained, chopped eggs and

boiled rice being a good mixture to prevent diarrhœa. The 'gapes' is a very fatal malady, and is difficult to deal with. I have no cure for it myself; and, moreover, believe it can be prevented by the exercise of due care, and in the ways indicated of arranging the coops and nests. Constant additions to the brood stock, so as to mix the blood and strengthen the breed, is necessary in pheasant breeding, as it is indeed in the rearing of every kind of poultry: 'in-breeding' is really the cause of great mortality among birds for which apparently no explanation can be found. I had almost forgotten to say that a supply of really pure water is essential for the use of the young birds. I am surprised that no special biography of the pheasant has been written (at any rate, if it has been written, I do not know it) containing some account of the progress of its acclimatisation. That it came originally from a district of Asia Minor, and has gradually found its way into nearly every country, we all know; the Greeks and Romans having early found it out, made it a prize because of its table qualities: pheasant pasties were a special feature of some of the ancient banquets I have read about; and here let me say, to all whom it may concern, that the best way of cooking a cock pheasant that I know is to roast him, first of all preparing him for the fire after the following fashion: Empty the bird, of course, and having provided a couple of pounds of the lean portion of the inside of a loin of beef, chop it into a fine mince which, after being seasoned to taste with a mixed seasoning of pepper, salt and mace, fill into the bird, then baste it well with the dripping of fat bacon; by the time it is ready for the table, it will have imbibed the juice of the well-seasoned beef, and thus become a dish for the most fastidious *gourmet* and his friends to partake of.

The record of my conversation with Kinnaird has, I fear, exhausted the space which Mr. Baily allows to me, but I must have room to say it costs fully half-a-crown to rear a pheasant for the gun. It has been found necessary, where battues are held, to resort to what I call 'artificial' hatching, because of the large loss of eggs under the natural system: the pheasant is a careless mother, neglecting her eggs and her young ones as well. The hen lays from eleven to fifteen eggs, and these she has to sit upon for a period, on the average, of twenty-four days; by that time she has become heartily tired of the affair, so that in the end three or four of the eggs may be found rotten; and as the mother will walk off with the first birds which are hatched, she probably leaves one or two to die just as they are about to chip the shell. In wet weather the mortality in eggs and young is excessive; it is probably a safe enough statement to make, that not above seven young ones out of every natural hatching reach maturity. The keeper of a well-known Scottish baronet tells me that, 'Now-a-days, when hand rearing is so much in vogue, we force the hens to lay an extra number of eggs by taking an occasional lift from their nests; it is safe enough to take half a dozen eggs away day by day, leaving the hen to go on laying; by that means eggs are provided for the common fowls to sit upon, and the supply of

‘pheasants is thereby largely augmented. Naturally and artificially, with sufficient care, a return of 70 per cent. of chicks from the whole stock of eggs may be calculated upon.’ Partridges are far more careful of their nests and young than the pheasants are known to be. So long as they go on laying they cover up their nests; and as both take an equal part in nursing the young, they lose very few birds—in many nests every egg proves productive, and every young one lives and thrives. Of late years partridges have been exceedingly scarce, and many gentlemen have been compelled to purchase eggs in order to augment their stock by hatching under bantam and other hens.

These remarks do not by any means exhaust my notes of pheasant breeding, but they do exhaust my space. What I have farther to say on the subject will keep till another opportunity.

### THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA IN MEATH.

‘C’EST l’amour, l’amour, l’amour, qui fait le tour du monde,’ is the refrain of an old French song; and it seems wonderfully apposite to and illustrative of the hunting pilgrimages westwards which the Empress of Austria has been making for the last two years to the hunting fields of Ireland, where, if the obstructions are somewhat colossal and stupendous, obstructionists are wholly wanting, and, like the letter *x* in the cabala of algebra, an unknown quantity.

Of course the old Gallic ditty was merely erotic, whereas her majesty’s *grande passion* is for the chase *pur et simple*; and when we quoted the verse, it was to show how love and zeal for a purpose could overcome such mountainous obstacles as custom and precedent, could burst through the fettering restraints of courtly etiquette, and the laws, written and unwritten, that are supposed to hedge in Majesties and transparencies within a prescribed circle of ceremonial observances and wearisome functions. That such a departure should have emanated from the Hapsburg Court, where tradition is still somewhat supreme, where the quarterings of noble blood form almost the sole passport to the inner Elysium of the Hofburg and the more unconstrained joys of Ischl, seems passing strange to old-time philosophy; but it will be remembered by readers of Shakespeare and the history of that age, that a great Tudor lady—who was also, like the rest of her race, passionately fond of hunting—occupied the throne of England, in the time of its greatest vigour and most ambitious achievement, for well-nigh half a century, and that it was during her glorious, if troubled and harassed reign, that the poet of all time wrote that, on occasion,

‘Nice customs courtesy to great kings.’

The mere possibility of such visits is a great tribute to the higher civilisation which the centuries have attained. Not even the sanctity

of a Crusader could protect our lion-hearted Richard from paying the penalty of dungeon and ransom on his return from the East. Even Popes have had to learn the lesson that the world was not all before them where to choose; but here we have a great Queen coming, with hardly any retinue, to an island which is supposed to have rather an evil savour in Europe for its perennial poverty and chronic sedition and anarchy; taking up her hunting-quarters in a nobleman's house, and living a simple country life, regulated and planned with a view to seeing and enjoying as much fox and stag-hunting as her own wonderful spirit and energy, and the resources of the country rendered possible.

The last visit of her Majesty to Ireland, an experimental trip, as it might be termed, proved an unqualified success. All the wheels of the hunting machinery worked smoothly. The long incubation of frost and snow disappeared before the sun of Austria (Napoleon was always quoting the sun of Austerlitz). Her majesty's *début* in Ireland was marked by a run of splendid proportions, in which, escorted by Lord Spencer and Mr. Morrogh, and piloted by Captain Middleton, she crossed the biggest country in Ireland, with an ease and *aplomb* to which her own firm but light hands, quick judgment and decision, and peerless horsemanship, and the services of such a hunter as Domino, contributed materially. In Meath she saw and rode the second or third best run of the season. In Kildare she had at least one very bright and brilliant gallop, in which, by clearing the initial fence—an ill-defined, deeply-banked brook—without an atom of hesitation, she secured the first-fruits of her enterprise, in being never caught, much less passed, by the best-mounted of a large field of hard riders. If several of her hunters met with severe accidents in their preparation for the campaign, as we may call it, following the immortal Jorrocks's analogy, those few who escaped carried her most brilliantly and safely, only a single mistake having been made among so many severe trials of speed, fencing, and stamina; but, unfortunately, in the middle of this triumphal progress came the news of the inundations at Szegedin. Her Majesty's heart was with these poor *inondés* subjects in Hungary, where we hear the Empress is specially beloved, and she left Ireland at once, to the great grief of the inhabitants, gentle and simple, with whom she had thoroughly endeared herself—and none the less so because, coming solely for hunting, she refused to lend her influence for a second to party spirit or sectarianism.

Her Majesty's second visit is the highest compliment that could be paid to Ireland as a hunting centre. I say advisedly as a hunting centre, for in resources, *agréments*, comforts and social civilisation it must be confessed, in many respects, as inferior to England as it is superior in those gifts of nature which form the endowments and the graces of an arena for the chase. Her Majesty had given a fair trial to 'the Shires,' and found them comparatively wanting. There was splendid pageantry, some rank, much fashion, a good deal of elegance, a social mob, infinite plough, iron entering in every guise into

the soul of the pastures, plenty of foxes, perfect packs of hounds splendidly handled, but very little of that unconstrained freedom of riding a line of continuous grass—very little of that spontaneity of sport, so to speak, which she has found in the Emerald Isle, where her reception has been at once warm, heartfelt and natural. Like the beauty of the ball in the closing cotillon, the Empress has had the glories of Europe's fairest hunting-grounds paraded before her mirror, and has rejected all with decision, save the shamrocked fields traversed by the packs of royal Meath and kingly Kildare, and the low-level vale occupied by the Ward Union staghounds—and to her might be ascribed Byron's famous lines—*mutatis mutandis*, of course, and slightly paraphrased for the occasion :

‘I am come from my rest,  
To the far, far west :  
That they may be happy and I be blest.’

Her Majesty arrived in Ireland after a well-planned and concerted journey of some sixty hours—itself a marvel of engineering science—and, after luncheon, proceeded to refresh exhausted nature by schooling no less than four of her hunters forthwith, under the pilotage of Captain Middleton, who has never forgotten his Irish experience acquired when in the 12th Lancers, or substituted the brilliancy of Leicestershire bruising for the more tempered and considered course which ‘the Irish difficulty,’ with its hundred ugly aspects of repelling variety, presents to the neophyte or reckless, rushing rider.

Seven cities, we are told, contended for the honour of the nativity of the blind bard of Scio ; two packs of hounds invited the Hungarian huntress to follow in their wake on the day after her arrival. The Meath hounds were to occupy Allentown, the well-wooded park of the late master of this pack, Mr. Waller, at eleven o'clock, their usual hour of rendezvous, and from Rathmore, a gorse of Lord Darnley's, near Allentown, the Empress enjoyed last year one of the quickest things she rode to when, in little more than a quarter of an hour, over light land (for Meath) and all grass, horses were completely shut up from sheer pace up a gentle gradient. But Allentown was some twelve miles, or thereabouts, from Summerhill, the Empress's temporary residence, and Batterstown, where the Ward Union executive proposed a bye-day, not much more than half the distance, while the hour of reunion, 1.30, was far more inviting to a recent traveller than the aggressive 11, involving a somewhat early or hurried breakfast. Batterstown was the favourite accordingly. It is a small station on a single line, with very few houses in its vicinity, but surrounded on all sides by tracts of grazing land unsurpassed in feeding qualities on this side of the Atlantic. The Empress has evidently graduated in a school where punctuality is *de rigueur*. Her own is exemplary, and, according to the old saw, the queenly Hungarian is one of the most polite of princesses. There was no mob at the station ; in fact, Dublin, some fourteen or fifteen miles off, was the only town available to send one, and a few

carriages, and possibly a hundred horsemen, constituted the 'field' on the occasion. There is this distinction between the Ward Union field and most others that I have seen or mixed with, that every one in the former comes out to ride as hard as he can, not to lounge, gossip, or kill time more or less pleasantly as in others, where, as a rule, the percentage of thrusters is small to the aggregate. Every horse, too, in the crowd will have some pretensions to jumping power, galloping and staying, however lacking he may be to the eye in stable-bloom, or faultless symmetry, for the fences are large and wide, requiring boldness and heart, far more than cleverness or high training—but craning or vacillation, bad everywhere, are simply fatal faults in hunters here.

The Empress was mounted on Domino, her favourite horse of last year, a nice lengthy level hunter, well trained and generous, and of courtly manners. Captain Middleton was her pilot, and Prince Lichtenstein, her kinsman, accompanied the imperial party. There is very little time lost in artificial stag-hunting. There is no suspense about a blank or a find. 'The sober certainty of waking 'bliss,' as Milton phrases it, is in store for you in a few minutes after the ceremonies of the meet have been hastily gone through. The only possibility of retrieving a blunder or getting a second chance in the event of accident or misfortune with the Ward Union hounds is the liberation of a second deer, should the first gallop not prove long enough or fast enough to satisfy the gluttons for sport.

To-day there was no occasion whatever for delay, and in magnificent sunny weather, with a company large enough to be thoroughly sociable, but not too numerous for jostling and inconvenience, a start was made on the gentle slopes of Ribstown, a geographical expression symbolising a grassy townland, but no aggregation of cottages, much less houses, well-squared fields fenced by banks and ditches (generally 'singles'), mostly wide and deep; there were grass pastures with rushes and sedge flourishing on the ill-drained bottoms, with a brook, margined by small banks, winding through the district, all land in which a fat foggy hunter would be in difficulties in half a mile at real speed; then a great grassy hill, like a big boulder, rising out of the level vale. The hill of the Mullagh is reached, and when its shoulder has been overcome and an intersecting bye-road jumped into near the old parsonage of Kilmore—by this time, though hardly four miles have been traversed without a vestige of plough, so fierce is the pace, so holding the grass lands, that horses ridden at all carelessly, and not a few ridden and handled very carefully—among them one or two celebrities—have shown signs of having done enough already. Among many going very well up to this point were the Empress, her pilot, Mr. Morrogh, the master, Mr. Allen, V.S., Mr. W. Butler, Mr. Maynard, Mr. Murphy, on Cigarette; the Hon. H. White and Mr. Fitzgerald, with Mr. T. Leonard and Mr. J. Meldon among the welter men. The course had been slightly up-hill hitherto, now the slope was downwards by Papestown and Phepotstown, past Larch Hill and Clonllyn, till

the gorse so famous as Garradice or Pratt's Gorse is brushed by, and at this point another batch of pursuers pull up, though the prudent among them might have had nearly a mile along a good road siding, to aid them since Kilmore—perhaps a few profited by it.

Very few were now pursuing, and the order is far from close or serried as the parks of Summerhill, Agher, and Rahinstown are successively left behind with their fox coverts, and ere the latter was reached bits of solid road had helped one or two good men to make up leeway. Next, as Baconstown is passed by, Ryndville, the residence of Colonel Rynd, surrounded by very large grass fields, is entered, but the portal is no easy or facile step, but a steep, almost perpendicularly cut double, with a widish dry ditch on the taking off side, a drop of some nine or ten feet, and another wide ditch on the far side. There was wild confusion here last year as the Meath hounds crossed it running a fox hard to earths that were open at Ryndville naturally, as a Kildare covert. Then, after a gallop of some seven or eight miles, it was considered a great feat for the five or six horses who had energy enough to carry their riders safely over this rampart and double fosse. Here it was confronted after thirteen or fourteen miles had been galloped at extra good speed, and methinks every hunter who jumped it cleverly with more than thirteen stone on his back, deserves a blue ribband, a Victoria Cross, or whatever ranks highest among equine honours. I hear that a late Master of Hounds, who has a well-earned reputation for hard and straight riding, went to inspect this great barrier, and was almost appalled at the experience, more especially as the top and one side of the double was in places overlaid with pleached boughs, which had to be hastily, and yet warily, avoided. Mr. Murphy, of the 87th, was, I believe, a leading figure at this point of pursuit. On by Jordantown, with the village of Enfield and its station on the left hand, past Collinstown, through New Castle, by Blackwater Gorse and Ballinderry House, all holding land, the hounds and quarry fledged on, while of the field the majority had found a metalled road the better place for horse and man. Perhaps ten only rode farther, while those at all near the pack might have quoted Wordsworth with 'Brothers, we are seven.' The Boyne and its tributaries are now not very remote. Near the village of Longwood an effort to take the deer is made, but it is futile, as 'Killeen,' the quarry, is all the fresher for his brief bath and holds on for Castle Rickard, where he surrenders his liberty to 'the irresistible genius of universal incarceration.'

The Empress had stopped some three or four miles before this place was reached, Domino having been cannoned when jumping a fence, but not seriously injured, as reported.

If pace, directness, and line chosen be the criteria of a great run, this gallop is possibly *the run* of the century. The pace was only too good, the checks mere pauses, the grass absolutely, I believe for the whole distance, continuous. These, and a sixteen-mile point very nearly straight, are conditions rarely met with, and are only possible in a few exceptionally good hunting countries.



The next day, Friday the 7th, was devoted to hunting the fox by her Majesty and suite. The meet was at Dangan Gate, the entrance to a ruined pile surrounded by a desolate park, where the infancy of the great Duke of Wellington was spent. The day was cold and blustery. The foxes found at Summerhill, Moneymore, the Bull-ring and Rahinstown coverts ran short, or over unpleasant lines (Lord Langford lost a very valuable hunter to-day), and altogether this Friday could not be calendared as brilliant of sport or enjoyable to the senses. Saturday's arrangement for the Imperial programme was to hunt the red deer in the vicinity of the Fairy House racecourse. The meeting point was Kilrue Cross Roads, and Dublin poured forth its quality, and quantity too, in honour of the occasion—Law, Physic, Divinity, with a very strong escort party of 'the Army of occupation,' whose great riding-school is the Ward Union country.

Her Majesty was saved the block at the cross road of congregation by meeting the hounds near the new Stand House, and in a few minutes more had crossed some twelve or thirteen feet of water, a portion of the regular chasing brook, in which a number of early purlers were taking their pastime *moult tristement*, we may opine, for the atmosphere was cold enough, and their chance of seeing hounds again after emerging was small indeed. With a very good start the Empress saw next to nothing of a good gallop, save its commencement, as Captain Middleton fell very soon, and the Empress caught his horse, but could not catch the hounds satisfactorily afterwards. The few who rode the whole run turned with the pack at Barnston, and saw the deer taken after fifty-five minutes at Fieldstown.

On the next Monday the Empress and her party again joined the Ward Union hounds at Batterstown Station, and the enlargement of the first deer took place at the Rectory. A poor short-runner, he was taken after an inglorious ring, though a swollen brook bothered a good many horses at starting. The second deer again crossed this brook like his predecessor (the Empress skimming it like a swallow), and held on past Crookstown and Ballymaglasson by Ribstown and Cultromer, across the Trim road, through Pellattstown, and Mr. Leonard's farm, through Warrenstown, and past the Grange, till near Kiltale he was taken. The Empress, like a good many others, came to grief towards the close of this run, of which she saw all the best portion.

On Tuesday the fox was the Imperial quarry, the Meath hounds meeting at a very picturesque spot, Dunsany Castle. Nothing was done till the afternoon, when from Drumlargin they had a gallop so fast that very few were the least near the flying pack, some of the bolder and best succumbing to pace and an awkward bank nearly midway in the chase, among them Goodall and some of the Imperial party. Among the few who saw *all* the run were Mr. Trotter, the Master, Mr. Watkins (Scots Greys), Major Johnston, Mr. Alfred Ffrench, Mr. Nugent Everard, with Captain Ellis of the Inniskilling Dragoons. On Wednesday her Majesty's Lenten fare was a mere drag hunt. On Thursday she was expected at the

Ward Union tryst at the Flat House, but did not come. The day was marked by two very good gallops. On Friday the Summerhill party joined the Meath hounds at 'The Hatchet,' a lonely public-house, with never a tree near it, the country looking as if some arboricidal Gladstone had been very busy with his axe during a recess or an interregnum of office. A long day—a gay crowd—lots of beauty, fashion, and fine horsemanship. Proceedings began by a nice gallop from 'Harry Bourke's' Gorse, through Waynestown and Blackhall to Ballymaglasson, where the fox was marked to ground. The Empress saw this run admirably, but its effect was rather impaired by the pack dividing early on a second fox. On Saturday, the 14th, Castletown Gate, near Celbridge, was the Kildare fixture, and the Empress honoured it with her presence, which attracted a vast influx of strangers. From Castletown Square Wood a fox was rattled fast through the Park, forced out towards Leixlip and across the Liffey, when no further account could be given of him or his whereabouts. A good run might have been had from the next covert, Cullen's Gorse, but for the multitudes who headed a very willing fox back into the hounds' jaws. From Laragh a fox was hunted into Courtown over a beautiful line, when a rain storm came on and ruined scent. The Laragh brook, like Achilles' wrath the cause of woes unnumbered, was flown by the Empress and her pilot early in this run in beautiful style. On Monday hat hunting in the hurricane would have been an appropriate pastime. On Tuesday, the 17th, a drag hunt near Summerhill was the order of the afternoon.

Monday was not patronised by the Empress for hunting either fox or stag, and on Tuesday her Majesty gave her hunters a holiday, resisting the temptation of a drag hunt in her immediate vicinity. On Wednesday she was attracted by the Ward Union meet at the Black Bull, which proved an overflowing one, and again she encountered (and successfully) several of those large obstacles characteristic of the Fairy House district, as the deer or the day ran by Ballyhack to Kilrue, twisting about like an expiring eel for forty minutes or so. On Friday she joined the Meath hounds at Bellinter, Mr. Preston's Boyne-washed park, but, save a short forenoon scurry from Ardsallagh to ground, her Majesty saw very little foxhunting, and the day was a black rather than a red-letter one.

The Kaiserin has not been quite so fortunate in her hunting experience this year as last. She has had several falls, and been thereby debarred from finishing sundry brilliant runs, but I think the good fortune of last year is the rather to be admired and wondered at than its reverse or antithesis this season. The Empress's horses are or ought to be fitter and more experienced this year than last. Her pilot, Captain Middleton, is quite as sagacious and intrepid as ever, and she herself has lost nothing of that power, combined with quickness and decision, which stamp her riding as the *genius genuine*, intuition aided by knowledge and experience. Possibly the sudden variations of our fickle atmosphere have a good deal to answer for in the condition of landings and takings off; and there are times and

places when the best of hunters is liable to put a foot wrong. But if the Empress has had a chequered fortnight's hunting, her riding and style is still the theme of general wonder and admiration.

Primus et ire vias, et fluvios tentare minaces,

was Virgil's model horse. I think the Empress and her pilot have well illustrated the line, and if not absolutely the *prima donna* on many occasions, I think her Majesty has on the whole seen as much of the sparkle and brilliancy of the early part of every run she has been in as any one else I could name. And no one has ridden up to the famous legend, 'Be with them I will,' better than the great Queen of Hungary and *Hearts*. Her Majesty's wish to live as privately as possible has been universally respected in Ireland; but one of the youngest entries in Meath, a lad whose grey pony is well known, thought it only right and proper that an address should be presented to her on her arrival at Kilcock Station. This address, a metrical one, too, he contrived to present himself, all obstacles notwithstanding, and the nerve it required was probably far greater than the impulse necessary for going at the biggest double or ditch in Meath.

On the Monday following the great Castletown meet her Majesty had made all necessary preparations for joining the Ward Union hounds at Dunshauglin, a little village of some historic and ecclesiastical fame, on the northern coach-road from Dublin, but which has grievously lapsed from its high estate, being at the present time an ugly and unsavoury specimen of an unpicturesque Irish town or village, though admirable as a hunting centre, and well-found in hunting-stables, loose boxes, and all things pertaining to the *bien-être* of hunters.

*L'homme propose* (and this wise Gallicism of course includes the lesser man), but few were able to carry out their wishes, for a storm of wind and rain set in with such violence and swept over the comparatively shelterless plains of Meath and Dublin so uninterruptedly from an early hour, that very few indeed who had any distance to travel attended a meet so small that it was thought no deer would be enlarged; but as the rain ceased for a short interval and the skies cleared, two were let out of durance, and gave rather uninteresting runs, so that the Empress lost nothing wonderful in the way of sport. Laracor coloured on the Meath card for the Wednesday following attracted her Majesty and suite, as well as an enormous influx of hunting pilgrims to this high altar of Diana; for Laracor is very accessible by railway from many points of the compass, and is within a mile or so of Trim, the capital of Meath, and an epitome in stone of its history. Laracor has also an interest of its own, in being intimately associated with Dean Swift's career of preaching and politics, of love and lucubration; and it is surrounded by a chain of gorses famous for holding good foxes. A short gallop from Summerhill was, however, the Empress's share of the day's fortune, which ended with a good ring from New Haggard gorse, after the Empress had left the field.

On the Saturday following the Kildare hounds were at Enfield, the most westerly or north-westerly meet in their roster. The distance from Summerhill, Lord Langford's park, and now her Majesty's hunting-quarters, is but six miles, so a great many people discounted the certainty of the great huntress's presence, and thronged to Enfield from all available places. They were, however, doomed to disappointment, for the Empress selected the Ward Union pack for her favour, and had a couple of rather pleasant gallops—on good lines from Kilrue to Ratoath and back again; but her Majesty missed a capital hunting run from Rathcore hill, much enjoyed by the Kildare field, into Tobertinan, and a brilliant gallop from the Grange gorse into Cappagh, in the evening. This day proved fatal to Mr. Gore's Courtown, a good hunter and Punchestown winner, as well as to a very brilliant weight carrier of Mr. O'Connor Morris.

On Monday, the 23rd, her Majesty saw the best part of a long twisting run with the Ward Union hounds, which ended at Skryne.

On Tuesday, the 24th, she was well carried by Cameo in a very brilliant but brief burst from Ratoath gorse with the Meath hounds, but missed a capital hunting run which this pack gave their followers from Culmullen, ended by darkness. And on Wednesday she was fairly carried by Hard Times in fifty minutes of a very fine run with the Ward Union hounds, which extended a good deal over two hours, beginning at Rathbeggan and ending at Balrothery, a point near the sea-coast, though the deer was untaken.

On Friday, the 27th, she hunted again with this pack, who had a bye-day, at the Hill of the Mullagh, in her honour, but were not as fortunate as usual in their deer, who preferred crooked tracks to straight and the roads to the fields, though there were a couple of good bits in the first run. On Saturday, the 28th, indisposition prevented her joining the Kildare hounds, who were very successful from Laragh and Cullen's Gorses; and on the Monday following, stormy weather prevented her joining the Ward Union hounds at Grange cross-roads, and thus missing two good gallops. On Tuesday, the 2nd March, her Majesty was to have hunted with the Meath hounds at Dangan Gate, but several inches of snow fell during the previous night and precluded the possibility of hunting.

On Wednesday the Empress joined the Ward Union hounds at Norman's Grove near Dunboyne, and had a fairly straight two miles or more, from Caulstown to the Ratoath Road; and on Friday, her last day, she had an evidence of the inglorious uncertainty of fox-hunting, some six or seven coverts having been drawn from Culmullen to the Bull-ring, and all in vain.

This is an epitome of the Kaiserin's hunting-tour in eastern Ireland, and it was far from a success. It began brilliantly, but the pace was not sustained. In England fine horsemanship can effect much with even inferior hunters. In Ireland, and particularly in Meath, the horse is the workman (nothing like an Irish bull, as we are on the Emerald soil), the man or woman for the most part the

passenger. And there was something lacking in nearly all the hunters whom H. M. rode this year. Nor was her pilot as fortunate in his mounts as the occasion required, or his own brilliant horsemanship deserved.

### INCIDENTS IN FOX LIFE.

‘YES, that is a very fine mask and brush,’ replied a somewhat hale old gentleman to the observation of a friend, who was sitting in his sanctum having the last cigar before turning in for the night, after a capital day’s sport with the same old gentleman’s hounds in a good country, although not one of the extra fashionable ones, ‘and,’ continued he, ‘the history of their owner is somewhat remarkable, and perhaps he was as noted a character as the owner of the mask which Sir Roger de Coverley honoured with the brass-headed nail—should you like to hear it?’

‘Very much indeed.’

‘As you know, it was many years ago that I succeeded my father as master of these hounds, and I was quite a young man then, and thought I knew a great deal more about hunting than I do now. However, that does not matter; we all find out in time how little is our knowledge of subjects that we once thought we were well up in. I could ride as hard as most men, and that was enough for me. One day we had a capital gallop quite towards evening, hounds going really well, and requiring no assistance until we came to some cross roads, when they suddenly threw their heads up. I knew there was a largish covert not far ahead, and clapped on to it for a view, for I was terribly anxious to kill him, and the whips were both beaten a long way back, leaving old Charley, the father of my present huntsman, to make his cast at the cross-roads. I had scarcely reached it when I saw a fox just inside the hazel-stuff, or thought I saw a fox, for it was really too dark to be certain. Giving a rattling view holloa, I drew out my horn, got to the edge of the covert, and blew like mad. I fancied Charley did not come in such a hurry as he should have done, but, as the distance was short, I soon had a lot of the pack, who knew they never heard my horn and holloa unless it was a view, and the old fellow was forced to come after them.

“Beg pardon, sir, a fresh fox, I fear,” said he, touching his cap; “you must have viewed the hunted one over the field, or he could not have got here in the time. Vanquisher and Mercury, with another couple or so, are feathering down the road to the left.”

“I am sure it is the hunted fox,” I replied; “and see, they are running hard now!” It was quite true they were running, and ten minutes served to run into their fox, to my great joy.

“There, Charley, I was sure we should kill him!” I exclaimed.

“Kill him, sir; this is a poor, weak vixen that has not laid down her cubs many days, and was just out to get her supper: examine her, sir!” I did, and sure enough the old man was quite correct; it was a weak vixen who could not have stood three fields before us at the pace we had come. “Break her up—mask, brush, and all,” I said, in great wrath at the mischief I had done. We then went back to the road, and, not five hundred yards from where the check occurred, found that Vanquisher, Mercury and Co. had killed the hunted fox, and only partly broken him up, as they were too beaten. He had evidently gone down the road, by its appearance recently foiled by sheep, and crawled into the ditch, where they hunted up to and killed him. Charley looked as black as only an old family servant can look, and fortunately being near a place to which I had sent a hack, I took it, and got home as quickly as I could. Luckily, neither the whips or any of the field were near enough to know the rights of the matter, but I could not find it in my heart to face even Charley for a couple of days, so went to my other place and had some cock-shooting. When I returned, I drove as usual, if I am alone, into the stable-yard, and the stud groom immediately said, “Charles has been down here, sir, and would like to see you as soon as possible after your return.” “Confound it,” I thought; “something wrong again, I suppose. I must pension off that old fellow, and get a younger man; he’s always bothering;” and, in truth, Charles did not give me more peace than he could possibly help. “Send a man up to the kennels, and tell him to come down at eight o’clock, and I will see him.” At the time named, just as I had finished dinner, and was settled quietly to a glass of port (we always drank port in those days), Charles was announced, and on being ushered into the room, and having a glass of port poured out for him, said, “I was afraid that vixen t’other day would turn out a bad job.”

“Confound the vixen; of course it was a bad job, but what is the matter now? she’s dead and eaten, and nobody ever the wiser, except you and I, and there’s an end of it.”

“Not quite, I am afraid, sir, but things is not so bad as they might have been; we can save this one,” and he pulled a cub out of his pocket. A poor little weak thing it was, not much like that fine old head you see up there. Nevertheless, it was the same.

“Where did you get that, Charley?”

“Well, sir, last night a man came to me with this cub, and told me that, taking a short cut home from work, his little dog stopped and barked at a hole in a bank, and, not knowing what was there, he tried to peer in, but could see nothing, and he was afraid to reach in and feel, because he did not know what was there. At last his little dog went in, and came out with a dead cub in his mouth, so then he was certain it was all right, and when he had reached and struggled some time he pulled out four

“more dead ones, and this poor little chap alive, and brought the lot straight across to me.”

“Of course his dog killed the rest?”

“No, sir; there was never a tooth mark on ’em. I know the dog well, and he wouldn’t hurt a mouse; besides, any one could see that want and cold killed them. Now I have kept this little chap alive with a few spoonfuls of milk; what shall I do with him?”

“I can’t tell you; feed him as long as you can, and let him take his chance; or, is there a litter you know of anywhere that you could put him down with?”

“No, sir, that’s no use. Shall I try him with old Fury, the terrier bitch; she has some pups about the same age, and he can but die if she won’t take to him.”

“Well, try it if you like.” Try it Charley accordingly did. He took the old bitch away from her whelps for an hour, and slipped the cub down amongst them, and when she went back she seemed to like him as well as any of them, for by that time he had got their scent, and the long and short of it was that she bred him up. It was very pretty to see him play amongst the pups, but he never quite had their manners, and if he was put out would set up his back, lay his ears in his poll and hiss like a gander. However, he was generally very good-tempered, and might be handled as well as any of them. In fact, things went on well for nearly twelve months, and never did fox on earth thrive and do better than Jocko, as we called him. Charley could not bear to turn him out before cub-hunting, as he had become quite a pet, so he stayed about the place with his old friends and playfellows, the terriers, and had as much liberty as they had, took his meals with them, and was their good brother the same as ever. I believe old Charley made excuses not to enter them that season, lest he should break up the happy family. Things went on thus until Jocko must have been twelve months old, and the season when matrimonial arrangements are generally made in the vulpine world had arrived, when Charley, as a safeguard against any roaming propensity on the part of his pet, put him in an unused building, where he was quite safe, had he ever so much inclination to roam. Not many days after, the old man, who was really one of the best generals in hunting matters I ever saw, and seemed to know every fox in his country, and, moreover, by some means or the other, to be able to gain information of all their movements, received intelligence that a brace of foxes if not more had taken up their quarters in a very unsafe locality just on the borders of this hunt, near a small town, and that if he did not dig them out and move them, in all probability some one else would. By daylight the next morning he was on a hack and galloped over to the place, leaving word for me where he was gone, and orders for the whips to take the hounds to the fixture and send his hunting clothes by a man, with his horse, to a public-house not far from it. What he did in those few hours never transpired, but he turned up in good time to hunt his hounds, as neat and

‘ smart as ever, found his fox and killed him, and as we jogged home  
‘ told me he had seen the earth they used, left a man to stop it and  
‘ watch it afterwards, and as soon as he had “fed” he would just  
‘ jump into the cart, drive over, and have them dug out. About day-  
‘ light the next morning he returned, with two beautiful young vixens,  
‘ and somewhat upset, because, through the bungling of one of his  
‘ helpers, a dog-fox had got away. However, he said, “Now the vixens  
‘ “are gone and I have had the earth dug out, he won’t go there  
‘ “again, I expect.” It was a place seldom, if ever, drawn, because it  
‘ was no use, and having laid quiet so long, foxes had taken to use it  
‘ again, but he was sure they had not been there long. Charles said,  
‘ “Having taken them from one husband, why not give them another,  
‘ “and turn them in with Jocko for a time before putting them down  
‘ “in safe place.” As he had now become a very fine fox of the grey-  
‘ hound sort, this was agreed to, and done at once, and at his usual  
‘ time old Charley mounted his horse to start again, as fresh as if he  
‘ had been in bed all night.

‘ At length safe earths were selected for Jocko’s fair ones, and  
‘ they were removed to them, while he was kept to his old quarters,  
‘ a sadder, if not a wiser fox, for all his good temper forsook  
‘ him. Such was the evil influence of female society on him,  
‘ that in the house where he was confined it was impossible to  
‘ handle him, and scarcely safe to approach him; he would set up  
‘ his back in a corner and grin and hiss at the hand he formerly  
‘ fondled, and Charley had one or two narrow escapes of being badly  
‘ bitten by him. In fact, it was only his intimate knowledge of the  
‘ nature of animals that saved him. “Well,” thought Charley, “perhaps  
‘ “he does not like solitary confinement,” and as soon as he could he let  
‘ Master Jocko out amongst his old friends, but soon found that would  
‘ not do, for one of the puppies with which he had been reared was  
‘ soon collared, and a life-and-death struggle must have ensued had  
‘ not timely invention been at hand to part them. He then, loth  
‘ to lose his old friend, chained him up, but even that would not  
‘ stop his mischievous tricks, for sundry fowls and ducks fell victims  
‘ to their temerity in approaching him, and last of all some very  
‘ beautiful bantams, by which the old huntsman set great store.

‘ “Well, Will,” said he to his son, who was first whip, “I  
‘ “can’t stand this, but I won’t behave unhandsome to him, and he  
‘ “shall die a natural death, but not before he has time to learn a  
‘ “country. We’ll put the mark on him and turn him out in the  
‘ “covert close to where he was found. By the time cub-hunting  
‘ “comes round he ought to know his way about, and if he can’t  
‘ “take care of himself I can’t help it. It is one of the wildest  
‘ “coverts in the hunt, with no homestead near it where he is likely  
‘ “to do mischief, and there he shall go.”

‘ Accordingly Master Jocko was caught, duly marked, though  
‘ there was little need of it to enable such *experts* to know him  
‘ again, popped into a bag and put down in the covert one fine  
‘ moonlight night about the end of May. How he disported himself



‘ for the next ten weeks must be left to conjecture, as there are no records concerning his adventures ; but about the second week in cub-hunting old Charley went into the wild woodland covert, where Jocko had been turned down. It was a sultry August morning, with the gossamer hanging about, betokening little scent ; the ground was hard, and the leaf had as yet scarcely begun to turn from green to red or yellow ; in fact, in the covert’s shade it was as fresh and green as June. Before they had been ten minutes in covert old Nicholas opened and a few of the other seniors soon joined him. “ Tally ho over ! ” screamed Will the next minute, as he viewed a fox across the ride.

‘ “ What is it ? ” asked Charley, as he crashed through the stuff to the place.

‘ “ Old Jocko, father ; shall I stop ’em ? ”

‘ “ No, let ’em rattle him a bit ; it will teach him to fly, and we shall get up some cubs in a few minutes.”

‘ True enough they did get up some cubs, and the hounds soon had each a fox to himself, or might have had if so inclined. Will galloped to the far end of the ride, and slipping through the bridle-gate watched the pasture beyond. “ There he goes,” said he, quietly to himself, and then galloping down to the spot, turned a couple and a half of old hounds without trouble, which had stuck to their original find, for scent was bad. Then joining his father, he told him that Jocko had gone clean away without hanging a moment.

‘ “ Good sort,” said the old man ; “ always knew he was ; dust him up though when regular work begins.”

‘ Charles’s morning afterwards was not altogether a success. He rattled the covers, and tired the puppies, he also tired the cubs, but do all that he knew, he could by no means bring one to hand, and after working until nearly noon he went home, without blood, about as ill-tempered a man as could well be found in the county, for no man liked blood more than he did. He liked hunting, and he liked his hounds, but, most of all, he liked to kill foxes. Jem, the second whip, and Will, when matters were put a little straight, would fain have broken their fast, after knocking about the woods from daylight, but small chance had they of doing so. He was in kennel and kept them there also, at one thing or another which must be done that instant, until the sun began to sink westwards, and then when all his ingenuity could find nothing out of place, or another thing could possibly be invented to keep them at work, he drily remarked,

‘ “ Well, young men, now we’ve put all straight, you’ll have an appetite for your breakfasts, and perhaps to-morrow morning you’ll look out a little sharper and see if we can’t get a trifle of blood for those poor youngsters that have been working all day for “ nothing.” Then with an ironical grin he betook himself to his own provender.

“ Getting an inkling of how matters stood I kept away from the kennels and never saw him, until he came as usual to report matters in the evening, when I said, “ Well, Charles, no scent I hear ; “ shall you take anything out to-morrow morning, unless there “ is a change in the weather ? You have had a busy day in “ kennel.”

“ “ Oh, no, not at all, sir. These young ones get slack at times “ when the weather’s hot, if you don’t keep ’em up to the mark, so “ as they could not do it while I was a day or two at Goodwood “ as usual, we just put things a little straight, you see, sir. Nothing “ like it to make ’em sharp and look alive. Go out to-morrow, “ sir ? Certainly, under any circumstances ; want to blood the “ young bitches—dog hounds out to-day, sir—only I shall start “ *an hour earlier* than we did this mornin’ ; you see the scent is “ not so much to blame, but I suppose I get older, and we are so “ late that all the dew is off, and we can’t expect hounds to run. “ We all want waking up a bit, sir. I shall go to D—— again, “ sir, with your leave ; lot of cubs there.”

“ He had started that morning ere the first streak of dawn was in the sky. Next day, or, I may say, almost that night, he had his unfortunate whips in the kennel, and as soon as he could see to open a bridle-gate, his hounds were in the covert. Will, with a paternal benediction, was sent to his old post at the far side, and scarcely had he reached it ere he saw Jocko, although not a hound had then opened, stealing away on his old track. Indeed Charles had scarcely given his first “ Hoick in there, good hounds ” ere he was away. “ Sharp gentleman you are,” said Will, mentally, though he did not at that moment think it worth revealing to the paternal ears what he had seen ; and further soliloquised, “ I “ know your track, old boy, and will look sharp after you another “ day.” He soon had plenty in hand where he was ; the cubs were stiff and tired from their previous day’s bucketting, and Charley seeing one who went pretty much as if he was on stilts, clapped what few hounds were near him to close on at him, and blew his horn like a maniac to get the rest together. Will knew the tune at once, and cramming his horse through the fence into the young springs, commenced teaching the young idea the meaning of “ hark holler,” “ Go, hark, go, hark,” while Jem was equally energetic in another quarter. And the whole five-and-twenty couple were soon hard at him, except Rarity, who had found a rabbit in a trap in some thick blackthorns, and was busily discussing it ere she went to see what her companions were making all the noise about.

“ It was a rare scenting day, very different to the previous one, and even the young ones could not help but join in, or at any rate run with the elders to see what excited them so. Twenty minutes sufficed to put Charles in a good temper and bring a cub to hand, then taking it out into the field across which Jocko had sought safety,

‘ he did the obsequies with all due honours, nor was he content  
‘ until every youngster, as near as he could manage it, had either had  
‘ a taste or licked his bloody hands. He shouted, screamed and  
‘ danced like a Red Indian when he held him up for the throw, and  
‘ his whoo-whoop might have been heard miles away. Then when his  
‘ cub was broken up to his satisfaction, he waited awhile, as he said,  
‘ “just to let them lick their lips and think it over a bit, and, as  
‘ “there was a pond handy, have a good lap.” He then went back into  
‘ a fresh quarter of the covert, found another cub and cracked him  
‘ up in a very short space of time, and having done due honours to  
‘ him, tried for another, found, and after a good bit of work killed  
‘ him; though, as he had probably escaped being hunted the day before,  
‘ he kept them employed somewhat longer than his comrades had  
‘ done. By this time it was getting hot, and old Charley, looking  
‘ at his watch, said, “Pretty well this for one morning. Now, I  
‘ “think, lads, we’ll get home and have some breakfast; you see we  
‘ “*can* get over our work in good time if you’ll only look out sharp,  
‘ “and be wide awake instead of going to sleep as soon as you are  
‘ “out of my sight.”

‘ That day all went well out and at home, and the old man  
‘ was as merry as a cricket. Strange to say, no more, during  
‘ cub-hunting or all that season, was our old friend Jocko either  
‘ heard of or seen. We drew the covert in which he was turned  
‘ out, and from which he had been viewed away, two days in  
‘ succession, and often ran into it, but he was never there, or in any  
‘ other covert as far as we could tell; and at length Charley as well  
‘ as myself arrived at the conclusion that some mischance had  
‘ befallen him, and that he must have either dropped into the hands  
‘ of fox stealers or been trapped. During the next summer, however,  
‘ Will was out watching some cubs in this covert, and came back  
‘ with the intelligence that he had seen Jocko, and that he had come  
‘ so close to him, that there could be no mistake about the matter.  
‘ The old man was inclined to doubt it, but a few nights afterwards  
‘ convinced himself that Will was right, and Jocko was often seen  
‘ in the neighbourhood during the summer. The first morning of  
‘ cub-hunting Will viewed him again, but never again did he set eyes  
‘ on his old friend during the winter. Summer brought him back to  
‘ his old haunts the same as ever. What a magnificent fox he was!  
‘ almost as tall as a greyhound, and with a tremendous white tag to  
‘ his brush. This year he never waited for cub-hunting, but moved  
‘ off ere we commenced, much to Charley’s discomfiture, who began  
‘ to think that there was something uncanny about him. Nothing was  
‘ seen or heard of this fox until about the middle of February, when  
‘ a farmer sent to say that a fox had taken up his abode in a little  
‘ patch of gorse that was seldom, if ever, drawn, as even Charley  
‘ could not remember finding a fox in it—and was making havoc  
‘ with his lambs, and asking me to come and hunt him. It was  
‘ just on the borders of the country, and in a place few people

‘ cared to go to, as there was a long trot back if we failed to find  
‘ there, and the day was spoilt ; so, as I was pretty full of hounds,  
‘ and had plenty of horses fit to go, I determined to have a bye-day,  
‘ instead of making it one of the regular fixtures, and let people  
‘ know of it a day or two beforehand. Not many came, as they  
‘ said it was a wild-goose chase ; we never had found there and never  
‘ should do so. Still they thought I was bound to satisfy the farmer,  
‘ and it was very wise to go on an off-day. Those who did go had  
‘ their reward. The farmer had laid out a capital spread for us, and  
‘ was delighted at the thought of his enemy being hunted. He said  
‘ to me, “ He’s just the finest fox you ever saw, squire. We’ve had  
‘ “ him up in the gorse two winters, and got quite to know him, like.  
‘ “ He’s never here in the summer, but comes as soon as you begin  
‘ “ cub-hunting, and consequently did no harm amongst the poultry,  
‘ “ and I should not have told on him, but now he has took to lambs,  
‘ “ and I can’t stand that.” This speech, which Charley heard, made  
‘ him open his eyes, and he told Will to keep a sharp look-out and  
‘ be sure and get a view of him if he could. So he slipped quietly  
‘ on to the far-end of the gorse before the hounds moved away in  
‘ order that he might not miss seeing him. It was a small place but  
‘ a very snug one, gorse and blackthorns and some old pollard-trees  
‘ in it. The hounds were put in, and Charley drew it very carefully  
‘ without eliciting even a whimper, and when he got his hounds out  
‘ the other side we all looked blank enough. “ Well,” I said to the  
‘ farmer, “ where is your fox ? You have brought us here, twenty  
‘ “ miles from home, for nothing.”

‘ “ He’s in that gorse, sir, as sure as you are on your horse. Shep-  
‘ “ herd saw him last night, and this morning picked up a lamb half  
‘ “ eaten.”

‘ I told Charley to run the hounds through it again, which he did  
‘ very reluctantly, and the farmer, getting off his cob, went in with a  
‘ long stick in his hand, and laid about with it so lustily, and made  
‘ such a noise withal, that no living fox ever could have stood it.  
‘ Neither did this one, for just about the centre of the covert there  
‘ was an old tree covered with ivy, and this came in for sundry raps  
‘ with the stick, when out jumped the fox, and a tremendous  
‘ “ Tallyho ” told us that he was found at last. Will viewed him  
‘ away close under his horse’s nose, and Charley had the hounds on  
‘ almost before he was over the first fence. “ It’s old Jocko,” said  
‘ Will, as they settled down to the line ; “ I could swear to him  
‘ “ amongst a thousand.” Right away to the covert in which he was  
‘ turned out he came with scarcely a check, for the scent was a  
‘ burning one ; but, just before it was reached, cold storms came over,  
‘ hounds threw up, and our horses, when we got to them, were too  
‘ much beaten to allow us to help them. In fact, they had run  
‘ away from us, and we were very glad to get them at all and take  
‘ them home with us ; only one or two, besides ourselves, saw more  
‘ than the first ten miles, and none came on to the end. That

‘despised outside meet became the favourite fixture; as soon as our run was known, men sent on horses to it from all parts, but, although we did occasionally find there, Jocko was no more seen in that locality. Indeed, he appeared to be quite lost to us for at least a couple of seasons, when in another out-of-the-way spot, a reed or osier bed in some meadows that was very seldom disturbed, we dropped on him again one very hot afternoon early in April, almost, or quite, the last day of hunting. I think he must have been asleep, for the hounds nearly chopped him, and gave him such a tickler the first ten minutes, that by the end of that time no one was within three fields of them. Luckily we dropped on the horses that had been ridden in the morning, when little had been done, on their road home, just as ours were choked and pumped out by the heat, and then a lucky nick enabled us to get in and see him pulled down, at the end of three-quarters of an hour racing pace, without a check. Though they killed him, the hounds were too beaten to break him up for a long time. He again made for the covert in which he had been put down, and reached it within three fields. When picked up he was as stiff as a poker, and the finest fox I ever saw, and highest in the leg. No doubt the good start the hounds got at him and the hot day killed him. There are some of the sort about here yet, but none that we know so well as poor Jocko. Now, if you have finished your weed, good night, and we will try and find one of his descendants in the morning.’

N.

### THE LAW OF L.B.W. FURTHER CONSIDERED.

MR. BAILY,—It would appear like ‘throwing up the sponge’ or want of courtesy if I passed by ‘W. J. F.’s’ article unanswered, as he asked three or four questions, and I could see that he felt a *little* nettled at some of my remarks. I pointed out to him that your Magazine was not large enough for the purpose of carrying on a controversy on paper, and suggested that the moot points should be laid before a jury consisting of the eleven of the very eminent Public School at which he is a master. The answer was a cordial and hospitable invitation for me to go down in May and plead my own cause, which, if I am alive and well, I intend to do.

If the jury return a verdict, I shall send it to you no matter how hostile it may be to myself. It will be as short as this communication.

F. G.

## HUNTING HOSPITALITY.

IN all ages hunting men have been considered a free-handed race, and in only few instances has it ever been recorded that a man really fond of hunting has failed to carry out the apostle's injunction of being given to hospitality. Having during the past season dropped in for some of those runs when a friend in need is a friend indeed on the road home, and save for refreshment to man and horse, both would probably have reached that bourne in very poor plight, it struck me that it would be not altogether uninteresting to the readers of 'Baily' if I said something about the hospitality of the hunting field, and the best way in which it can be exercised. I cannot hope to rival the interest of the paper on 'The Sportsman's Commissariat' which appeared in these volumes some time ago, but still perchance I may give a hint or two to those who would wish to refresh the weary wayfarer by flood and field, as to the best means of carrying out their kind intentions. With that object I started, but when I came to think the matter over, it struck me that I could not quite get rid of my subject in such a summary manner as that, and that there were other sides of the question to be thought of.

First, what a change has come over the manner of hunting hospitality since the days when men rose with the lark to trace the hare to her form and the fox to his kennel by the drag as it was called; when earliest dawn saw them in the saddle, and their long-eared hounds did literally sweep away the morning dew. From all that we can learn from old books and records, it was then not their manner and custom to separate, as we do in the present day, at the end of the chase, but they either retired to the house of the squire who owned the pack, or, if that was too far, to some sportsman's near, and there had an early dinner (they left off hunting nearly as soon as we begin now), and then, having spent a few hours convivially together, such of them as were sober enough mounted their hunters once more and rode home (I wonder what a modern stud-groom would think of this practice), and the others were allowed to rest until they were in a condition to do likewise. If no house belonging to any of the party was near, an inn was made to do duty. I remember reading somewhere, though I cannot call to mind in what work, a description of such a scene as this, where the squire, having bid them all welcome, says, 'I hope you have good 'stomachs, gentlemen, for dinner will be on table in a minute.' Then huge joints and pasties made their appearance, flanked with large jugs of strong beer, and all fell to in that way in which hunters were then supposed to feed—indeed, almost after the manner of Earl Doorm's men as described in Enid. Appetite being appeased, they took to their old port, and, after a time, mighty bowls of punch were introduced, with pipes and tobacco, until one by one the guests departed, when the squire took off his wig, put on his nightcap and bed, or, perhaps, what we should call dressing-gown, and

composed himself for a nap until supper-time. Thomson, who wrote a little earlier, I suspect, has given us, perhaps, the best description of this sort of thing extant, in 'The Seasons':—

'But first the fuell'd chimney blazes wide;  
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking sirloin stretch'd immense  
From side to side; in which with desperate knife  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced,  
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain  
Into the pasty plung'd; at intervals,  
If stomach keen such intervals allow,  
Relating all the glories of the chase.  
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst  
Produce the mighty bowl: the mighty bowl,  
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor wanting is the brown October drawn,  
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat  
Of thirty years.'

We had better not follow our poet any further, perhaps. But this just enables us to see what a change has come over the manners of hunting men and the hospitality they dispense; though down in the west a mild imitation of these old-world manners must have lingered on some little distance into the present century, as Dr. Collyns, in his 'Chase of the Wild Red Deer,' says, 'In 1812, the late Lord Fortescue again kept the hounds, and continued Master up to 1818, killing in the six years ninety deer, forty-two stags, and forty-eight hinds. Those, again, were glorious days. The halls of Castle Hill rang merrily with the wassail of the hunters, and many a pink issued from the hospitable seats of the neighbouring squires on the bright autumn mornings to participate in the pleasures of the chase. When a good stag had been killed, the custom was for James Tout, the huntsman, to enter the dining-room at Castle Hill after dinner in full costume, with his horn in his hand, and after he had sounded a "mort," "Success to staghunting" was solemnly drunk by the assembled company, in port wine

'Whose father grape grew fat  
On Lusitanian summers,'

'after which Tout again retired to his own place.' He says this custom arose from a still more ancient one described by 'Nimrod,' who tells us, 'That the head of the deer, after a good run, was produced in the evening with a silver cup in his mouth, out of which the favourite toast was drunk. The custom is still kept up by the huntsman, whippers-in, farmers, and others, and the operation is performed in the following manner: The cup is placed in the stag's mouth, secured with a cord to prevent its falling out. When it is filled to the brim the person who is to drink it holds a horn in each hand and brings it to his mouth, when he must finish it at

'one draught, and then turn the head downwards, bringing the top of it in contact with his breast, to convince his companions that he has drunk it to the dregs, otherwise he is subject to a fine.' We don't go in for these big drinks after dinner in the present day, and our hospitality takes another form, for instead of requiring our friends to take their liquor honestly, as our ancestors did, when the fun is over, we prime them with 'jumping powder' before they start. We change the venue from dinner to breakfast, the time from afternoon or evening to morning. Which is the most objectionable form it is hard to say. If a man has a long distance to ride to covert entailing an early start, and he is one who cannot, from peculiarity of constitution, eat a hearty meal very early in the morning, it is true hospitality if a friend within a mile or two of the fixture will give him a chop and a cup of coffee (not that people ever do ride long distances to the meet now). And no doubt this was the origin of what are termed hunt breakfasts, which are as unnecessary to ninety-nine out of every hundred who partake of them, as a suit of armour to an alderman. They have now become simply matters of display on the part of those who give them, and as a recent writer on such matters has observed, may be made stepping-stones to county society, or words to that effect, by the *nouveau riche*, a class for whose delectation and instruction he apparently especially laid himself out to write. As a rule, to the man really fond of sport they are a bore; they take up much time, keep horses standing about in the cold, thus rendering them foolish and unpleasant to ride when they do start, and are the means of letting hounds into all kinds of mischief, for while Jack and Tom are engaged with a glass of ale it is ten to one if some one of the pack does not slip away amongst the horses to get kicked or trodden on, or else enter into a controversy with some cur dog, and perchance gets a bite. Champagne also, even taken in moderation at that time of the day, will render the vision of some people less clear, and incline them also to do a little more larking, and give hounds rather less room than is their wont; and then if tail hounds have to come up to head through the crowd there is certainly less chance of their escaping broken bones, or perhaps being altogether killed, than there otherwise would be, when jumping powder was not in the way. Mind, I do not for a moment insinuate that hunting men in the present day take too much at a lawn meet, far be it from me, but they will some of them ride a turn harder after one.

Meets of this kind, just to inaugurate the season, at the house of the Master are all very well, and are days on which, as a rule, no one looks for sport, but beyond that they are more honoured in the breach than the observance. Some of them are on a very grand scale, such as that so well described by Surtees, as the opening day with the Earl of Ladythorne's hounds at the Castle, where the Master accords a gracious welcome to one and all. Things are, however, not always done in that way, and I have known very invidious class distinctions made, and the farmers relegated to the comparative



obscurity of the steward's or housekeeper's room. This is a great mistake, for in the hunting-field, as the late Lord Exeter said of the Turf, all men are equal as long as they conduct themselves properly, and farmers are not slow to note and resent these slights where they are men of any education and capital. It is, however, not at the hands of gentlemen that these things occur as a rule, but of some would-be grandee who has taken the place of the squire after having accumulated a fortune. What strange sights I have seen at these meets, to be sure! Once, that, however, is many years ago now, I am happy to say, the game-pie, or something in the entertainment, had such an effect on a portion of the field, that they rode in the most extraordinary manner, and it appeared as if nothing could persuade their horses to attempt the fences at the same moment as their riders. Nothing was too big or too wide for them, and sometimes both got to the other side at intervals, and by a somewhat different course, but they could never agree as to the exact moment of departure and arrival. They went headlong into brooks, and head first over gates, apparently with the greatest impunity. How they felt the next day I won't answer for.

On another occasion I went to a lawn meet, a very heavy affair indeed; we had almost as many men in livery as there were guests, and every conceivable luxury under the sun, and then after we had ate and drank our fill, the host came out on to the door-steps and made an oration to us. What it was about I never knew, and perhaps he did not. I only know those who did hear it blew their noses, made their horses fidget, and did all they could to avoid laughing, or find an excuse for it. When he had done, a brass band, which was in readiness, struck up *God Save the Queen*. The charity-school children, all there, also specially, cheered under the direction of their teachers, and there was a tremendous row, which so frightened the unfortunate hounds, that they put their tails between their legs, and would soon have been gone, each his separate way, had not the huntsman taken the bull by the horns, given a rattling view holloa, stuck the spurs in his horse, and his horn in his mouth, and set off across the park as hard as he could lay legs to ground, and thus saved his pack from utter dispersion even if he somewhat curtailed the festivities. I forgot to state that there were flags in every direction. Such a scene I never saw before, and by the shade of Nimrod I hope I shall never see again.

I now turn to another, and I think preferable way in which hospitality is practised towards hunting men, and that is by providing them with luncheon during the course of the day when the opportunity offers, without fuss, show, or ceremony. There are a few men I could name who have carried this kind of thing almost to a fine art, so that when hounds are in the neighbourhood their friends always know where to drop on a good and substantial luncheon. For instance, at Bramham Moor, unless I am misinformed, there is Irish stew going all day long when hounds are near. For many years the Hemplow in the Pychley country was a certain

draw, not only for a fox, but a luncheon, and many were those who tried it, so that the owner thereof dispensed more viands on a Wednesday most weeks during the season than the proprietor of a large hotel, and drew as many corks. I think also that for some seasons past the hospitality dispensed at Beaurepaire Park is very much on the same scale, and as it lies just on the borders of Mr. Hargreaves and the Vine hunts, it comes in for pretty frequent calls. There is also a certain house in Appleshaw, near Andover, in the Tedworth country, where a few years ago luncheon was on the table all day long, every Thursday during the season for those who liked to go in and partake of it, and I expect that things are not greatly altered now. No doubt there are those hardy fox-hunters who despise all this kind of thing as effeminate and perhaps unsportsmanlike; but all constitutions are not alike, and how many are glad of something more than a sandwich and a flask is proved by the numbers who avail themselves of the opportunity to get a substantial luncheon.

Let me now turn to a still more useful form of hospitality, viz., that which refreshes tired men and no less tired horses on a long ride home. We are not all so situated as to be handy to proffer hospitality very often in the course of a day's hunting at such times as men could stop to accept it; but there are few of us who have not hunting men passing our houses on their road home a time or two during the season. About this a word of advice. If you find friends are likely to do so, get forward if possible yourself, and first order plenty of gruel to be prepared as quickly as possible; then get what is available out for your friends, so that when they arrive there may be no delay; but let men and horses be refreshed at the same. If the party is a large one, call all hands to man the ship—gardeners, grooms, helpers, boys, in fact every one, so that no horses may have to stand about because one man has several to hold. Make room for all if possible in stalls or sheds, or at any rate on some straw to induce them to attend to the calls of nature. So far out of doors; inside, as I have said, get what is available quickly, for remember in such instances dispatch is everything, and the sooner both man and horse are refreshed, and again on their journey, the better for both. Good bread-and-cheese and beer, or a sip of cold brandy-and-water, is quite sufficient for anyone even if they can't put up with a glass of sherry and a biscuit; so don't make this an excuse for hindering them while corks are drawn, in order that they may taste any particular wine or choice liqueur. And as soon as they have had what they want, let them go, without taking them to see a new purchase or a promising colt. Remember that although politeness may induce a guest to listen to your encomiums on one or the other, all the time you are talking his horse is growing stiff and less fit for the journey before him, and that in this case we may say with Homer:—

‘Thus best is hospitably expressed

Welcome the coming speed the parting guest.’

## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

PROBABLY few events have more entirely changed their character than the University Boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge, whose first meeting, just over half a century since, was in truth as perfectly private an affair as those most connected with it affect to desire the now annual match to be considered. Then no unseemly crowding on the part of the British public interfered with either the practice for the race or its decision, and, for all interest taken in the affair by *hoi polloi*, it mattered not whether Henley or the Antipodes had been chosen as the scene of action. The locals indeed gave a faint attention to the event, which afforded them just excuse for an outing, and neither more nor less. That Oxford won proved gratifying enough to her partisans, but that the Cambridge division were not vastly exercised thereat is shown by the fact that seven years elapsed before another meeting was arranged—unless, indeed, we make the unwarrantable assumption that all this time the aquatic position of Granta was so palpably inferior that they feared to hazard a contest. A more probable reason is that—as with rival amateur athletes nowadays—the time of year could not be satisfactorily adjusted, Oxford objecting to so early a fixture as Easter, the time invariably advocated by the younger university. She, however, won when they did again meet in 1836, following up the achievement by three successive victories, over the old championship course, Westminster to Putney. Up to 1856 the race was brought off in a desultory manner, a year or more sometimes elapsing, and once, in 1849, the meeting coming off twice within the year. For the last quarter of a century the match has been annual, and the course, which in 1845 was changed higher up river to between Putney and Mortlake, has since remained the same, if we except three occasions, when the journey was reversed, the crews rowing down stream on the ebb. Whatever may be said or written to the contrary, a race down, is, owing to the bend in the river, less fair than one up stream, and with improvements in the mechanism of boats, slides, and oars has come greater skill and nicety in estimating the force of currents, and value of various positions on the tideway, so that in the year of grace 1880, the managers of this or any other carefully-arranged affair on which much time has been spent, and the prestige of an athletic career may greatly depend, are fully justified in declining to contend on the less equitable course—in fact, they will not throw a chance away. More recent landmarks in the history of the struggle are the adoption of sliding-seats in 1873, the so-called dead heat in 1877, when nineteen out of every twenty lookers-on, and the Cantabs themselves, thought Oxford had won, but the judge's fiat was a dead heat. This was all the more annoying to the Dark Blue faction as their bow oar had broken within a quarter mile of the finish, but for which they must of course have held an indisputable lead at the finish. This year's postponement owing to fog is also

noteworthy, annoying to visitors, who on the 20th saw no race, to the men themselves, who had to keep in training two extra days, and to the numerous betting division, who, by laying a point less than they take, are wont year by year to stand something to nothing each way. The adjournment over Sunday nullified these industrious ones' labours, all bets being cancelled by a postponement reaching another week. In 1861 began a series of successes for Oxford calculated to drive boat-racing from the Cam, whose representatives lost nine consecutive times; a revulsion came, however, in 1870, when Cambridge in turn commenced a string of triumphs lasting until 1875. With these exceptions victory has been very evenly divided; indeed now after thirty-seven races Oxford are but a couple in advance, the dead heat of 1877 of course benefiting neither record.

All who attempted rowing practice last winter, and amongst them the University trial oarsmen, had a bad time of it, the ice, both on Cam and Isis, precluding the chance of bringing off the races on the home waters. The Cantabs accordingly had boats sent to Putney, and duly mustered there, but the aspect of the Fulham Reach was equally unfavourable, miniature icebergs extending all over the tideway, so the trials had to be abandoned, the men owing to engagements at examination being unable to wait for better weather. The Oxonians meditated a similar change of *venue*, but had news from Putney in time to be spared a fruitless journey to town, though as to the race they were equally out of luck, and their trials were also adjourned *sine die*.

At Oxford the authorities engaged in choosing a representative crew were met at the outset by the difficulty of getting a good stroke oarsman. In 1879 Marriott came to the rescue at the last moment, and in spite of being scarcely fit, rowed both during his short practice and in the race itself, in a manner worthy of his brilliant achievements of the previous year, and of his most famous predecessors in the seat of honour. This spring both trial eight strokes were in turn tried, and subsequently the President O.U.B.C., G. D. Rowe, of University College, essayed the position, but though all the trio were good men and found places in the boat, they did not quite suit the after-thwart. Eventually L. R. West, a freshman, of Christ Church, who last year stroked the Eton crew at Henley, was tried, and though lighter than most recent No. 8's in university races, deservedly found favour in the eyes of the mentors. Though but just up from Eton, he had the advantage of being older than most of the arrivals from that school of elegant, if not generally effective, oarsmanship, and quickly proved his ability to set a good stroke, not too fast for a big crew to maintain over a severe course. No. 7 was eventually filled by Wharton, of Magdalen, last year's bow, and with all the other men, except the foremost one, scaling 12st., there was every chance of power in the boat. Unlike most very heavy crews, the men soon got well together, beginning and finishing with great neatness, and though there seemed but slight catch of the water at the beginning, their very uniformity went far

to make what they had, escape notice. The stroke was often rather short, but the swing perfect, and while detractors described them as a pretty crew, impartial judges could not fail to observe all the elements of strong oarsmanship, and much calculated to utilise that strength.

On their first formation, early this spring, the favouritism of general opinion shown to Cambridge had much to justify it. Davis, last year's winning stroke, an oarsman who in that position had perforce commanded the admiration of all judges, was again available for the post, and when it turned out that a presumably better man was being tried, the chances of the Light Blue looked indeed rosy. Sandford, last year's No. 2, took his old place; Jones, the 1878 bowman, was included in the crew, after standing out last year, and with Armytage, who was then spare man, a good nucleus was formed. As training progressed, however, the form of the men advanced but slowly, and the stroke-thwart appeared to be but inadequately filled, a lack of decision marking Baillie's efforts which those behind him seemed to find very difficult to follow. On making their *début* at Kingston, where, following last year's successful precedent, they again remained nearly a fortnight, 'rough' was the unanimous verdict passed on the Cantabs, while individual faults were less the exception than the rule. Remembering, however, the shortcomings of the last year's team, which finally developed into a fair lot, signs of improvement were day by day looked for, and perhaps imagined if invisible. Slow work did indeed something towards lessening the faults, which were only too palpable, but any attempt at quickening sent the crew to pieces, so they were judiciously kept to steady rows and advanced fairly well. The stroke was, however, irregular, and this made the time through the boat very indifferent; while in rowing more than some other matters bad beginning made a bad ending, though there was no lack of leg-work and plenty of catch, but not simultaneously. Feathering under water was a general fault, which seemed ineradicable, for though, as training progressed, and most markedly during their first week at Putney, an improvement in this respect seemed to be coming at last, the quick stroke rendered unavoidable as the time drew on, brought it again into prominence, and smart spins with scratch eights and twelves continued to strengthen the tendency. Many lookers-on were attracted by the great amount of leg-work done by the crew, which was more than usually noticed owing to their irregularity and the sliding, which, since the general abandonment of fixed seats, has become a most telling element in light-boat rowing, was also very justly applauded. In these points the efforts of the Cantabs were undoubtedly good; but their partisans overlooked the absence of regularity and form, without which a crew, however strong, is apt to go to pieces during a severe race. This proved to be the case on the 22nd, when the Light Blues, after holding their own to Hammersmith, where they just led, became suddenly ragged and uneven when collared a short distance higher, before half the distance had been covered.

The boat race of 1880 curiously seemed destined from its very

inception to disappointment. In addition to the collapse of the trial eights' race at both universities, Saturday the 20th ult., the day fixed after much discussion by authorities competent and the reverse, proved unequal to the task of settling the relative merits of the oarsmen, as a fog spread over the river so thickly that an adjournment was imperative, and the match was ordered for the following Monday at half-past ten. The effect on the attendance, when the event actually came off, was remarkable as, with fine weather and a reasonable time of day, the gathering of spectators was smaller than for many years past.

Leaving their boathouses about half-past ten, Oxford a little earlier, the boats were in position at twenty minutes to eleven, awaiting Mr. Searle's signal, which was given to a very level start. Cambridge did 40 and the others 38 strokes in the first minute, but the Dark Blues had nevertheless a slight advantage, and were the first to show a lead of perhaps a yard at the Star and Garter. Cambridge came up at Simmons's boat-sheds, and at the London Club flag-staff in turn drew out a little, continuing to gain up to the Creek (time 1 min. 18 sec.), where they led by a quarter of a length. Now they had for awhile the best of it, Oxford being too far in along the Wall, while Cambridge caught all there was of a poor tide near midstream. When fairly round Craven Point, Oxford looked like going by, and at the Grass Wharf had nearly got on terms with their opponents; but a little higher the Dark Blues, who were still too close to Middlesex, became flurried and irregular, so that from the accompanying steamers there arose a succession of cheers on the part of the partisans of Cambridge. 'What about Baillic now?' said a good critic, who from Alma-maternal sympathies was backing up the Light Blue against his own judgment. It was not, however, any especial merit on the part of the Cambridge strokesman, but rather a momentary ease-up of their antagonists, which produced this electric enthusiasm for the Cammites, and though destined to reappear ere long in this closely-contested race, it died away for the nonce, as just above the Crab Tree Oxford were almost level again. At the Soap Works, where the river makes a strong turn, Oxford and their rivals for the first time rowed stroke and stroke, and the boats lay neck and neck as they left the perfumed land-mark astern, but, a little higher up, Hunt, the Oxford coxswain, turned his craft right out of her course towards Hammersmith, while the much maligned Cambridge pilot took a good line, the result of which was that the Cantabs held a decided lead of about half a length at the bridge (time 8' 21"). The advantage was, however, but momentary, as, off Biffen's, Oxford had drawn nearly, if not quite, level, while their opponents opposite the Doves began to show symptoms of exhaustion, easily accounted for by the fast stroke, never less than thirty-eight, pulled during the two miles already covered, while Oxford's rate had been well within that limit. Matters were, however, equalised for the moment, as, near the Old Ship at Chiswick, the Oxford No. 5 caught a crab, which, of course, delayed them, though their supe-

riority was now so manifest that even this, in addition to Hunt's atrocious steering along Chiswick Eyot, did not prevent the Oxonians forging ahead (at the church 12' 55'') until, on fairly opening into Horse Reach, at the lower end unusually clear of obstacles, the Dark Blue for the first time drew clear. Nothing worth saying is sayable as to the rest of the journey. Some boats were scandalously in the way below the Bull, and again at the railway bridge, where six seconds' margin separated the boats, the times being 17' 39" and 17' 45"; obstructions apparently authorised lay in undue profusion along the Bishop's Meadows, but the race was practically over some hundred yards previous, and Oxford passed the flags above the Ship at Mortlake in 21 minutes 22 seconds, winning easily by four lengths. The distance between the boats was variously estimated, and the *dictum* of the judge recorded  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lengths; possibly he meant that distance clear, which pretty nearly accords with our reckoning. Anyhow, if erroneous, we err in good company.

From the subjoined list of names and latest weights it will be seen that the Oxonians scaled rather heavier than their opponents :

## OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
1. R. H. F. Poole, Brasenose . . . . .	10	6
2. D. E. Brown, Hertford . . . . .	12	6
3. F. M. Hargreaves, Keble . . . . .	12	2
4. H. B. Southwell, Pembroke . . . . .	13	0
5. R. S. Kindersley, Exeter . . . . .	12	6
6. G. D. Rowe, University . . . . .	12	3
7. J. H. T. Wharton, Magdalen . . . . .	11	11
L. R. West, Christ Church (stroke) . . . . .	11	1
C. A. W. Hunt, Corpus (coxswain) . . . . .	7	5

## CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
1. E. H. Prest, Jesus . . . . .	10	12
2. H. Sandford, St. John's . . . . .	10	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
3. W. Barton, St. John's . . . . .	11	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
4. W. M. Warlow, Queen's . . . . .	12	0
5. C. N. Armytage, Jesus . . . . .	12	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
6. R. D. Davis, First Trinity . . . . .	12	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
7. R. D. Prior, Queen's . . . . .	11	13
W. W. Baillie, Jesus (stroke) . . . . .	11	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
B. S. Clarke, St. John's (coxswain). . . . .	7	0

Neither crew rowed in the boats specially designed for them. Both sent orders to Swaddle and Winship, at Newcastle, and their instructions were practically so similar that a couple of craft absolutely identical were constructed. The Cantabs, after a trial or two, fancied their ship too big (as if to equalise the firm's errors last spring, when the vessel was decidedly on the small side), and preferred a boat belonging to Jesus Boat Club, in which that College won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley last year. The Oxonians, too, though, judging by avoirdupois, they were big enough for the floatiest outrigger, preferred the old friend in which they had won the 'Varsity in 1878 and 'suffered' last year.

## AQUATIC NOTES.

The yachting of 1880 is in embryo as far as concerns England, but further afield, the Nice executive announced an attractive programme which was reasonably well carried out. The principal feature affecting readers of 'Baily,' consisted of our old friend Pantomime, heroine of numerous battles round and about the Wight, bearing off the chief prize of the meeting. Sailing now under the Belgian flag, the victory can scarcely be claimed by the English division, and her new owner, M. Delbouille, must be congratulated on having secured a bargain for about 2500*l.*, as counting 1000*l.* for value of ballast, and half as much for new sails, but little remains as the price of the hull, which, considering the venture has already secured a prize of 800*l.*, may be considered nearly cancelled. Some of the regulations affecting classes and other details, would scarcely be approved by our Y.R.A., but the meeting passed off satisfactorily on the whole, and considering that Lord Gosford's big schooner Cetonia, the famous yawl Gertrude, now owned by Lieutenant Henn, R.N., Derwent (Mr. E. Lucas), Ambrosia (M. Rosasco), and some smaller vessels were engaged, there was a very fair muster.

Professional rowing is pretty dull just now. Rumours, but nothing more, are afloat of Hanlan and Trickett meeting on an English river to contest the championship of somewhere, say the universe, to be within bounds. The Australian, whose fame rests on the slender achievement of having beaten Joe Sadler, when the Putney man was confessedly past his prime, is unlikely to try conclusions with the redoubtable Canadian, whatever tall talk he may give utterance to. Meanwhile, Boyd remains master of the situation here, and the sole excitement has been a match between Spencer and Green. The former is well known as a first-rate second-rate sculler of unusual staying powers, but Green's friends were so impressed by the fallacious test of their man's times on some sluicing ebbs, that all the so-called sharps fancied him, and though Spencer had, from his numerous consistent meritorious performances, a slight favouritism at starting, the clever ones were all behind the Hammersmith man, who made a good fight to the Soap Works, and then cried a 'go.' It was a case almost parallel with the intense enthusiasm of many skilled oarsmen, who rowed in scratch crews against the University men, for the Light Blues, whom they pronounced the faster, ignoring the fact that Cambridge were generally rowing a quicker rate than Oxford, and of course had never been tested by the mixed crew over a long distance. Green, in a somewhat similar manner, pulled an exhausting stroke, and at a mile and three-quarters, in spite of good condition, worked himself pretty nearly to a standstill, while Spencer, going more steadily, had power enough left for a burst at the critical moment.

The principal rowing clubs have now commenced proceedings for the season, and London, Thames, Kingston, and Twickenham, will, ere long, be busily engaged in selecting competitors for the all-important engagements of the Henley meeting.

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## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—A March Medley.

WE write amid the approaching din of battle and the crashing of hostile squadrons, in a world of verbosity and general combativeness, when every man's hand is against his fellow, and 'Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or 'die!' is the humour of it. The poor world of sport is in some degree thrust aside, and men cease from troubling about the Lincoln Handicap to wrangle over the Eastern question, and abandon the Grand National for 'our foreign policy.' Even Captain Webb's lowering himself to disporting in the Aquarium tank and the Aquarium atmosphere for the amusement of gaping cockneys—even this feat rouses but a languid enthusiasm. Westminster is halting between King Log and King Stork, and its beloved Aquarium and the howls and stampings of the friendly Zulus, together with the fascinations of Mrs. Georgiana Weldon, and the daughters of the childless Cetewayo, appeal to it in vain. By the time these pages meet our readers' eyes the fight will have commenced. It is not for us to foretell its fortune, or hint under which standard we range, but we may be permitted to express a hope that the new House will consist of members who, whatever be their political bias, will at least be Englishmen above and before all.

We have said that Westminster hardly cared for its Aquarium, but there was one thing in which, in common with all London, it did care for, and that was the Imperial Theatre, and such an 'As You Like It' as none of us have seen for many a day. We expressed a hope in the last 'Van' that Miss Litton's efforts to place before us a series of old comedies illustrative of a bygone age and manners would meet with due recognition from the public. We were thinking then more especially of Farquhar and Goldsmith; but now we have to congratulate her on a Shaksperian revival quite worthy to be compared with those at the Lyceum, and perhaps more worthy of note, inasmuch as 'As You Like It' is no one-part comedy, and that it depends entirely on the *ensemble* and not on the efforts of one artist. It is true that if you take away Rosalind it would be very much like 'Hamlet' with the rôle of the noble Dane omitted; but, with this exception, Shakspeare's comedy is an idyl in which all may take a part, and though the chief interest centres round Rosalind and her lover, neither are made too prominent. We can sympathise with the banished Duke, and listen to the melancholy Jacques and the philosophical Touchstone, rejoice with the man 'who killed the deer,' the only thing that perhaps grates on our feelings being the absurd behaviour of Silvius and Phebe. Such an *ensemble* as Miss Litton has given us at the Imperial we think cannot be surpassed. In the first place, her Rosalind is one of the most charming Rosalinds we have ever seen. She is both the merry madcap masquerading in male attire and the loving woman with all the tenderness and delicate feeling of her sex. Moreover—and we can hardly think this an unimportant feature—Miss Litton's Rosalind in male attire, while it is a most attractive picture, is also a correct one. We have seen actresses, who assuredly ought to have known better, dress Rosalind for a life in the Forest of Arden, in silk and satin and with a needless display of leg. Miss Litton gives us a costume which while it is highly picturesque (we commend the hat to the notice of our beauty women) is one that, supposing Rosalind had been cast in these latter days (would that she had) might have been worn, with a little alteration, when she accompanied Orlando to his shooting lodge at Glen Farintosh.

And a very good Orlando Mr. Kyrle Bellew makes. Here and there he disappointed us; something was lacking, we could hardly tell what, perhaps a little fire. Mr. Farren slung into the subordinate part of Adam all his artistic skill; and we need not say that Mr. Hermann Vezin delivered the speeches of Jacques with all his well-known power of elocution. There was a particularly good Audrey, for which Miss Silvia Hodson deserves every praise. We have seen Audrey done to tatters, as doubtless have many of our readers. We confess to a little disappointment in the Touchstone of Mr. Brough. Perhaps we could not get poor Compton out of our head. The William of Mr. Bannister deserves more than a word of commendation.

We have omitted to speak of the admirable way in which the comedy has been produced. We feel sure that never has the Forest of Arden been so brought before the eyes of the audience as it is at the Imperial Theatre. Never, too, have the glees and madrigals been better sung, and never has so much attention been paid to the costumes. For the taste and judgment exhibited in the latter we are indebted to Mr. Forbes Robertson; and he has had the courage of his opinions and has not adhered too closely to tradition. Rarely has there been seen a more picturesque Ganymede, or a better dressed Orlando. Note should be made, too, not only of the acting but the costume of Miss Silvia Hodson as Audrey. Both were deserving of high praise.

We are glad to find that the public appreciate 'As You Like It.' The Imperial is crowded each afternoon, and two evening performances a week are announced. Miss Litton's praiseworthy efforts to make her theatre really and truly a home of Old English comedy are at last crowned with success, and we congratulate her sincerely thereon.

A gloriously bright afternoon at Sandown on the occasion of the Household Brigade Steeplechase, our Prince and Princess, our beauties and our blue blood—a dream of fair women and brave men. To tell who was there would take columns of the 'Van,' and our readers must therefore imagine that everybody who was anybody was present. Never had the Club Lawn looked so bright as it did on that Saturday afternoon; people came evidently prepared to enjoy themselves, and did so. There were tons of luncheons, and if the men admired the women, the latter reciprocated. 'Oh yes,' we overheard a very charming young woman say, in answer to a query, as she was stepping into a return special, 'I *have* enjoyed myself, thanks. I have met so many 'of my old pals.' What the shades of the Rev. Bowdler and Mrs. Hannah More would have said to that young lady we don't know, but we fancy there was not much harm about her. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spake; and an honest English girl who says what she thinks is better than the silent young person who is fond of the dark recesses of staircases and the remote corners of conservatories and boathouses. But this is a digression. Let us to the field of six to four.

The sport was really good, and if the riding was not altogether as artistic as one could wish, lacking in the strength and judgment of a Fordham, the finish of a Cannon, or the audacity of an Archer, why, Rome was not built in a day, and some of the maiden efforts of that Saturday may ripen into good fruit yet. A very promising young one, for instance, bearing the good name of Hartopp, rode the winner (Rathcline) of the Brigade Cup, and very well and patiently he rode him until he found he had won—a discovery that entirely upset him, and sending his spurs into Rathcline and flourishing his whip as if he had an opponent at his horse's quarters, rode him home a winner by fifteen lengths, which might well have been two. But who could find it in their hearts to smile at him? The elderly Plancus who indulged in a sueer

at the expense of the winner, was probably never outside a horse in his life, and the young athlete who had won his spurs, we are quite certain he did not sneer, but rather applauded. There is something of the true 'grit' about Mr. Hartopp, we fancy, and we hope we shall hear of him again.

One of the incidents of the afternoon was the appearance of Mr. H. Coventry in the saddle, recalling old days when his name was first and foremost among gentlemen riders. We forget how long ago it is since we saw him ride his mare Agnes over that good course near Rugby where the Grand Military was formerly held, but it is some few years. This afternoon he was on a horse of Lord Douglas Gordon's for the Hunters' Flat Race, Lord Douglas riding one of his, and on which, by the way, the latter won, landing a real good thing on Chester, one of the best of the afternoon. In fact the good things rather abounded, though Captain Pigott and backers generally had two severe blows by the defeat of Khedive and The Owl. Some of the riding was amusing of course, but on the whole it was revival of old days of the Household Brigade, when such men as the present Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Hardwicke, Captain Tempest, the late Vicomte Talon, the late Captain Little, Captain Barclay, Colonel Wombwell, Captain Riddell, &c., &c. were seen in the pigskin. A more brilliant day there has not been in the annals of Sandown since the place became a local habitation and a name.

We feel sure that there were many soldiers and civilians who on the Tuesday morning following when they had to rise at a somewhat earlier hour than their wont to catch the express to Rugby, thought regretfully of the pleasant slopes of Sandown Park. We did we own, and we thought the more when, after a rather cold drive from Rugby to the course at war prices that quite cast Ascot and Goodwood into the shade, we found ourselves among the wretched accommodation of Stand, Weighing Room, &c. Perhaps Sandown and other similar meetings have this to answer for, that they have made us luxurious and fond of our racing ease; and certain it is that the state of things at Rugby reminded us of steeplechasing in some remote county twenty years ago or so, when the Judge's chair was in a waggon, which also did duty for a Steward's Stand, and everything was in the most primitive order. We daresay good sport was seen there, and of course we ought to place that first before all, but still as the world advances in civilisation and luxury year by year we may be pardoned for not desiring these old days to return. We really felt on the hill-side on that Tuesday as if we had gone back twenty years in steeplechasing, to the days of tents and waggons—before there were such things as 'inner rings' or telegraph wires laid on to the course—to primitive times in fact. Now if the Grand Military had been at Sandown, in the first place we should not have had to get up at eight o'clock nor to pay twenty-four shillings and sixpence for a return-ticket to Rugby and back. We should not have had that difficulty with our cabman or been fleeced by him in the way we were. We should not have found so many Nottingham lambs or Birmingham and Coventry roughs at Esher Station as we did at Rugby, and we should not have wanted to make that diligent search for a bed which we had to do on our arrival. Then as to the getting to the course, we have above hinted at that and what it cost us; and to find ourselves on our arrival there landed into a medley of loose boards, rickety seats, and damp straw—why is it wonderful that we sighed for the comforts of Sandown, for the commodious Stand, for the good view of the course, for the good luncheons of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts? Not that we had to complain at Rugby of lack of food. With so many regiments to the fore it would have been singular if we had hungered in vain. Indeed, the only things that

reconciled us to the place were the luncheons and a good deal of the blue blood and many of the bright eyes of the shires. However, we will cease our lament over the Grand Military fixture of this year. One thing we believe is certain—we shall not trouble it nor will it trouble us again. A Birmingham Cræsus has bought the property, on which he is going to build, to level the fences and turn the course into the semblance of a park. We need not say that there will be no more steeplechasing there, and can only trust that next year will find us back in Surrey within easy distance of London, of Aldershot, and of Windsor, and therefore a locality peculiarly fit and appropriate for a soldiers' meeting.

The sport was really good, and the class of horses seen at Rugby was, with an exception or two, the class we like to see at military races—genuine hunters. At one time it looked as if the Grand Military meeting would entirely change its character. When first instituted the object was that if an officer found he had a hunter better than common, he trained him himself with hounds and brought him to the meeting to run against other hunters. Then came a period when some of our young men thought nothing of giving five hundred guineas, or more, for a thoroughbred horse, which was sent to a training stable and made fit enough to run for a Liverpool; hardly the intention this with which the Grand Military was founded. But this year there were some genuine hunters, the class old-fashioned sportsmen like to see; and a good example was Lord Manners's Grenadier, a handsome son of Lord Ronald, who won the Light Weight Sweepstakes, ridden by his owner; while a great favourite in the Breda colt, another son of Lord Ronald's, was—though showing more quality perhaps than Grenadier—unable to act on the heavy ground, and will probably find two miles across country, on light soil, more in his line. In fact Grenadier was a hunter, which his relative was not. The Gold Cup was won by Cymrw, Collegian, Jupiter II., Botanist and other swells cutting up badly. A nice little horse Botanist, but rather too small, and he, too, more at home over two or two miles and a half than three. St. Faith, a sister of Pathfinder, won the Ladies' Plate, and an Irish-bred one—the rather well-named Cross Question, by Lawyer, out of Mara—took the Veteran Stakes. The Open Steeplechase was rather a failure, as only four horses appeared at the post for it, and odds were laid on Manna, who won easily, though if Dandy had not put up 16 lbs. extra (for what reason except to allow Count Lehdeman to ride him, goodness only knows), the result might have been different. Mr. W. B. Morris took honours in the riding class, for he scored three wins; and next to him were Mr. Lee Barber, Mr. Dalbiac, Lord St. Vincent, Mr. W. H. Johnstone, &c. The Rugby people improved the occasion, and some of our hunting friends—old stagers who like to have the Royal George, and the young ladies in the bar thereof, all to themselves—wished the soldiers at Halifax. But let our friends be satisfied.—They won't come again.

And now we plunge into the legitimate arena, into the cold bath of Carholme and the colder comfort of the neighbouring city. We do not love thee, Lincoln, for many reasons, and we would much sooner read of the big handicap by our fireside than assist at it. We do not much care about thy Brocklesby either, with its lot of ragged youngsters shivering in the bitter wind, and not a good one in the lot probably. When did we see among these highly-forced ones a thorough good horse or mare?—we mean one who turned out to be good at three-year-old. The smartest that we remember within the last half-dozen years was Coronella, but she did nothing as a three-year-old. Certainly the sticklers for early racing must be much put to it to

defend such a race as this and the kindred Althorpe at Northampton, intended as a rule for the exhibition of precocious youngsters who blaze for a brief season and are forgotten. We say this too with a full recollection of Lady Elizabeth in connection with the Althorpe, but one swallow does not make a summer. Her summer was a very brief one, by the way—but we need not dwell on old histories here; we are shivering in a corner of the paddock on Carholme ourselves, in company with the seventeen high-bred ones that form the field for the Brocklesby, and are trying to make up our mind as to which is the best looking—a very difficult task. What with clipped coats and coats unkempt they are a curious-looking lot, and if the favourite Catonnade is as good as they say, she does not show it. Lord Dupplin had a colt by King of the Forest that showed some quality, perhaps was about the best looking there, and the Vaga filly was reported to have won a trial of home manufacture. Catonnade carried the money and '8 to 1 bar one' was the liberal offer of the ring, the Fright colt and Bruar from Dover's being the second favourites. It was a fine finish between outsiders, for Catonnade could not stay home, and the Vaga filly and Althotas had the race to themselves, Mr. Chaplin's young one winning by a head. We may here remark that the first day at Lincoln was uninteresting, and moreover unnecessary. There was nothing on the card worth the journey to see, and if Mr. Ford wishes to do a wise thing he would reduce Lincoln to two days.

Of course the handicap day was the great attraction, and brought the usual great crowd. It was not quite so cold either as the two days preceding, and for once in a way the Lincolnshire was enjoyable. We need not go into the history of the great Spring Handicap from the time of its appearance. That would be a thrice-told tale. The changes in the market on the morning of the race are what call most for comment. The run on Elf King was a most decided one, though Midlothian trod closely on his heels. The Russley mare Chocolate hardly appeared to carry the full confidence of 'R. P.' She had always given us the idea of not being a particularly game one, and now looked mean and small in comparison with others in the paddock. Neither did Midlothian inspire his backers with confidence, and if we had been called to pick the winner on the spot we should have been inclined to select Placida, who looked thoroughly trained, and with Archer up seemed bound to be near, despite her weight. The support awarded to Elf King of course had the effect of stalling the public off Rosy Cross, though when the weights came out she was much fancied, and her owner we may add expressed his confidence in her up to the last. She certainly looked well, and she and Placida were the handsomest horses in the paddock. John Dawson had a high opinion of Briglia's chance at one time, but she did not do so well after her arrival at Lincoln, and was fidgeted and sweated a good deal in her gallops. There had been hopes of securing Gallon for Quicksilver, but when it appeared that Elf King was still Mr. Stirling Crawford's property of course that gentleman had the first claim on Gallon's services, and Quicksilver became the mount of Kellett, not that that circumstance would have made much difference if the mare had been in her old form. For the absence of Parole every one was prepared, but his substitute Wallenstein did not find much favour, nor was Vegetarian supported as that stable generally support one of their horses whom they consider to have a chance. Genista was about the smallest animal we should say that ever ran for a Lincolnshire, and among the outsiders whose day was not probably that Wednesday we noticed the good-looking Ragman. The Osbornes we were nearly forgetting to mention were partial to Horizon's chance, and he ran well enough to justify their partiality.

The race we think was over a quarter of a mile from home, when Elf King dropped away, and Mr. Rymill had the pleasure of seeing Rosy Cross take his place. She had only Placida to trouble her, and for a moment or two it looked as if Mr. Pulteney's mare would get up; but though she made a gallant effort the weight told, and Rosy Cross won easily by a length. Chocolate was never dangerous, nor was Midlothian. Elf King showed speed but not staying powers. Horizon ran forward, finishing fourth, and will probably see a much better day later on in the season. Placida of course ran a very good mare, but the winner had the race we consider in hand. There was only one other race at all presenting interest, and that was the Lincoln Cup, which saw the overthrow of another favourite of M. Lefevre's in Tristan, the Fright colt before mentioned beating him in a canter.

To find Liverpool bathed in sunshine, and Aintree if not exactly blossoming as a rose, at least looking cheerful and feeling dry and clean, was something of a novelty. Two more favourable days for its spring meeting we have rarely seen, and the attendance was consequently very large. The sport appeared to be rather crowded into two days, by the addition this year of the Grand National Hunt to the programme, and the consequent necessity of having the Spring Cup run for on the same day as the Grand National. In fact, if it was necessary that either Lincoln or Liverpool should have three days, the latter stood most in need of them. However, the G. N. H. did not trouble us much. This race is but a shadow of the past, and perhaps next year, unless some fresh shoulders are put to the wheel, we shall not even have the shadow. Three runners on this occasion was what the once brilliant show at Burton, Lazarus, and Wetherby had come to, with no excitement or interest, and scarcely any of its former friends and supporters to assist at what looked very much like its obsequies. Baker Pacha was the best-looking and the best jumper of the three, and if he had not blundered and come to grief at the second fence, he would in all probability have won. Captain Middleton quickly remounted him, but the loss of ground, well as he made it up, was fatal at the finish, and New Glasgow won easily. Misenus, a much better horse at two miles than two miles and a half, took the Hurdle Handicap from a lot of swells, including Thornfield, Touchet, Hopbloom, Harbinger, Downpatrick, &c. Despite his weight Mr. Leopold De Rothschild's horse was a strong favourite, and Touchet would have been backed if his stable had fancied him, but there was a rumour that he was likely to break down, so the public let him alone. Misenus won very easily, though Downpatrick and Harbinger looked dangerous at the distance, and the forward running of the grey foreshadowed what he did the next day in the Grand National. We need not trouble our readers about the Molyneux young ones, and though the favourite Border Queen had a great private reputation, she was beaten rather cleverly by Fetterless. The lot was probably moderate, and may or may not be heard of again.

A glorious Grand National day, with the sun shining and the wind not too keen. All Liverpool forgot the election, and Conservative, Liberal and Home Ruler buried the war hatchet for the nonce and came out to Aintree. The Prince of Wales was the guest for twenty-four hours of the Earl of Sefton, and came hoping to see Regal and Jackal distinguish themselves; and half sporting Ireland crossed St. George's Channel and came hoping, and, moreover, meaning to take the prize—but what with, was rather a puzzle. Their team was a very strong one, and, though it seemed making out The Liberator to be about the best horse that ever won a Liverpool, yet the weight of many behind him implied that his stable feared nothing. He had won the previous year easily enough, certainly, but still never before had

12st. 7lbs. been carried, and what Pearl Diver had failed to do with 12st. 4lbs. looked beyond Liberator's powers with 3lbs. more. Captain Machell's stable were evidently very confident about Regal, and the horse looked well, and there was quite a *furor* about Wild Monarch. In fact, at one time, there was scarcely anything to choose between the three leading favourites in the market, and 5 to 1 each was about the price of Regal, Liberator and Wild Monarch. The incident of the afternoon was the coming of Downpatrick, about whose commission it was believed there had been a hitch. However, things were adjusted to his stable's satisfaction, we presume, for 6 to 1 was the best offer against the grey whose forward running in the hurdle handicap we have above mentioned. While a strong party, the majority, perhaps, of the Irish went for Liberator, the friends of Empress were very confident, and in spite of the outlays on the favourites and the coming of Downpatrick, she held her own in the betting. A very nice-looking mare, with good action, and a very accomplished jockey in Mr. T. Beesley to ride her. Victoria was another Irish candidate who came to 12 to 1, and though some people told us she was sure to beat Empress, we don't think they believed it. The easy win of Turco the previous day in the Sefton Steeplechase had made the Empress party rather confident, for at home she had galloped away from him. There were fourteen runners, and, without going through what is now an old story, we may say that Regal proved the truth of that belief, that when a horse once falls over Aintree, he does it again. Lord Aylesford's favourite came down at the second fence, and about the same time the chances, such as they were, of Sleight of Hand, Gunlock and St. George, were disposed of. Downpatrick was always in front, and Jupiter Tonans did all he knew to serve the top weight, and in the last round, before reaching Beecher's brook, rushed to the front and put such a distance between himself and the leading horses that it looked as if he would never be caught. But Jupiter shot his bolt at the first hurdle in the straight, where Downpatrick looked very much like winning, until at the last hurdle Liberator caught him, having Empress on the whip-hand full of running. The top weight made a gallant struggle, but the 12st. 7lb. told, and Mr. Beesley bringing Empress out, she won very easily by two lengths. Liberator ran a great horse, and as the first five were Irish bred ones, to our Irish cousins belong the honours.

Previously to this some little excitement had been caused by the easy win of Parole, whose Lincolnshire backers were much astonished thereby. The horse looked fit enough to run for his life, as the saying is, and how Wallenstein could have beaten him in the trial is wonderful. Archer, who was on Advance, the second horse, lodged an objection against Parole, on the ground of a cross, and the stewards present, assisted by Lord Coventry, after hearing evidence, disqualified Parole and awarded the race to Advance. Of course, we are in ignorance of what evidence was laid before the stewards, and we feel sure that all pains were taken by them to investigate and sift it; but to most of the lookers-on, even those who had backed Advance, the decision was somewhat of a surprise.

We have much pleasure in being enabled, through the kindness of a friend, to give our readers an account of some Pytchley doings, including the brilliant run on the 12th ult.

'Thursday 11th, the day after the chases at Rugby, the Pytchley met at Kilworth, found at Caldicote, and had a rare good gallop, going by Kimcote, Walton, leaving Bosworth Gorse on the left, back by Kilworth, and killed him near where they found—one hour twenty minutes.'

'Friday 12, met at Brockhall, did not find till we got to Vanderplank. 'The fox was away at once, and hounds hunted him steadily by Watford village, leaving Watford Gorse on the right, over an intricate country, cut up by railways and canals, as if he were going to Ashby St. Ledgers. On 'reaching the Old Street road, he bore away for Crick, and crossing the 'Northampton and Rugby road, we were landed in the very best of the 'grass country, and the pace became first-rate as hounds began to drive their 'fox. Anything finer than the line the fox now took cannot be imagined. 'Leaving Crick Covert two fields on the left, he went on to Yelvertoft, then 'bearing away to the left, past Clay Coton, straight to Swinford Corner; the 'railway here stopped the field, who had to go round by Stanford Hall 'station; luckily they nicked the hounds a mile further on crossing the road 'from Swinford Corner to Stanford Hall. Disdaining all shelter from the 'coverts here, the fox put his head straight for Walcote, and hounds drove 'along over those grand pastures in magnificent form. Many horses by this 'time had given indications to their owners that this sort of thing must not 'go on long. Before reaching Walcote the fox made a sharp turn to the left, 'and leaving Shawell Wood two fields on the right, went on by Shawell 'village, crossing the Old Street road at Kittenthorne, where there was a 'check, the fox having run the railway; it was very trifling, as Charles got a 'view of him struggling along the line, but he had an effort left in him yet, 'and running by Newton he crossed the river near Clifton Mill. Hounds got 'a view as they emerged from the river, and it was all over with as gallant a 'fox as ever wore a brush, who had never touched a covert, and had stood 'up for two hours and ten minutes over some of the finest grass country in 'England. The river was a stopper, and hounds killed their fox alone, and 'right well they deserved him; a friendly ford in the next field enabled the 'few left to be there or thereabouts. It was just nine miles from point to 'point, and about twenty as the hounds ran. There were about a score at 'the finish, besides the Hunt servants, including Sir Rainald Knightley, Lord 'Henley, Mr. J. A. Craven, Mr. Nethercote of Moulton, Mr. Burton, Capt. 'Soames, and others whom we did not know or have forgotten.

'On Saturday, 13th, they had a clinker from Sulby Gorse, fifty minutes, 'going through Naseby Covert to Naseby village, then, turning to the right 'they raced to the Hemplow, running their fox to ground in view. On 'Monday, 15th, after a good hunting run from Gibb Wood, they drew 'Poor's Gorse in the afternoon, and had a rare good thirty-five minutes, 'killing their fox at Thorpe Malsor. Wednesday, 17th, was a capital 'scenting day, a fox from Crick took them over a splendid country at a rare 'pace for one hour and ten minutes, going by Lilbourne, Clifton, over the 'steeplechase course, nearly to Rugby, back through Crick Covert, to ground 'under the railway. A second fox from Lilbourne took them for an hour 'something the reverse of the run in the morning, going to ground at last in 'Hill Morton Covert. On Friday, 19th, they had a rare good hunting run 'from Loatland Wood to ground at Laughton, in the Billesdon country— 'time, two hours ten minutes. The Master's health is much better, and he 'is able to come out on wheels, much to the delight of his friends. He is 'keener than ever about sport, and has made arrangements to hunt the whole 'country six days a week next season.'

We imagine that it was in order to avoid clashing with the Bicester hounds, who on that day were at Waddesdon Cross Roads, that Sir Nathaniel Rothschild made so wide a fixture as Weston Turville for the 26th of February. It is in the midst of a fine, wild country of mixed plough



and grass, but from its proximity to the hills, there is a considerable chance of passing the day in the woodlands of the Old Berkeley hounds, which renders it unpopular with young Leighton. In the early days of the stag-hounds, when the kennels were at Hastoe, the Baron often met there, but after the removal of the hounds to Mentmore, that portion of the country was rarely visited. The attendance at the meet was a small one, but those sportsmen who can take the rough and the smooth together, were rewarded with as fine a sporting run as ever was ridden to. The deer being uncarted at Weston Turville took a line by Worldsend, nearly to Wendover, but bearing to the right, over a deep, rough-and-tumble country, ran by Stoke Mandeville and parallel to the branch of the Great Western Railway to Aylesbury. Thus early in the run many hunters had had quite enough of it, but the second horsemen, by making good use of the Wendover turnpike road, managed to bring up the second horses, which had escaped the bucketing in the deep ground, and, just in the nick of time, gave their masters fresh pipes to play upon. After crossing the Aylesbury canal between that town and Broughton Farm, the line laid over the big grass grounds of Drayton Mead, where those with the hounds had to encounter three brooks in rapid succession. The hounds went on without a check past Puttenham, and over Potash Farm, leaving the little fox covert to the left, crossed the road between Long Marston and Marston Gate, and then under West End Hill to Cheddington, where they crossed the London and North-Western Railway near the station, the field taking advantage of the bridge over the line. At this point the hounds got up to the deer and ran him in view, but this stout, straight-running animal was not done with yet, for swimming the Grand Junction Canal and leaving Ivinghoe Aston, and further on, Eddlesborough to the right, he kept his head straight for Eaton Bray, where all devoutly hoped that he would be taken, but he only skirted the village. A small, but boggy brook, in the bottom between Eaton Bray and Totternhoe, sorely taxed the remaining energies of the exhausted horses and added to the number of dirty coats. But this was the last expiring effort. Beyond Totternhoe stretches the vast expanse of the Dunstable Downs, over which the hounds went streaming, and of the keen stag-hunters that had persevered up to that time, nearly all relinquished any further pursuit as useless. The Master, however, appeared determined to get to the end, but his horse declining from one pace to another, from a short tired stroke to a trot, and from a trot to a walk, Sir Nathaniel was obliged to dismount, and it was only by the aid of a farmer's hack that he was enabled to reach home. Mark Howcutt struggled on over the Downs, and succeeded in taking the deer in the town of Dunstable. And of those who started with him from the meet, how many were present at the take? There were only Lord Melgund, Captain Cumberlege, and a stranger. The time of the run was estimated at two hours and three-quarters, whilst the distance covered was five miles from Wendover to Aylesbury, and fifteen miles, as the crow flies, from Aylesbury to Dunstable.

The following was unavoidably crowded out last month :

The Dartmoor Hounds had two good runs on Tuesday the 25th. The meet was at Ivybridge, and was fully attended by Admiral Parker, M.F.H., Messrs. Trelawny, Bulteel, Collins Splatt, Stewart-Hawkins, V. Calmady, M.F.H., T. Deacon, Hawker, Sparrow, Tanner, Captain Eden and De Burgho Hodge, G. Hodge, and Mrs. Granville, Miss Stewart-Hawkins, Sparrow, &c. A fox was found in Pithill Wood, going away to Henlock, over Hangerdown, with a rattling pace to Stone plantation, then turned short back over the river Ernie to

Stowford Cleves, where a brace of foxes were on foot, and the hounds divided. Boxall had his hounds well in hand, and kept them on the line of their fox, forced him through the large covert under that deformed house, all windows and chimneys, that overlooks the beautiful vale of Ivybridge, crossing the road under the viaduct to Tor Hill, through Drewe woods to Drewe plantation, through Cleves to Ernington, where they got close to him, and went a rattler to Taddymoor, through Brooking's copse to Heavilands, Hamndon, and Clever. Here he was headed without much mischief, for they were running for blood, and with a short turn they run into him in the open. Time, two hours and a half. From the length of the run there was much deviation in pace, caused by change of ground and scent, but the hounds carried the line throughout handsomely, racing when they could, and hunting steadily under difficulties. In the afternoon Lukesland and Rutbrake were drawn blank. A moor fox, however, was found in Patbrake; every hound at him, and going for'ard away over the wild waste to Blackaton, making for the Eastern beacon. Merrifield, Glascombe, over Coryngdon vale, turning over the moor to Sharpiter and Pyles, close at him to Hall plantation, over Hangerdown, and running to ground almost in view in Pithill wood, where he was left. A very hard day for hounds and field.

These hounds had a capital moor day at Brent in the last week, finding at Shipley Tor, running over the wild wastes to Woodholes and Kemton, with high scent and great pace, over the barren solitudes of Dartmoor, without a vestige of civilization. These moorland chases have a character peculiar to themselves, most enjoyable to a sportsman, who, after leaving the 'shires' and its luxuries, is not repelled by finding himself in the

'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood.'

On Monday the 23d. the Lamerton Hounds met at Sydenham, the seat of J. Tremayne, Esq., M.P. for East Cornwall. They found instantly in Sydenham wood, going to Leigh wood, breaking away in view over Leigh down to Raddon, turning away from Lewdown and crossing the Tavistock road into Coryton wood, by the slate quarries through Brundiswood, into the large coverts of Lydford. The scent had been good, and the hounds had forced him away merrily, but in the large range of Lydford woods, extending for miles down the vale and by the banks of the river, the probability was that, as usual, he would hang and not leave the vast range of woodland. Not so. He went straight through the coverts, facing the steep hill of Langstone wood by Langstone House, Burnville, and by the Lydford station to Blackdown on Dartmoor. Here they threw up, and the likelihood was that he had turned down the valley to the woods. Mr. Lobb, however, who hunts his own hounds, held them on, and away they went, after a break of a couple of minutes, on to the moor, making for Tavy Cleves and the forest by Watson Oak. Here he was dead beat, and not daring to face the high ground of the Tors towards Anniscombe, turned downwards, crossing Rattle brook and the Tavy, and was run into under Stannon Hall in the forest after a chase of 13 miles. Time, one hour and twenty minutes. The greater part of the pack consists of young hounds, and the gentry ran well at the head throughout. The ladies particularly distinguished themselves, amongst them Miss Mary Blackburn and Miss Badham. One lady, we believe the former, had the lead to herself for some time from cleverly facing a moor stone stile with stone steps on each side. A mistake would have been a serious matter.

With the Berkhamstead Buckhounds old Dick Rawle has been showing

capital sport this season. He has a stag that comes from his own native country, Devonshire, that seems as tough and fond of showing sport as he is himself, and that is saying a good deal. The first time he was enlarged before hounds in Hertfordshire was at Mr. Bailey's, Cuckman's Farm, near St. Alban's, on January 7th, a very foggy morning. Being headed and bothered at first starting, he was disappointed in making a point, and ran in a ring just before hounds without getting far from where he started. A wild stag is like a fox in this, for how often a good fox is chopped after some duffer has headed him from his first point. Frost setting in again soon after stopped hunting, so there was no chance of retrieving his character, much to the chagrin of the Master, who expected great things from him, knowing the hard work he had given a pack of hounds in his native country before he was captured. Paying a visit to the kennels during the frost, a friend asked how they were getting on. 'Oh, as well as can be expected these hard times,' said the Master. 'Hounds fed on sawdust, horses on shavings, and deer on furzen cut off the hound—that is what some people who come out with us must think. But there they are; you can judge for yourself.' That they gave strong evidence of good keep, all being in first-rate condition under a master hand, need not be said when our readers see what follows. But if he were speaking ironically of some of his followers, we can only say it is a shame for any one to hunt at a poor man's expense, and that a man who devotes his whole life to show sport deserves to be well supported. On February 4th, though the ground was still hard with frost, a fine warm morning brought a good number of followers to Mr. Field's Corner Farm, who is one of the staunchest supporters of the hounds. This stag gave a good run of two hours and forty minutes, some of it very fast, and was safely taken at Biscot, near Luton. On February 18th, again he went away from Studham Common, past Luton, very much the same line as before, to Biscot, then over Warden Hill, Hexton, Higham Gobion to Wrest Park, and turned to Shillington, where he was taken after a severe run of two hours twenty-five minutes, which all thought would be hard to beat. Not yet, however, had he done enough to satisfy his Master. On Saturday, March 6th, they met on Harpenden Common for a bye-day. Away sailed his lordship at twenty minutes to one, and eleven and a-half couple twenty-one-inch ladies (some people call them beagles) were on his tracks ten minutes later. Taking up his line steadily they hunted from the Bowling Alley across Top Street Farm (from which sportsmen are never sent empty away), but no time to stop now, for they are running merrily down to the Great Northern Railway Station and left-handed up the hill to Pigeons Wick, where one or two adventurous spirits jumped a stile on to the footpath, which has often been trodden by pretty feet accustomed to trip across the stage and gladden a London audience. Down the meadows, across the Midland the stag was bothered and headed, so those who knew him best feared he would sulk; but turning back from the village, while hounds were stopped, he made away back to the Great Northern and along the hill towards Wheathamstead, skirted the village through Lord Kilcoursie's to Lamer Park, fast through this to Codicote, where they checked and the Master cast them on to the stream. Here a couple of cur dogs had a hunt, so hounds were brought to fault, and for some time even Mr. Rawle and his little bitches could make little of it. Casting about, they went into Park Wood, where they fresh found their stag at twenty minutes to four. Away they went in view, and hounds soon ran clean away from all whose horses were not in perfect condition; so many went home, and said it was no run. With those who always stick to hounds and

went on it took them all their time to live with hounds as they crossed the Great Northern Railway between Welwyn and Stevenage to Datchworth, on to Watton, where the Puckeridge had just left off hunting for the day, and some of their followers cut in with the Buckhounds. On to Bennington they ran and away along the bourne nearly to Cottered, then to Little Munden, Great Munden, and on by Standon, past Hammels on the left to Puckeridge, where he was taken in the moat round the doctor's garden at five o'clock. Though a large field met them at Harpenden a few saw the finish at Puckeridge, twenty miles as the crow flies. Loud and long was the Master's whoo-whoop, as Jack took the stag, and few were there to hear it. Lord Kilcoursie, who went well in front and thoroughly enjoyed himself on his favourite bay, Messrs. Adey, H. Bailey, Holt, Smith, Lubbock, Ginger, and a few others. A little boy rode a tiny dun pony a long way through this run, and would have finished had it not been for losing a shoe and laming his pony, little Toulmin of Childwick, St. Alban's, and that boy's doings deserve a place in 'Bailey;' for, though only eight years old, he persevered through a run when many older men had had enough, and not only that, but when, by losing a shoe, he could go no farther, he picked up a stray hound and took it home, so that it should not be lost in a strange country. Owing to frost in the Christmas holidays the young idea has not had much chance of improvement the last few years, so it should be the interest of all hunting men to encourage school-boys, and not ride over them and vote them a nuisance, as is so often done. Where they took their stag that evening at five o'clock it was no use attempting to reach the kennels, thirty miles off, the same night with tired horses and hounds, so they took up their quarters at the White Hart, Master, treasurer, whip, and second horseman, and started next morning for home, which it took nearly all day to reach. They were not the only sportsmen who slept out that night; and if each man would tell his adventures and how he found his way home, either the same night or next morning, we should have some amusing reading.

We have been fortunate enough to receive the following budget from our Devonshire correspondent:—

'Devonshire, like the rest of England, despite its character for mildness of climate, has not escaped the severe frost which has this winter so generally interfered with foxhunting. But since the break up some very good sport has been witnessed with more than one pack of hounds. It is no flattery to say that the Dartmoor have never been brought into the field in finer condition than they have been this season. The good qualities of W. Boxall as a kennel huntsman are so generally admitted as to dispute them is simply to display ignorance, and there is no one who appreciates them more than the Master of the Hounds, Admiral Parker. It is indeed owing in no small measure to Admiral Parker's good judgment that the pack is turned out in the style it is, and that those qualities are displayed in so high a degree which are essential to a pack of foxhounds in such a country as Dartmoor.

'After one or two very good runs "*in country*," the first really good moor day we have to record is that of Tuesday, the 24th of February, when the hounds met at that favourite and well-known meet of Dartmoor men, Ivy-bridge. The first fox they met went "*in country*," and, after a run of two hours and twenty minutes, killed in Heavilands, near Cleave. The pack was then taken back to draw the moor, and a moor fox was found in Peat Brake. He broke covert immediately and went away through Blackaton, over the Eastern Beacon to Newlands, and from thence into the coverts of Coryngdon, through them to Glascombe and on to Coryngdon Ball. He was here

'headed three times, but making good his point he returned, broke again by 'Glascombe and went over Brentford Hill to Sharpy Tor. From Sharpy Tor 'he went through Pyles, crossed the Erme just below Little Pyles, and went 'up the hill to Hall Plantation. He ran through the covert and over the enclosures to Hanger Down, from whence he made for Pithill Wood and was 'there earthed. It was a very pretty run indeed, and, not being very fast, was 'seen by a large number of the field.

'We must now pass over the Saturday following, when they met at Dean 'and had a very smart gallop, and come to Tuesday, the 2nd of March, when 'the run of the season took place. The meet was at Plym Bridge, by no 'means the neighbourhood one would have thought such a wild fox as they 'were destined to find could have kennelled in. To make things less inviting, 'a dense fog hung over Dartmoor and a cold raw wind, with colder showers 'at intervals, made the waiting about while all the great woodlands belonging 'to Sir Massey Lopes were being, as usual, drawn blank, far from inspiring 'and certainly not congenial to warmth. There was therefore a general 'feeling of relief when this dreary duty was over, and hope arose when the 'order was given to draw Fernhill Wood, a covert of Miss Strode's, who is 'a real preserver of foxes and a true friend to the Dartmoor Hunt. No sooner 'were the hounds thrown in than a brace—say a fox and vixen—were afoot. 'One of them, presumably the fox, broke covert at once, and lost but little 'time in making up his mind as to his point. The hounds, after some slight 'delay on Crown Hill Down, settled on the line by the side of the leat on 'the top of the hill, and running towards Knowle Wood, looked for a moment 'as if they were going into it, but leaving it to their left went on to Brimmage 'and Cholvicktown across the waste and through the wood on to Pen Moor, 'pointing towards the brow of the hill and the bogs on the other side. A 'turn to the right, however, brought them nearer to Awnes and Dendles, but 'instead of entering this impregnable stronghold the line took them along 'the moor above it to Broadall Rocks, where there was a check. Two 'minutes were not lost before they again hit the line and went up the rugged 'watercourse of the Yealm, over Yealm Rocks towards the head of the stream 'itself, when a turn to the left took them into the bogs towards Hen 'Tor. Had they continued in this direction it would have been impossible 'to have lived with them, for the fog was so thick and the ground so bad 'that even keeping them in sight would have been out of the question. It was 'therefore fortunate when a sharp and unexpected turn to the right brought 'them across the Yealm again on to Outer Stall Moor. They ran over the 'good ground here at a very fair pace and crossed the Erme in a body. They 'streamed up the steep hill on the other side of the river in a slanting direction, and just as they got into the thick fog that capped its brow checked 'for an instant again. A couple of hounds flashing forwards with that wild 'dash which distinguishes the Dartmoor pack from perhaps any other, hit 'the line again and opening on it, the whole pack on being cheered by the 'foremost riders, carried it on towards Three-Burrows. As they were passing 'the old mining huts a blinding storm of hail accompanied by fog denser 'than ever, obscured them from the sight of the few who were left with 'them, although close at their sterns, and they did not succeed in finding 'them again, the wind being too high to enable them to go by 'sound. From various accounts that have subsequently been received it 'seems that shortly after this they ran their fox to earth on the moor and 'immediately hit the line of a fresh one, which must have either jumped up 'on the open or bolted from the earth the hunted fox went into. Be this as

'it may, they ran him back to Coryngdon, where the huntsman and some of the field again fell in with them, and through the coverts to Owley. Coming on to the moor again under the Eastern Beacon, they went over it to Cuckoo Ball, Hangershell, and into the enclosures near Lakesland, and from thence to Stowford Cleaves, where they ran to ground in the Main Earths. Here the day's sport ended, and it will always be looked upon as one of the best Admiral Parker has had. Had it not been for the fog nothing could possibly have been much better. The country over which they ran was very good riding, as they never went inconveniently far into the bogs, though some they skirted are of the worst on Dartmoor. Luckily as far as Three Burrows the pace was nothing very great, or otherwise it would have been impossible to have lived with them owing to the fog. The way the hounds did their work was admirable. The fox had a good start of them, and when they were fairly on the line the scent must have been somewhat cold, but they ran him hard nevertheless and well deserved a kill. But they have been so well blooded this year that on this occasion one cannot but feel glad that two such good foxes as they ran escaped with their lives, and live we hope to run before them again. We may here mention that Admiral Parker's term of Mastership expires at the end of this season, but we hope and believe he will be asked to resume his duties at the general meeting of subscribers to the hunt now about to be held. The universal support he receives, the manner in which he conducts the affairs of the hunt, and the sport he has shown confirms this belief, and we feel sure that it will be to the general advantage not only to the field, but to the whole neighbourhood, if he is again chosen Master of the Dartmoor foxhounds.

'Lord Portsmouth's hounds are so well known to the foxhunting world as to call for but few remarks here. On looking at them, no one can help being struck by their evenness, and in watching them at their work the same thing is at once apparent. They draw to perfection, each hound doing his own proportion of work equally well. As a killing pack they are unequalled in Devon, and there is not a mute tongue among them. C. Suttelworth, the huntsman, has them under admirable control, and the way they go to his horn and holloa is very fine. He is exceptionally good at getting them quickly on to their fox as soon as he breaks, and the first fifteen or twenty minutes generally appear with them to be the fastest. After that the running of their fox seems to be that of a beaten one, and it is then that their high qualities are displayed to such advantage. It is notorious that a beaten fox is often the hardest to kill; but when a fox, whether beaten or fresh, is before Lord Portsmouth's hounds, with Luttelworth at their sterns ready to cast them with unerring judgment the moment they are at fault, he must have more than his share of the cunning that is attributed to his species if he escapes them. The finest part of Lord Portsmouth's country is that known as Broadbury. Large grass fields sprinkled with gorse and rushes, wild, open bits of moor, and banks with no growth on them, make it not only a fine scenting country, but a perfect one to ride to hounds in. A run with Lord Portsmouth's pack on a burning scent in this country is what most men who have once seen it would go many miles to see again. It is true that they have not the grand, wild dash of the Dartmoor hounds, but it is not amiss that this is so, for the country being as it is lacks the wildness that on Dartmoor is so striking, and which seems to have inspired even the hounds that hunt it. The sight of a bank to a Dartmoor man, though there are few that will stop a good one, broods of civilisation, and civilisation on Dartmoor is not. Still there

'is nothing pleasanter than to have a day or two hunting in Broadbury during the season, and ride over it to Lord Portsmouth's splendid pack; and we can recommend anyone who has time and nerves at his disposal, and wants to see foxhunting as it should be, to come down to Devonshire and have a week or so with Lord Portsmouth. He is sure of good sport and a warm greeting, and this being so, it is difficult to imagine what else there is to be desired.'

The Southdown had a capital day's sport on March the 1st, when they met at Shortgate to draw the big Laughton Wood, which has been noted for many years for its stout foxes. They found their first, an old vixen with no brush at twelve o'clock. She left the wood at once, and went away due north for about eight miles nearly to Heathfield Park, then came round, leaving Sapperton Wood on to the left on to the Horam Coverts, where she ran ringing about for some time thinking she might shake the hounds off; on leaving these immense woods she went on through Hawkhurst Wood, where she waited a short time. Then the hounds got up to her and raced her over a nice bit of country to Whyly Wood, where she took one ring and out, and she was finally killed at 5.57. Champion found this very same vixen last year on the third of March, and ran her for about three hours over a very nice country, when she beat him through very heavy rain coming on. On Friday, March the 12th, they had a good day from Erringham, running a fox for two hours and a half to Henfield, then over the river into the Crawley country, which Captain Buckle, Mr. Keene, Mr. Stanford, and Mr. Vaughan swam over.

One of a famous family of huntsmen has joined the majority. Early in last month Ben Morgan died at his brother Goddard Morgan's house at Hackness, near Scarborough. Ben was first entered to hounds under Sir Richard Sutton, and his portrait is to be found in the famous picture of the Quorn Hunt, by the late Sir Francis Grant, but he was better known in Yorkshire, where for many years he hunted the late Lord Middleton's hounds till 1869, when he was succeeded by George Orvis, and went to the Essex and Suffolk, of which Mr. Nunn was the Master. For the last year or so Ben was out of harness, and had been spending Christmas with some of his East Riding friends, with whom he was very popular. No finer horseman ever crossed the saddle, and in his best days he was a capital huntsman, being very patient with his hounds, and no place was big enough to prevent his getting to them. It is supposed that a cold caught in one of the long walks he had been indulging in last winter accelerated his death.

We welcome that harbinger of spring the green-bound 'Ruff's Guide,' which has just made its appearance, to be, we trust, our real guide, philosopher, and friend for the next few months. Its information is varied, and its contents have been carefully compiled. We cannot always have 'Weatherby' by our side, but 'Ruff' is a handy volume, not too bulky, and tells us, moreover, of everything that a racing man can want to know.

It is needless, perhaps, to tell our readers how much we are in accord with Lord Coventry in the motion he will bring forward at the next meeting of the Grand National Hunt Committee as to hunters' races. His proposal is, that 'no horse shall be qualified for hunters' races on the flat which has previously started in any flat race under Newmarket rules,' and we trust it may be carried. That it will meet with great opposition is more than probable, for it will administer a blow to many interests. Our racing readers well know that there is a class of men who lay themselves out to win hunters' races with thoroughbred screws who can't pick up a living in any other line

of business. After two years' plating at Newmarket and on the home circuit, we hear of them as having 'qualified' under the eye of some complaisant M.F.H., and then they come out at Sandown, and with 5 to 4 taken freely, squander their fellow-hunters. Lord Coventry's proposal would deal a blow at this little game, and therefore we trust it may be carried. Sir John Astley and Mr. H. Coventry have a counter-motion which perhaps some people will be inclined to think a good one, that hunters' races should be divided into two classes: one called 'a first-class hunters' flat race,' in which horses that have previously run for races under Jockey Club rules may compete; the other to be called 'a second-class' hunters' race, for horses that have not run under Jockey Club rules. We are inclined to think this a needless piece of legislation, and we doubt if the division into classes would work well. Better stick to Lord Coventry's text, that a hunter is really and truly a horse who has never run on the flat. We should know what we were about then, and be spared somewhat invidious distinctions that Sir John Astley and Mr. H. Coventry seek to draw.

We sincerely wish that between now and next year the two University Boat Clubs could see their way to changing the venue of the great match. No doubt the difficulties, supposing they took the matter into consideration, would be great, but not, we believe, insurmountable. Both Oxford and Cambridge men have had a taste this year of cockney good taste and manners. Because they chose to be the best judges of how and when the match should be rowed, they have been lectured, bullied, and threatened, and it has been even sought to bribe them. Under the congenial leadership of Mr. Orrell Lever, a portion of the press endeavoured to intimidate them into rowing the match at a time most suitable to the requirements and convenience of the vast crowd who make holiday on this occasion, without the slightest reference to the wishes or feelings of the two crews; indeed, in distinct opposition to them. The journals in question would not allow the crews to be the best judges of how and when the race should be rowed, and, quite unmindful of the old adage, that the wearer of the shoe knows best where it pinches, sought to convince them that they were entirely in the wrong when they adhered to their resolve to row on the flood and not on the ebb. We do not say that the arguments brought forward by these writers may not have been correct in theory. We will admit, for the sake of argument, that they were, and in practice too; but if the persons most interested—and they were the two crews—did not see and feel this, we maintain that the latter were undoubtedly in the right in refusing to agree to them. The Universities have been most unjustly accused of creating and fostering that absurd publicity of late years thrown round the doings of the two crews by the press. Their best answer to this charge would be their retirement from the Thames, their withdrawal to some quieter spot away from the too pressing attentions of touts, amateur and professional, from the howling 'Arry and his followers, from the infliction of the photographic artist and the illustrated newspapers, and from the deep interest taken in their doings by the 'ladies.' Londoners would, it is true, be deprived of one of their out-door festivals, but for that they would chiefly have themselves to thank, and University men could enjoy their annual contest as it used to be enjoyed five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, before the metropolis had taken it under its protection and patronage, and before it had served the purpose of a cockney outing and a harlot's holiday.



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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

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1880.

# DIARY FOR MAY, 1880.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Sale of Fox-Hounds at Rugby by Messrs. Tattersall.
2	S	ROGATION SUNDAY.
3	M	Curraghmore Hunt Steeplechases.
4	TU	Chester and Windsor Races. [Ilebone Cricket Club.
5	W	Chester Cup. Windsor Races. Annual Meeting of the Mary-
6	TH	Chester, Ipswich, Chelmsford, and Hambledon Hunt Races.
7	F	Alexandra Park Spring Races.
8	S	Alexandra Park Races.
9	S	SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.
10	M	Hall Green Races.
11	TU	Newmarket and York Races. Sale of Horses at Rugby.
12	W	Newmarket and York Races.
13	TH	Newmarket and Doncaster Races. Newark Horse Show.
14	F	Newmarket, Doncaster, and Lewes Races.
15	S	Lewes Races.
16	S	WHIT SUNDAY.
17	M	Kempton Park, Redcar, and Croydon Races. Islington Horse
18	TU	Bath and Manchester Races. [Show—Entry Books closed.
19	W	Bath and Wye Races. Oxfordshire Horse Show.
20	TH	Salisbury and Southwell Hunt Races.
21	F	Harpenden Races.
22	S	
23	S	TRINITY SUNDAY.
24	M	
25	TU	Epsom Races.
26	W	Epsom Derby Day.
27	TH	Epsom Races. Annual Meeting of the Hunt Servants Society.
28	F	Epsom Oaks Day. Islington Horse Show—Horses received.
29	S	Huntsmen v. Jockeys at Lord's. Islington Horse Show opened. Hunters judged.
30	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Auteuil Races.
31	M	Scarboro' Races.

\* \* Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday  
and Saturday.





Portland

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

WILLIAM-John-Arthur-Charles-James-Cavendish, sixth Duke of Portland, is, as of course our readers know, the descendant of that wise and able Minister, who, a cadet of an ancient Dutch family, from being a page of honour to William of Orange, became the attached friend and confidential adviser of the Prince when the turn of Fortune's wheel made the usurper a King. The Bentincks became quickly acclimatised in the country of their adoption. Connecting themselves in marriage with the Villiers', the Cavendish's, the Harley's, the Wellesley's, and others of our great historical families, they gave to the service of the country able statesmen and gallant soldiers who have made the name honoured in its annals.

Though originally belonging to one of the great Whig houses, and always on the side of well-ordered freedom, they have found themselves obliged, on account of these very principles, to leave their party, as in the case of the Duke of Portland, who with Burke and Windham abandoned the Whigs after the breaking out of the French Revolution. The late Lord George Bentinck, 'that English worthy,' as his great biographer termed him, who gave up sport and pastime to serve his country and died in the cause, though he was a zealous Conservative, yet, as far back as 1832, supported a measure to relieve the civil disabilities of the Jews, and was guided throughout his political career by a devoted attachment to religious liberty. The present Duke of Portland is, like his immediate ancestors, a Conservative, but he is an Englishman before and above all.

Born in 1858, the son of the late General Bentinck, a gallant officer who did good service with the 7th D. G. (a regiment he subsequently commanded) in the Kaffir war of 1847—the present Duke is likewise a soldier. Educated at Eton, he joined the Guards in 1878, and the example of his father, a singularly zealous and high-spirited gentleman, whose sole thoughts were of his duty and the good of the service, has not been thrown away on him. Young as he is his career is of course before him, and that that career will be becoming his high station and his name those who know him best have little doubt. He likes his profession, and he is fond, as a Bentinck

should be, of horse and hound. There is no keener man in Notts, with the Rufford or Lord Galway; few went so straight as did the young Duke on the occasion of some recent visits he made in Cheshire. He likes a little racing, too; and there are more improbable things than that the sight of the old Portland colours should be revived on Newmarket Heath. In the princely domain of Welbeck every sporting taste may be gratified. There is a riding house in which you might manœuvre a regiment; there are stables that would stall its chargers; there is a splendid park in which 'the sheeted strings' might gallop unmolested by tout or tipster. Brief as has been the period since the young subaltern in the Guards was called to his high honours, he has won the respect and liking of all with whom he has been brought in contact. Of genial and kindly manners, affable but yet dignified, he has shown an earnest desire to use the trust committed to his charge as becomes an English noble. The late Duke while bequeathing him a great inheritance, charged it with many burdens and obligations, from which we believe his descendant will not shrink.

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### IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

THOSE who have had to make their own way in the world must call to mind times and seasons in their younger days when the stress of business occasioned their burning the midnight oil, night after night, and frequently not 'dividing the Sunday from the week,' for weeks or months together. In the days when my lot was cast in the midst of a very hard-working world, at the time of the railway mania, I was fortunate enough to be '*semper* welcome' at more than one country vicarage, if I could get away on Saturday evening; and, although a hot London church would have been unbearable, the quiet village Sundays were periods of rest which I recall with much pleasure. There was no need to be awakened on Sunday morning. A tree full of birds close to the window kept up a chattering early enough, and the sun shining in, and the cawing of the rooks, and the tramping of the cart-horses going to water, and impertinent bees who flew in at the open window and levied toll on the flowers which stood on the table, to say nothing of the church bells, which rang at eight o'clock, made sleep impossible. And who ever wanted sleep on a fine June morning?

It used to be a great treat to find that I was the only idle man on the parson's busy day, though the time never hung heavy for a moment. Sometimes we began with a wedding at eight, the Sunday-school after breakfast (at which I only assisted occasionally as Mr. Spectator, listening to some of the primitive answers\*), church at

\* A country parson once told me that when his class could not remember the shepherds as the first recipients of the great Christmas message, asked who were likely to be in the fields by night, and one lively village bucolic eagerly answered 'the poachers.'

half-past ten, a chat for half an hour before with the patriarchs, who represented the House of Lords amongst the villagers, sitting about the blacksmith's shop in the week days, and occupying the posts of honour on the benches under the old yew-tree in the churchyard on Sundays. One of these fogies sometimes might be a Trafalgar man, or a Peninsular or Waterloo veteran, and better company I never met. Then came the early dinner at one, church again at half-past two; after church a walk round the parish with the parson, who went to see some very old parishioners who were too feeble to come out, and to read to them a little out of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which is to the aged poor what 'Robinson Crusoe' is to a schoolboy; pending the reading whereof I would drop in and pay the churchwarden a visit, and sit in his chimney-corner—which held six, three each side—and have a glass of his strong beer and a quiet smoke with an old shepherd, who always 'rested on his way home;' in other words, had his pint of strong home-brewed regularly every Sunday—accompanied by his rough sheep-dog, a stout churchman, who always slept in the pew and never barked in his sleep, and who never looked in vain for some scraps in the churchwarden's outhouse. Then about seven came a tea and supper combined, which makes me hungry to think of now. And I think that parson, who had done eleven hours' honest work, aided and abetted by his wife and daughters, who taught in the school and managed the singing, had fairly earned his leisure and his pleasant evening chat and cigar, and a quiet perusal in 'Bell' (which I always took with me) of the cricket or rowing of the past week. This is not a theological treatise, and if I attempted to make it so there would be a just and indignant howl; but I fancy, Mr. Baily, that most of your readers are in accord with me, that a good country parson is the salt of the earth, and that nine sensible people out of ten, except the ecclesiastical lawyers, think that the columns in newspaper reports of religious squabbles about shadows are evidence of wicked waste of money and fanatical temper. And although every word of this paper is true and from the life, it is not a sketch of A., or B., or C., but of a class whom I have been fortunate enough to know, and of scenes which I have witnessed.

First, as to our congregation. There was the conventional bore, who exists everywhere, *the most respectable* man in the parish, who made a lot of money somehow, and always came to church in shiny black *ditto*s, and a shirt frill (like Mr. Chuck's, in 'Peter Simple'), and stiff white neckcloth, who said 'the minister did not preach the 'gospel,' and who encouraged the ranters, and bellowed out the psalms, emphasising any damnatory clauses with a wave of the hand and a satisfactory shake of the head. The Squire's family of course occupied one enormous pew, reached by steps, with armchairs and a fireplace, and every convenience of a club, except the morning papers; a second large pew held the *upper* servants, and there was an inferior pew for the under female servants, with benches for coachmen, grooms, gardeners, &c., outside. (Of course this state of things has long since ceased to exist.)

Then came the farmers' families, the younger portion of whom always expected me to make them a 'clown's face' just before the Litany—and were never disappointed—though often reproved by the elder sisters, who were not much displeased when the London stranger nodded his head seriously and winked an apology. Another pew was occupied by the blacksmith, a hale man of seventy without a grey hair, looking noble in a black velvet coat, and a shirt collar like a sail, and a 'bird's-eye fogle' tied once round, showing the neck of a perfect Hercules; and in the same pew was an old superannuated huntsman, who looked as if he was always feeling for the horn, with his hair close cropped and white tie with long ends, a fox's head for a pin, and a long frock-coat, breeches, and mahogany tops. And next the old huntsman sat the blacksmith's daughter, a snake-headed one, with jet black hair and blue eyes, and the smallest of ears like shells; and next to her the under-keeper, a fine Yorkshireman, who shared her book, attired in a brown velvet coat, and bronze buttons displaying every kind of dog's head. And we were not surprised when their banns were put up, and the old huntsman gave Vulcan a dig in the ribs, and we all looked round at the handsome couple, and should have had much pleasure in giving three cheers had it been decent. No wonder that the old village poacher's place was empty, for you may be sure that some hare suffered that day. It was quite time that the banns were put up, for I saw, a few weeks before, the young keeper and the blacksmith's daughter trying to catch a pony in the orchard, and never were two people so long about a simple job; and when the pony was caught the captors' heads were as close together as the two-headed Nightingale's. I should like to have had a hand in catching that pony, for the reward was *very* ample remuneration for the trouble.

It was rather sad to see the numbers of very old, old people who evidently could not read in those days, though they had a simple creed of their own, as, besides the cardinal points of religion, they believed in the squire, the parson, the devil, the gallows and ghosts. For they lived in the days when wicked boys and girls were taken to see the men go in a cart to 'Hang Fair,' and believed that many ghosts walked, and that certain corners were bad to pass at night. But I will trouble you to find a man who could burn a pig, throw down a tree, or take a swarm of bees like 'old Joe.' To see him burn a pig; didn't he wet his finger to see which way the wind was, and arrange the straw so artfully that every bit of the hair was taken off 'wi'out burning a hole in his breeches anywhere,' as he said. Why, the pig, within an hour of his decease, was like a beautifully-coloured meerschaum, and it would reconcile any one to cremation, if it was not carried further. Why does not Sir Charles Dilke take a lesson? The old man only professed to do three things, viz., 'to tack bees,' 'vall a tree,' and 'sing a hog,' and he did all three things well.

It required some effort to keep one's countenance, when the church was chilly, to see Farmer Jemmy, by way of protection to his head, put on a fustian cap with a shade, which he had bought



at a fair, and decorated with crossed guns and dogs' heads. He was a grand old boy who, as he said, 'went to bed wi' the buds (birds) 'mostly, and got up wi' the buds;' who lived in his kitchen and 'swung the pot;' in other words, gave dinner-parties, one of which we shall enjoy presently. We often had an interlude in the shape of a raid on the schoolboys by the master after a contraband apple, which had rolled out and had been recovered, and could not be found, and a lot of heads were punched, and ears boxed on suspicion, probably the innocent suffering for the guilty. The plough-boys and farm labourers generally stared into vacancy, and clattered in with their hobnailed boots, and clattered out again. Remember, I am speaking now of the dark ages years ago, when farmers employed every village urchin bird-keeping, or as odd boys, and parsons were unheard and unheeded almost as regarded education, and could only fight against ignorance in the Sunday-schools.

I wonder how many sectarian sermons of all kinds I have heard by 'popular preachers' (that odious expression) since those days, and how many I remember, or which I cared twopence for: possibly none; but I bear in mind many of those village sermons now, when men stood up, and in their natural tone told a short story under twenty minutes, and represented the *dramatis personæ* of sacred history, walking and talking as they probably did in life; though one parson made the deadeest failure I ever knew in trying to say a few words about the late village cobbler and parish clerk (who had been clerk for half a century) on the Sunday after his funeral. He started as brave as a lion, but he came to utter grief in a very short time; for were not the old clerk and the parson sworn friends? and didn't those two and your humble servant once dig an old woman's grave?

This occurred in October, when the ground fortunately was soft, and it occurred thus. A very old woman, Sukey —, was dying, and the parson used to see her every day. We were going out shooting, and on the way the parson called to see how the old woman was, and heard, without surprise, that 'she had just passed off like 'a lamb.' This was on a Monday, and the people asked if she could be buried at four o'clock on Saturday; so to save them the trouble of sending to the clerk, the vicar said he would let him know about the funeral. On the Saturday we were out shooting again some way from home, and the parson said, 'We must go back; I 'have to bury old Sukey — at four.' 'By-the-bye,' he added, 'did you tell the old clerk about her grave?' The terrible fact came before us that no grave had been dug. Back we posted, and found the old clerk soling a boot. *Q.* 'Have you dug old Sukey's 'grave, George?' *A.* 'Never heerd about it, zur.' *Q.* 'What's 'to be done?—it is now three.' *A.* 'Don't rightly know, zur; 'there be no one at home but me?' There was only one thing to be done; and a man was sent on horseback to put the funeral off till five, leaving us two hours. The old clerk took his tools down behind the church tower, out of sight, to a spot where no one had

been buried within living memory. We prospected with the boring irons as quickly as possible, the clerk's little granddaughter fetching some one to toll the bell, and we three stripped to our shirts, and in an hour and a half dug as good a grave as any one could desire; and if ever I did enjoy a pull at the beer, it was in the vicarage when the job was done. At five o'clock all were in their places, and no living soul but ourselves ever knew who dug the grave.

We must dine with 'Varmer Jemmy,' after all this talk. He always used, out of compliment to me, as the Londoner, to dine *late*, and our dinner was at twelve, instead of eleven A.M., his usual time.

Old Jemmy was one of those curious characters whom one seldom meets now. He was a hale and hearty octogenarian, whose hours in bed were from 7 o'clock P.M. to 5 A.M. in the winter, and from 8 till 3 in the summer. Besides his farm he dealt in timber, and had a saw-pit, and contracted for farm buildings, always making money and never spending it, hardly ever away from home, kind to the poor, finding odd jobs for the men in the winter, and very hospitable. He lived alone with an elderly female servant who was near seventy. Jemmy was very warm in the pocket. He trusted only to a canvas bag and specie, and probably never had a cheque-book.

Our banquet-room was in the large bricked kitchen (for Jemmy only used his parlour when ladies came to see him), before an enormous fireplace, where, winter and summer, the logs were smouldering on the dogs. The party consisted of his brother-in-law, the churchwarden, 'Varmer Guy,' who could never get within two feet of the table, owing to his corporation, a nephew or two, the parson and myself; and old Charlotte, who cooked the dinner, waited and joined in the conversation, and cheered us on. The table-cloth was like the driven snow, and, if you please, there were heavy silver spoons and forks for the visitors; and as to the dinner, it was so good that on the night before old Jemmy's party we used to sit up very late so as to ensure sleeping till eleven the next morning, in time for a tub, a cup of coffee and a pipe, but *no* breakfast; for it would have been a shame to have gone without an appetite. As to roast spare-ribs, chine, chickens, ducks, asparagus, peas and all the best farm and garden produce, gooseberry pudding, and cream, the table literally groaned; but the wary and wise kept a place for the boiled ox-beef—the Martinmas beef, I presume, which Macaulay speaks of—beef which had been kept in pickle and preserved for months. Probably it was the beef of oxen which had been at the plough and fattened, but nothing ever beat it. And the wise and wary likewise held aloof from the strong beer, and took the lighter ale, and reserved themselves for one glass of the celebrated home-brewed, the colour of sherry, which flared like brandy in the fire, with some cheese which was worthy of the feast. And when a man had done his duty by all this, if he was not content with a quiet smoke in an armchair and one more glass of the strong beer, he did not deserve to live—that's all.

Although, especially as regarded education, things are changed now, much of the primitiveness still remains. 'How do you manage

‘to get on with every one so well?’ I asked the parson—who is still vicar—not very long ago. ‘By minding my own business and trying to do my duty,’ was the answer. ‘As you know, I was never meant for the Church, but this was a family living, and I had it; and, when I began, I liked the country, and liked the hunting, but I very soon found that a man who is a man ought to do his work; and plenty I had to do. The farmers were mostly fond of hunting, and were not sorry to see that I went to the meet once or twice a week, but I found that some of them were very loose and very hard on the poor; and they soon discovered that I didn’t care about their market-ordinary tales and flash stories, and though I enjoyed a run with the hounds, I meant to do so like a gentleman. Some of the magistrates were very hard on the poachers—not your London gang men, but the unfortunate half-starved fellows who found a snared hare and pocketed it; and what with talking to one and another, and a kind word here and there, I got on without quarrelling. And then, thinking I ought to teach in the school, I got accustomed to it and fond of it, and liked the village children. The secret of leading people is easy enough, if you make up your mind that they won’t be driven. I took an interest, too, in preserving the foxes, and consoled the old women for loss of ducks and chickens; and the magistrates set that off against my pleading for the small poachers and putting in a word or two for a misdemeanant, pledging myself for his better behaviour. But I attribute my success principally to one thing, which is this: I set my face against meddling and faction and sensation, and, although often urged to have anti-papal meetings, and evangelical alliances, and heaven knows what besides, by all kinds of people, I kept aloof from them all. Some clerical secretary wrote to me a long time since, and said the bishop expected all his clergy to petition against opening the British Museum and similar places on a Sunday, and sent me a petition deploring “the desecration of the Sabbath by the lower orders, and praying that no places of entertainment should be opened on a Sunday;” and I replied, that I knew nothing of the wants of London, and sent the petition back, altering “lower orders” to “higher orders,” and praying that Tattersall’s, the hotels at Richmond, Blackwall, and Greenwich, the parks for carriages of the rich, and such places, should be closed on a Sunday, with a request to the bishop to present *that* petition—which, of course, he never heard of even. Then, too, there were some village revels which were village drunks; and, though there was much obstruction, particularly by the young farmers, we have gradually substituted a good flower-show, athletics—in which I was supported by a fine young fellow, son of a late well-known London prizefighter—winter concerts and those things, and they all like them now. In short,’ he said, ‘if the world would read the story of the pharisee and the publican every morning, and act on the moral, and believe that all people are fallible, things would come right of themselves; and so long as a man has the courage to face the big men manfully, and to be firm and

‘ kind with the poor, and not pretend to be over-righteous, both  
‘ will respect you. “Always disarm a man” is my motto. The  
‘ other day a busybody had a London star—a layman and a great  
‘ Exeter Hall light—down to preach in a barn on a Sunday, and no  
‘ doubt thought he could annoy me. I called on the Londoner in-  
‘ stantly, and threw no impediment in his way, for the man behaved  
‘ like a gentleman and did not preach in our church hours, and he  
‘ was perfectly astonished to find that I was not afraid of his compe-  
‘ tition. Another day, a “dissenting minister,” as he called himself,  
‘ whom I never saw before, came and personally attacked me about  
‘ hunting and about the “Burials Bill,” and said that I was one of  
‘ those who wanted to keep him and his flock out of the churchyard;  
‘ and I told him that I would bury him and all his flock for nothing  
‘ when they were ready, and that shut *him* up. Half the mischief is  
‘ done by giving a dog a bad name. When a poor fellow has got  
‘ into a scrape, the best thing is to give him work, like old Jenny  
‘ does, and let him get his character back. Why, look at that splendid  
‘ horse-artilleryman, whom you saw in church, and who paid me a  
‘ visit afterwards. That fellow was the greatest scamp in the place,  
‘ always drinking, fighting, and poaching; and when he enlisted, I  
‘ persuaded his old mother, who was a little above the world, and who  
‘ would have sold everything to raise the money to get him off, to  
‘ let him have his own way; and he told me that the sergeant of his  
‘ company, or battery, prophesied his fate at once—that he would  
‘ either be flogged or make a good soldier; and he said he found his  
‘ master directly, and was determined to go straight—and so he did.  
‘ Being fond of horses, he soon became a favourite, and he has never  
‘ been in trouble, and is now a corporal. Bullying and psalm-singing  
‘ would never have done for that fellow; and, take my word for it,  
‘ that the kind word in season is a power of strength with all  
‘ Englishmen. Promote their good, and, above all things, their  
‘ amusements, and give up lecturing them morning, noon and night,  
‘ as if we were wholly immaculate and they were all wrong, and all  
‘ will go well. Look at the charity of the poor, and see how much  
‘ they do out of almost nothing, and don’t let those who go to parties  
‘ and clubs in London be always throwing the public-house in their  
‘ faces. A poor man who gets an unexpected pot of beer always  
‘ hands it round to friend and stranger. Do we do the same?’

Now, Mr. Baily, all is from the life, and the moral is simple enough. I suppose you have observed that the old-fashioned village parson is very much supplanted often by cockneys of a lower grade, very many of whom have not only not had any university education, but are not gentlemen in manner or feeling, and who are wholly incompetent for country parsons. Some of these clip the Queen’s English and talk about ’olness and ’eaven; some of them, especially in suburban parishes, make cliques among rich, vulgar people, who live for show and originate mission meetings and temperance meetings, and pepper people with stupid tracts—all one-sided—with reference to the immorality of the poor, whose ways and manners

they never understood, and whose amusements they don't support, though at their own homes they are not above lawn tennis and claret cup, which answer to the 'beer and skittles' of the poor. They are ready to go to extravagant stupid parties, and insist on all people being *very* good on 'the Sabbath,' and are horrified at a parson playing a quiet rubber, or enjoying a run with the hounds, or dancing, or going to the theatre. And why? Because they are muffs who can do nothing and have no taste. What would they have said to the late Bishop Selwyn's wish for the clergy to start theatres in large towns for bringing out good plays for the edification of the people?

They are always wanting to start something new, but won't use the materials they have. They will wake up some fine morning and discover the Church to be in real danger, and will be surprised to find that people will put their hands quietly in their pockets and tell them it is their own doing and they must save themselves, and that the only places *in* which the real support will come, and *from* which it will take a hard fight to drive Mother Church, are those in which the parson is the friend of rich and poor, one of themselves, and living amongst them, recognising and taking part in all, which, properly enjoyed, is harmless, and setting the example of goodness and toleration.

A sporting parson, and a parson who is fond of sport, are two very different beings. The man who is constantly drinking and card-playing with his farmers, loses their respect and his own; but one who appears at the covert side in his black cut-away and white tie, or in the village match, and says grace at the cricket dinner, is the right man in the right place, and does a deal of good by his presence, and makes his mark on Sunday, you may be sure. Men like Charles Kingsley, the bold rider, who set his face against vice, and who went to poor old Cuffey, the Chartist, because he had no friends, and acquainted himself with the Chartist grievances, are of the right stamp, too; and so are some of those splendid parsons, old university oarsmen and cricketers, who understand roughs and work amongst the costermongers and the lowest of the London poor, unseen and unknown, who look at poverty and crime as their battle-field. So are some of those on the mission to seamen who go out to ships in the roadsteads in the worst winter weather, one of whom in advocating the cause of his mission said, 'they only asked for food and shelter, and assured his hearers that some of their body were so poor, that the fishermen and boatmen on his station sent anonymously a pilot coat and a tarpauling suit for the parson.' And don't let us forget the late Bishop Selwyn, formerly of New Zealand and afterwards of Lichfield, who went on board of a frigate in the Pacific, against the prejudice of the sailors, and won all their hearts when they found that he could pull as good an oar as they could, and could sail a lugger as well as themselves. And when his cruise was over, and he said a few kind, manly words, the crew asked leave to man the yards and to give him a parting cheer.

If a voluntary church on the same principle as voluntary church rates is ever mooted, there is no fear for good old country parishes or places (which have been unpolluted by morbid fanatics who are all talk), in which well-educated gentlemen, professing to be men like their parishioners, are the parsons.

Φ. Γ.

## BIRDS AND BEASTS OF SPORT.

### IV.—PEEWITS AND PLOVERS.

It will be as well, perhaps, before going farther, to finish 'right away' what I have to say about partridges and pheasants, especially as my reverting to these birds will afford me an opportunity of alluding to the somewhat extraordinary debate on the Game Laws which took place just before the dissolution of Parliament.

Having said my say about pheasant breeding in England, it will only be fair to devote a few lines to the same subject as carried on in Scotland. There are many persons as well as myself, no doubt, who must have noted with great interest the increase of these beautiful birds throughout the land of mountain and flood; there are now, in all probability, ten pheasants in that country for every one there was some thirty-five years ago; I can recollect a time, indeed, when it was a subject of wonder in some districts of the land of heather to see about a dozen pheasants in one preserve; nowadays a person may count half a hundred in a hundred different places without his sense of wonder being excited. Nearly every country gentleman is a breeder of pheasants, although in Scotland they are not, of course, bred in such numbers as in some of the English counties. Large quantities of eggs, both of the pheasant and partridge, are brought from England to be hatched under hens; these eggs cost from twelve shillings to eighteen shillings a dozen; and these southern eggs are thought by some shrewd keepers to be preferable to Scotch ones, as a larger percentage of them can be hatched: men well experienced in breeding tell me they can count on ten eggs out of every dozen yielding a bird. An intelligent Scotch keeper, with whom I have talked over the subject of pheasant rearing, says: 'There is a good deal of fancy in the idea that English eggs are better than Scotch ones; the only really good reason for breeding from the former is that it changes the strain of blood, which is always an advantage.' As has been already hinted, the hand-rearing of these birds is somewhat of an expensive process, even when the eggs are obtained on a gentleman's own ground, as each bird will cost about two shillings; whilst, if the eggs have to be bought at, say, one shilling and sixpence each, so as to include carriage, a bird will not be turned out, when all casualties are taken into account, for much less than three shillings and sixpence. Poaching is now a clamant grievance of the pheasant pre-

serves in Scotland, especially as regards the stealing of eggs. I am informed, on good authority, that some poulterers in a certain city in Scotland have in different seasons sold as many as three hundred dozen eggs! Now the most of these eggs must have been stolen. Nests in the best known preserves are 'harried' remorselessly during the breeding season. I have no desire to seem dictatorial on this or other subjects relating to sport, but I wish to warn all who have occasion to buy eggs to be careful with whom they deal. There are some professed dealers who keep pheasants for laying purposes, who make a 'good thing' of it, but it has always been to me a subject of wonder how they are able, with so few birds, to sell so many eggs; had each pheasant, in fact, laid an egg three times a day, the total number even then would not, in the case of one dealer of whom I have heard, represent a seventh of the quantity sold. Where he obtained the others I leave the readers of 'Baily' to guess. Nor is it at all a wonderful circumstance for a gentleman to purchase a few of his own eggs: poachers in this line of business are both clever and bold; and it has been told of a Scottish west-country laird that he was fairly 'done,' three years ago, by a gang of poachers who sold him ten dozen of eggs, all of which were gathered in his own preserves!

As regards the plan of a home pheasantry for keeping up the supply of birds, I can only indicate a few rough ideas. The best way is not to be too ambitious; do not begin with the idea of keeping a hundred hen pheasants,—begin with a score or thereabout, and for that number four, or at the very most five, cocks will provide an ample service. *You must breed your own breeders*, and keep them at work, bearing in mind that the birds are at their very best for laying purposes when they are at two and three years of age; as they begin to lose their powers of production, weed them out, supplying their places with the best birds you can select from the broods; change your cocks every year, or at any rate every second year, and you will have a healthy stock: with care a clever keeper should turn out two hundred and fifty good birds annually from the kind of establishment indicated. Do not allow the pheasants to *sit*, they are only meant to be layers; whenever as many eggs are obtained as will form a sitting, place them under the kind of hens alluded to in last month's article. When the laying season comes on the best way is, if possible, to divide the birds into groups of five hens to every cock, each group having a compartment to itself. A good pheasant, if well housed and well fed, will lay a large number of eggs; they must, however, be removed as laid.\*

\* THE FOOD OF PHEASANTS.—Apropos of what was said on this subject in the last number of this Magazine, a communication has been sent to the Editor by a rather flippant correspondent (it is anonymous, of course), ridiculing a fact stated, namely, that pheasants eat ants. The following are the correspondent's remarks:—'At page 196 of this month's 'Baily,' you told about pheasants and 'their chicks *eating ants*. For goodness' sake get somebody to write articles on 'game, &c., who understands what he is about. Did anybody ever suppose 'game fed on *ants*—ants' eggs, my dear man?' Now in the face even of such

Partridge nests are also robbed and the eggs sold to a considerable extent ; but in Scotland, during the last two seasons, there have been no partridges worth speaking about, the supply, from various causes, having been singularly deficient. One reason for the scarcity is reputed to be the fact of large numbers of the parent birds, and also of their young ones, being killed by the reaping machines during the haymaking season. Cereal crops, too, are now cut so close that the stubbles in many places do not afford any protection to the birds. Last year the inclement weather formed a very important factor in the partridge supply, as scarcely one of the young birds came to maturity, most of them being drowned by the midsummer rains, or starved to death by the unseasonable frosts of the hatching time. Another interference with partridge production, which has lately become very obvious, is the fact that the crows destroy the eggs ; and as the crows have been of late years allowed to multiply and replenish their kind exceedingly, bad results in the matter of partridge preservation are sure to follow in an increasing ratio. Lastly, there has been for some years past a large robbery of the partridge preserves by means of poaching. When these birds were more plentiful than they are just now, thousands were every year captured by the midnight marauders who form at present the heroes of the Game Law debates, and for whom so much unworthy sympathy has been evinced by certain members of Parliament ; and although partridges in Scotland are becoming exceedingly ill to find, those which are left are easily found by those who have no claim to them ; in other words, by the poachers. As a matter of fact, two out of every three of these birds which find their way to market are 'poached.' It adds to the calamity that professional poachers are so ruthless in carrying on their depredations ; no matter what they find, all that comes within the meshes of their deadly nets are accepted, breeding birds and all, as *legitimate* (?) prey. A 'reformed poacher,' whom I sometimes interview, tells me that he and other three of his kind used to start off in a dog-cart or other trap, in which was concealed a large bundle of netting and a steady old pointer well accus-

superior knowledge, I reiterate my statement that pheasants (and partridges also) eat ants whenever they find them. I have myself seen them do so, and since the receipt of the post-card referred to, I have fortified my own knowledge by the knowledge of some men who ought to know. I never write in a dogmatic spirit, nor am I too proud to learn ; but I do not think the writer of the above post-card will be able to teach me very much as to the food of pheasants. Partridges, I may state, eat enormous quantities of all kinds of insects, and look upon an ant-hill as a veritable 'find,' devouring the ants, as well as their eggs, with avidity. The eggs of the ant are much preferred by intelligent keepers as food for pheasant chicks, as was stated in last month's 'Baily,' but the pheasants themselves, the mature birds that is, are not particular as to what they consume, and they prey most greedily on many kinds of insects, as well as on the young buds of certain trees and plants. It may be stated that some keepers put the ants and their eggs in a bucket of water before giving them to the confined pheasants and their chicks ; this plan settles the ants, and prevents their stinging the birds.



tomed to the work ; having previously selected the place at which to perform, they contrived to be on the scene of operations about eleven o'clock, knowing well that in country districts all the peasantry would have gone to bed by that hour, and that the field would be clear for their operations. A lantern, with a dim but sufficient light, being affixed to the neck of the dog, the pointer sets to work, and goes about his business with as much intelligence and precision as it he were engaged in a legitimate day's work. Anon the dog begins to halt in his march, and then suddenly ceasing all movement, stands stock-still as a good dog should do under the circumstances. This forms the signal for the men with the net : shaking out the folds, they proceed softly to draw it over the stubble till they cover their bird, being frequently rewarded during their evil mission by lifting a whole covey. Working on in the same manner till two or three o'clock in the morning, they are able to bag an enormous number of birds—when there are birds on the fields to be bagged. The labour of poaching being over for the time, the net is gathered up, the dog lifted on the cart or other machine, and a rapid drive is made to some out-of-the-way and safe place of hiding. Such excursions go on night after night during the partridge season, care being of course taken to change the venue as often as possible, to prevent detection, or at any rate put the police and keepers off the scent. The stolen birds gradually find their way to market, the plan usually adopted being to consign the booty to half-a-dozen of the London or Manchester dealers ; by this means the magnitude of the business carried on is concealed, and better prices are secured by dividing the spoil.

This kind of poaching, be it noted, is a 'business,' and there are men engaged in the work who make a good (? *bad*) living at it. And these, be it observed, are persons to whom a large body of our legislators afford not a little of their sympathy ! The Game Laws, say some of our M.P.'s, are remorselessly severe, and ought to be ameliorated—their reason *seems* to be that, the poacher is not such a bad fellow after all, 'and game, you know, is really nobody's ; it 'is on your ground to-morrow, and on the ground of some other man 'the day after.' It is painful to hear such logic, and it must have been extremely trying to sit in the House and listen to the utterances of Mr. Taylor on a late occasion, when he so fiercely assailed the Game Laws as at present administered, and expressed his sympathy with the poor persecuted poachers. Distortion of facts and figures, and exaggeration of sentiment, were the characteristics of the debate alluded to, and it is sincerely to be hoped that, when the new parliament reverts to the discussion, we shall hear some common-sense remarks on the subject. Some of the so-called Liberals who bemoan the fate of 'the poor poacher,' quite forget that no man is compelled to take to poaching as a means of earning a living ; the act of the poacher in snaring a hare or killing a pheasant is a purely voluntary act ; just as voluntary as that of the shopman who puts his hand in his master's till and takes out of it a few half-crowns or a sovereign or two, and who for doing so, in the event of his being discovered,

is very properly punished, and whose punishment, as a rule, elicits no sympathy from any section of the public. 'To whomsoever a hare or rabbit may be thought to belong,' I recently read in a sensible article on the Game Laws, 'whether to the owner or the tenant of the land on which it is found, it cannot in any sense be considered the property of the poacher, and it ought not to be tolerated that a person who neither finds breeding-ground nor feeding-ground for the animal, should be permitted with impunity to carry it away and sell it.' Observe, I am talking of poaching as it is carried on nowadays when it has become a 'business,' and not as it used to be when it was thought to be a 'pastime,' of a kind. Parliament ought to find better work to do than become sentimental over the professional poachers; it is waste of time to waste a thought upon such blackguards. The spectacle of an unemployed labourer taking a loaf with which to feed his hungry children is fitted to elicit pity and forbearance; but to become sentimental over the men who poach for the market is simply ridiculous. A farmer's servant may be tempted by finding a hare or a rabbit among his feet to kill it—that we should be inclined to say was an accidental crime which might be dealt with in a spirit of lenity; but the professional poacher goes to the game; he carries on poaching of *malice prepense*; goes about furnished with the machinery of capture, and ought in consequence to be put down. As Lord Minto said in his pamphlet, published in 1863: 'In the great majority of cases the poacher of the present day follows his illegal calling with a direct money object in view, and his employment thus approximates closely to that of the thief or burglar.\*' Mr. John Bright has also recently made a defence of poaching—or, perhaps, to put the case better, has uttered a protest against the Game Laws. I am sorry that he has done so, as what he and others holding similar sentiments say, just tends to confirm the poacher in his wickedness. Mr. Bright is a brother of the angle, and can wield his salmon rod to some purpose on the Spey and other rivers. I am not aware whether or not the hon. gentleman rents a stretch of salmon water himself, or whether he fishes as the guest of Mr. Bass, but I will assume that he rents and pays for his water: in such case, would it be fair that others (the poachers, to wit) should come under the cloud of night, or even in the daytime, and drag their nets over his fishing? I say it would be an act of dishonesty deserving of punishment for any person or body of persons to do so. And the blackguards who capture gravid fish in the act of spawning deserve a double spell on the treadmill, because a salmon is never more valuable than when it is engaged in the act of perpetuating its kind. These are my sentiments, and I think they ought to be the sentiments of every sportsman, and especially of every writer on sporting topics. Persons who go out poaching know very well the penalty they incur, and therefore they must be made to take the consequences.

Coming at length to the subject-matter of the present paper,

\* 'Game, Salmon and Poachers,' by the Earl of Minto. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

which I have entitled, as will be seen, 'Peewits and Plovers,' I have to explain that I have selected that subject because of the interest which is now attached to the subject of plovers' eggs as a luxury of the table. Enormous, or at any rate wonderful, quantities of these are now consumed in the course of the London season, at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Plovers' eggs, and other kinds of eggs which pass current as eggs of the plover, are obtained from all over the country—the moors of Scotland and Yorkshire are brought under contribution; the bogs of Ireland, the fens of Lincolnshire, and the sandy rabbit warrens of Norfolk, are all searched for these dainties, whilst great numbers are also brought from Holland, where it is said the bird-watchers are so clever as to be able to tell, while the bird is flying, whether it has already laid its egg, or is about to do so! Although plovers' eggs have been known as a table luxury for the last fifty years, it is only during the last quarter of a century that they have become so superlatively fashionable. In Scotland, so the story goes, these dainties came into use some five-and-twenty years ago, through her Majesty the Queen having been served with a plovers' egg salad at a great house in the North of England, where she was honouring a noble lady with her august presence. The Queen, delighted with her luncheon, made inquiries as to how the salad had been confectioned, and was likewise shown the plovers' eggs, with which till then her Majesty had not been familiar. Since that time plovers' eggs have had a high reputation, and in Glasgow many of the wealthy merchants have supplies of them brought from London (!), no matter how costly they may be, or despite the fact that the eggs may have been gathered almost at their own doors, been sent to the great metropolis, and then come back again to Glasgow by express train. An intelligent friend of mine—an extensive, and, what is better, a *respectable* dealer in game and poultry who has frequently favoured me with valuable information—tells me, in an interesting letter, that plovers' eggs become plentiful in Scotland about the middle of April; 'I have had a few ' this year already, which have found a ready sale at the rate of six ' shillings a dozen. It is common enough in London to obtain at ' particular times for these eggs such prices as twelve, and even ' fifteen shillings a dozen. A collector of these eggs living in ' Lanarkshire forwarded a lot to London upon one occasion, and ' obtained such a prompt and splendid return that he immediately ' set to work to obtain a still larger parcel; he was fortunate ' enough, as he thought, to obtain an immense quantity, but ' unfortunately, before his eggs reached the person to whom he ' had consigned them, a large supply from Holland had previously ' glutted the market, so that his eggs made no price. Holland, ' having obtained scent of the good money that is to be got for ' these dainties, is keeping a hold of the market.' Upon one occasion of a great luncheon given to a distinguished foreigner by a distinguished nobleman in London, to whom money is apparently of no value when he entertains his friends, plovers' eggs were determined

upon, but not one had, about the date of the banquet, reached the great metropolis. What was to be done? 'Procure the eggs,' said the nobleman to his *maitre d'hotel*. 'But, your Grace, I shall have, in that case, to send to Holland.' 'Well, send to Holland,' was the prompt reply; and a week or so before the banquet a special messenger went over to Holland and came back laden with fifteen eggs, the earliest of the season; and it is certainly no exaggeration to say that each of these eggs cost the nobleman in question five pounds apiece, but, as he had to pay the piper, nobody will doubt that he had a perfect right to call the tune no matter its cost. The average price of eggs in Scotland is about half-a-crown a dozen, but, as the season is a short one, the business done is rather limited. One of the great errors in the late 'Wild Birds Protection Act' was the omission of a penalty for taking their eggs. There is in some places quite a mania for the collection of such eggs. 'The peewit, which is the bird which affords the supplies of plovers' eggs, is very common; it lays four eggs at a sitting, and although there is no means of ascertaining with any degree of exactitude the entire number which is annually consumed, there is every reason to suppose that it may be counted by thousands of dozens. I recently read somewhere that, so long ago as the year 1839, as many as two hundred dozen plovers' eggs were gathered from Romney Marsh alone, and that the whole quantity were forwarded to the grand emporium of the trade—London. 'In that part of Kent,' I have read, but I forget where, 'the traffic in these eggs is found so profitable that it has been found advantageous to train the dogs to go 'nest hunting.' If ten thousand dozen of these eggs be annually consumed, that will represent one hundred and twenty thousand individual eggs; and to yield such a number thirty thousand female peewits will of course be required, and it becomes interesting to study how the matter is 'arranged,' because it is obvious enough that none of these peewits will hatch any birds with which to keep up the supply, if, as I suppose—but, as regards this point, I am not at all sure—they only lay four eggs in the course of the season; there must, therefore, be quite as many birds breeding for stock, nay, many more, because there must be males as well as females, and all the vicissitudes of nature have to be provided for: eggs that do not hatch, young ones that never arrive at maturity, sitting birds that are shot or otherwise killed during the breeding season. This is perhaps a rather prosy way of arriving at a conclusion, but I like to enter into such speculations, while all questions connected with the study of the 'balance of nature' should have interest for the readers of such a high-class sporting journal as that in which I have the privilege of penning these remarks.

I have a recipe for the making of the salad of plovers' eggs alluded to, which I shall one day place at the service of the readers of 'Baileys Magazine.' In the meantime it may be stated that the usual way of eating the eggs is in a hard-boiled state, when they are of a beautiful pale-blue colour, but to attain that colour they must

be fresh; after the birds have sat upon them for a few nights they are entirely spoilt for the purposes of the table, and become when boiled of a dirty white and are uneatable. It has been said that eggs of the crow are frequently passed off on ignorant buyers as plovers' eggs, and I am told that that is so, notwithstanding the assertions which have been made to the contrary by Mr. Knox, who says: 'The prevalent notion that the eggs of the rook are frequently sold as those of the plover, is without foundation—simply because they bear no resemblance whatever to each other, and even the most unscrupulous vendor would hardly dare to attempt so palpable a hoax on the least experienced of purchasers.' I have shown this statement to a dealer, who assures me that the eggs of the crow, although a *little* smaller than those of the peewit, are very like the eggs of the latter, and that the imposition has, within his knowledge, been often practised. I have not, at the moment, a crow's egg beside me to compare with a plover's egg, but I may hint to purchasers that, as a rule, a dozen of the latter will weigh eleven ounces.\* So far as I can write from remembrance, a crow's egg is not nearly so much as a half smaller than a peewit's; but, before I am done with this series of articles, I shall be able to speak from personal knowledge, as I take 'a day or two at the crows' every season, and shall then probably obtain a few eggs. Other eggs than those of the crows are sometimes passed off upon the epicure as lapwings' (plovers) eggs. When they are taken after being newly laid, the eggs of the ruff (*Machetes pugnax*), the redshank (*Totanus calidris*), and those of the beautiful golden plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*), may be passed off on ignorant epicures as eggs of the peewit, and it matters little if they are, as the flavour is very similar. I trust my readers are not wearied with these details. I think them interesting.

As regards the peewit as a bird of sport, I really cannot say much either in its favour or against it. In the old 'Dictionary of Sport,' to which I have more than once had occasion to refer in the course of these articles, the plover is described as 'a travelling bird about the bigness of a pigeon.' Another sort of plover is also alluded to which is somewhat bigger, and is good for food, 'especially for those that are troubled with the falling sickness and a retention of urine, and the flesh of it has the virtue to purify the blood.' Pennant gives the following brief description of the lapwing (peewit): 'This elegant species inhabits most of the heaths and marly ground of this island. It lays four eggs, making a slight nest with a few bents. The eggs have an olive cast and are spotted with black. It

\* 'The egg of the peewit is pear-shaped—as is the case with most *grallatores*—that is to say, it is considerably attenuated at the narrower end. The ground colour is brownish olive, and the surface is blotched with large and irregular patches of rusty black. It is, moreover, half as large again as the rook's, which is of an oval form, the ground tint bluish green, with slate-coloured and darker marks, not unlike those on the egg of a blackbird—which, indeed, might almost be considered a miniature likeness of the rook's.'—Knox.

‘ is worthy of notice that among waterfowl, congenerous birds lay the same number of eggs ; for example, all of this tribe, and those of the plover lay four apiece ; the puffin genus only one ; while the duck tribe, in general, are numerous layers, producing from eight to twenty. The young as soon as hatched run like chickens ; the parents show remarkable solicitude for them, flying with great anxiety and clamour near them, striking at either men or dogs that approach, and often fluttering along the ground like a wounded bird, to a considerable distance from their nest to elude their pursuers ; and to aid the deceit, become more clamorous when most remote from it. The eggs are held in great esteem for their delicacy, and are sold by the London poulterers for three shillings the dozen. In winter, lapwings unite in vast flocks, but at that season they are extremely wild. Their flesh is very good, their food being insects and worms.’ So much for Pennant ; and it will have been noted that even in his day (the edition quoted from is dated 1812) plovers’ eggs were known to the epicure. It requires some experience to find the eggs of the peewit. At first the novice may very easily pass the nest, whilst an adept at the trade will find it at once. As has been stated, I have no very authentic information about the number of eggs a peewit will drop in the course of a season ; some say only the four which usually constitute the nest ; others tell me that the peewit will lay a dozen or two in the course of a year. Perhaps some of the readers of ‘ Baily ’ will be able to say as to this. The golden plover is a good table bird. Dress like woodcock, and let the trail drop on a toast. A salmi of plover or peewit, for which I have a recipe, is excellent, and shall some day be printed for the benefit of my readers.

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### FRAGMENTA PUGNATORIA.

‘ THE suppression of a village hop, a horse race, or even a boxing match, or bull bait, while the magistrate was quietly enjoying his ball or hunting party, he thought an act of the most scandalous injustice and oppression. In short, he loved the British peasant, and wished to see him vigorous on the green, independent in his cottage, respected for his loyalty, and formidable by his prowess.’—*Extract from the Life of the Right Honourable WILLIAM WYNDHAM, M.P.*

THE extract which graces the head of this article will be found, by those who are studious enough to read it and curious enough to reflect upon it, remarkable for two things, *sentiment* and *argument*. One may be strong and the other weak, but the two elements exist and blend together in so harmonious a manner, that it is difficult to determine with satisfaction to the logical mind where the one ends and the other begins. The love for the British peasant here expressed may not assume the intensity of a passion, but it approaches the proportions of an affection, and may be contrasted or compared with that lively interest nowadays taken in his welfare which resolves

itself into his mental culture—the deprivation of his beer and skittles, and the bestowal of a vote for the county. Honourable gentlemen must decide for themselves which is most desirable—the most conducive to the happiness of individuals, and to the welfare of society generally. Our likes and dislikes originate in our predilections and our prejudices, and then we set to work to find arguments to support them.

Such, however, were the sentiments of a Cabinet Minister of King George the Third—a gentlemen of high culture, kind of heart, gentle of manners, and possessed of manly personal courage. Twice in his place in the House of Commons did he stand up as the defender of bull-baiting, and, aided by Canning, General Gascoyne, Colonel Grosvenor, and Mr. Frankland, defeat the attempts of Sir William Pulteney, Sheridan, Wilberforce and others, to put down that ancient custom by the strong arm of the law. It is unnecessary to enter into his arguments at any length, but after praising the dogs, and commending the bull, their general tenor may be gathered from the concluding passage of his speech delivered on the 24th of May, 1802: ‘That if the Bill before the House be adopted, he should, for the sake of consistency and the character of Parliament, conceive it his duty to move for leave to bring in a Bill to prohibit hunting, shooting, fishing, and all the sports of the field practised by the ‘higher classes.’ Consistency with a vengeance! The opposition was strong, and the divisions close, for we find that the liberties of the well-beloved British peasant were preserved on the first occasion by a majority of *two*, and on the second by thirteen. And yet Wyndham was by no means an unenlightened or obstinate party-man; he supported Parliamentary Reform and the claims of the Roman Catholics. Let no one suppose it to be the purpose of this article to defend bull-baiting, or any kindred recreation that may be mentioned, but Wyndham’s arguments have been urged again and again, both by the admirers and detractors of sports and pastimes. The Game Laws, as appeared in the course of the recent debates, are not without their enemies, and we may rely upon it that even fox-hunting, the loss of which would be a national calamity, will not go on unscathed to the end of time. The opinions of the Cabinet Minister lose much of their weight from the fact of his being the champion of one of the most objectionable of the poor man’s diversions. Yet he spoke in the spirit of his time. Antiquity is not argument, but it has about it a certain fascination which entitles it to notice, and as the date and origin of this cruel pastime are somewhat curious, a mention of them may not be out of place. A reference to the first volume of Hume’s ‘History of England’ will show that Saint Augustine, experiencing great difficulty in the conversion of our barbarous islanders to Christianity, by reason of their reluctance to abandon the sacrifice of beasts upon their pagan altars, appealed to Pope Gregory on the subject. That politic pontiff advised him not to attempt the suppression of those practices, but to encourage the people to bring their sacrificial beasts into the imme-

diate neighbourhood of the Christian places of worship; and as the Druidical temples were in many instances appropriated for Christian purposes, it came to pass that some of our old parish churches occupy the sites of those temples.\* Hence it often followed that, where bull-baiting was strictly orthodox, it took place only at the wake or vigil of the patron saint of the parish, and thus we find the bull-ring, or the *bullen*, close to the church, and occasionally in the churchyard itself. If the devotion of the Briton to his religion may be measured by his attachment to bull-baiting, it was considerable, for we find that he took advantage of Pope Gregory's missive by offering his sacrifices on the dedication of a chapel of ease, or the addition of a peal of bells to the sacred edifice, and we had chapel wakes and bell wakes *ad nauseam*. However strange it may appear, it is certain that this pastime, custom, or cruelty, call it what you will, was, prior to the Commonwealth, not only tolerated, but supported in some places by something more than usage; and there existed in Staffordshire, if not elsewhere, at the beginning of the present century, a belief that it was unlawful to kill for slaughter a bull that had not been previously baited or run. Such, however, was not the law of the land, but of certain manors only, as appears from the following entry in the records of the borough of Tamworth, which is conclusive on both points:

'July 15, 1297: Nich's de Pich' in m'ia q' occidit taurū nō fugat' canib'.—  
*Court Roll* 25. Ed. 1.'†

It appears from the source referred to in the note, that bull-baiting was discontinued in Tamworth in the course of the seventeenth century; and no doubt there was throughout the country an interruption of the practice generally about the same time, owing to the action of the Puritans, who if (as alleged by Macaulay) they had little sympathies with the bull, had less with the Church of England. Wyndham attributed the opposition to sports of this kind to the Methodists and Jacobins, although those parties were actuated by different motives, and eulogised the *loyalty* of Lancashire and Staffordshire, where the practice principally prevailed. In these counties, therefore, we may assume that the power of these hostile bodies was

\* 'Gregory enjoined Augustine to remove the idols from the altars, but not to destroy the altars themselves; because the people, he said, would be allured to frequent the Christian worship when they found it celebrated in a place which they were accustomed to revere. And as the Pagans practised sacrifices, and feasted with the priests on their offerings, he also exhorted the missionary to persuade them, on Christian festivals, to kill their cattle in the neighbourhood of the church, and to indulge themselves in those cheerful entertainments to which they had been habituated.'—Hume's Hist., cap. 1.

† Palmer's 'History of Tamworth.' 'Nicholas de Pichford in misericordiā 'quia occidit taurum non fugatum canibus.' The term *misericordia* was in law used for an arbitrary or discretionary *amercement* imposed for an offence. It is so called because it ought to be but small, and rather less than the offence, according to Magna Charta. The offender was said to stand in misericordia, i.e. at the mercy of the lord. Amercement differed from a fine, as it could only be enforced by distress of the offender's goods, and not by imprisonment.



insufficient to prevent its revival after the Restoration, which ushered in the return of many lively matters.

It is impossible to refrain from presenting a part of Wyndham's speech bearing upon this part of the question, on account of the amusing *naïveté* with which he connects loyalty and bull-baiting—a circumstance which furnishes a formidable weapon against the Church and State, of which he was a warm supporter:—

‘With regard to the petition from Stamford against this Bill, it was entitled to the most respectful attention, for it comes from a body of sober, loyal men, who attended to their several vocations, and *never meddled with politics*; faithful to their landlord (the Marquis of Exeter), with whom, however, they could not but be a little displeased for his endeavours to deprive them of their favourite sport by supporting this Bill. Those petitions state, that this amusement had been enjoyed by their town for a period of five or six hundred years, and the antiquity of the thing was deserving of respect—for respect for antiquity was the best preservation of the Church and State; it was by connecting the past with the present, and the present with the future, that genuine patriotism was produced and preserved.’ Without the aid of this eloquent exposition, at which nowadays we laugh, the connection between bull-baiting and the British constitution would not have been so strikingly apparent. There is, no doubt, some truth in the propositions here laid down, but the arguments by which they are supported are by no means exhaustive, and when considered in association with the subject to which they refer, appear slightly incongruous. Old Father Time, however, will solve the problem some day or other, if he has not done so already.

Pleasure-loving people—and with all respect and reverence be it spoken—owed much to the Church, or at any rate to its red-letter days which marked the general holidays. How those holidays were spent, we know; at any rate they marked the times and seasons at which certain sports and pastimes were indulged in, of which cock-fighting, and the brutal and senseless practice of cock-throwing at Shrovetide and Easter, are well-remembered instances.

These coincidences are numbered with the past, but one remains, and it is a trivial but curious circumstance that little boys still continue to whip their tops in the season of Lent. Whitsun ales are not indulged in now, but the Christmas pudding, the Shrovetide pancake, and the mid-Lent veal make their annual appearance for the benefit of all who, for the love of irresistible custom, make periodical trial of their digestive organs. In all probability the laxity that marked the epoch of the Restoration extended itself to the devotees of bull-baiting, and that from that period they did not confine themselves to the hallowed times of their predecessors, but they nevertheless offered their sacrifices at the appointed places. The people of Tamworth have changed their Bull Stake Street to George Street, but in other towns the Bull Rings, Bullens, Bull Streets, and Bull Lanes still retain the designations they received in days gone by.

The order of priesthood that officiated on such occasions must have seriously deteriorated since the introduction of Christianity, if the names of some of them are to be received as an indication of their position in society, names that savour more of the 'Newgate Calendar' than 'Debrett.' A few have been preserved in police records, for the benefit of the antiquary. On the 3rd of January, 1825, four men, Corbett,\* Thomas, 'Black Charley,' and 'The Bag of Razors' (pronounced Bago'razzors as more easy of delivery and softer to the ear) were ignominiously dragged from their altar, ruthlessly handcuffed and led through the streets of Birmingham, along with their bull, and consigned to a dungeon, the bull being housed in a comfortable stable, by five sacrilegious constables, two of whom were pugilists, and a third a dog-fighter. They were not immolated at their own stake. Corbett, however, was fined five pounds, and the others were set at liberty, on the ground that they were only engaged in keeping the ring, and this was the extent of their martyrdom.

It may be taken for granted that William Wyndham was an admirer of pugilism, and indeed he never missed an opportunity of speaking or writing in its praise. In a speech delivered on the 18th of April, 1800, he says: 'The amusements of our people were always composed of athletic, manly and hardy exercises, affording trials of their courage, conducive to their health, and to them objects of ambition and glory. In the exercise of those sports they may sometimes hurt themselves, but never hurt the nation. If a set of poor men, for vigorous recreation prefer a game of cudgels, instead of interrupting them, it should be more our business to let them have *fair play*; for victory is to them an object of as much glory as greater men could aim at in a superior sphere. . . . Some little time ago' (and here we begin to mark a sign of the times) 'it was thought matter of reproach for gentlemen to be present at any of these athletic trials; and *even boxing* was cried down as an exercise of ferocity. It is time to resist these unnecessary restraints; for if this Bill should pass into a law, it would no doubt be followed by other regulations equally frivolous and vexatious.' Speaking of the character of Englishmen he says: 'So congenial is this principle of humanity to the hearts of our people and so uniformly displayed in their actions that it might imply the suspicion of effeminacy if they had not so often given, on all occasions, such glorious testimonies of their courage and prowess in another way. In war they are prodigal of their own blood; but after the shock of battle, or the fury of an assault, their first sentiment is always shown in mercy to the vanquished; and it is not unfair to attribute to their manly amusements much of that valour which is so conspicuous in their martial achievements by sea and land. Courage and humanity seem to grow out of their wholesome

\* This name is an exception. The Corbetts or Corbets are an old and honourable family; one was appointed forester of Wyre or Bewdley by Edward the Third.—T. H. G.

‘exercises.’ Without wishing to detract from the fair fame of our fellow-countrymen, it is unhappily true that there have been instances in which they have failed to manifest this excellent quality of mercy. Notably, after the storming of San Sebastian their conduct was such as to call for condign punishment at the hands of the ‘Iron Duke.’ The English soldier fights sober, but on that terrible occasion he was inflamed by drink obtained from the wine-shops he had pillaged. Such, however, was the character of the English people given by a statesman in the days when cock-fighting, dog-fighting, prize-fighting, bull and bear baiting were openly and commonly practised. It was his opinion that savage sports did not make a savage people. Those who question the truth of this proposition must decide for themselves whether it is not the character of the people that creates the sport. The pugnacity of Englishmen has manifested itself in a variety of ways in successive ages, according to the tastes of the period; and the shield and buckler, rapier and dagger, quarterstaff, cudgel, single-stick, and the fist have each had their professors and admirers in turn. The great period of transition would appear to be that wherein the eminent Mr. Figg gave his lessons in fencing, cudgelling, and boxing; the last-named art budded into beauty under the elegant Broughton, to be further developed in the school of the great Mendoza and ‘Gentleman Jackson,’ ultimately to acquire the dignity of a science and to make for itself a literature of characteristic euphuism. The duration of its existence may be reckoned at about a century, when it was consigned to the limbo of all vanities and perished, art, science, literature and all.

In a letter of Wyndham’s, dated the 17th of August, 1809, addressed to Mr. A. Hudson of Norwich, is the following passage: ‘A smart contest this between Maddox and Richman! Why are we to boast so much of the native valour of our troops, as shown at Talavera, at Vimiera, and at Maida, yet to discourage all the practice and habits which tend to keep alive the same sentiments and feelings? The sentiments that filled the minds of the three thousand spectators who attended the two pugilists were just the same in kind as those which inspired the higher combatants on the occasions before enumerated. It is the circumstances only in which they are displayed that made the difference:

“He that the world subdued had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.”

‘There is no sense in the answer always made to this: Are no men brave but boxers? . . . The courage does not arise from mere boxing, from beating or being beat; but by the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices. Will it make no difference in the mass of the people whether their amusements are of a pacific, pleasurable, and effeminate nature, or whether they are of a sort that calls forth a continued admiration of courage and hardihood? But when I get on these topics I never know when to stop.’ It will be gathered from the foregoing

remarks that there were, even in those days, an appreciable opposition to the Ring, against which Wyndham was contending with all the zeal of an enthusiast who saw the fight in his mind's eye only; who was not initiated into the mysteries of the parlour and the snuggery; who knew nothing of crosses and forfeits, and into whose heroic contemplations the commercial element (which sometimes influenced the backers and professors of the 'noble art') never entered. It would be easy enough to quote from contemporary and later authorities the arguments on the other side and the hard words with which they backed them up. Some of the magistracy—a minority, no doubt—would have stopped every fight within their jurisdiction, had their power been equal to their will. The difficulty which presented itself was the lack of a force willing to support them in what they conceived to be their duty. An illustration of this state of things is afforded by a story, told by a gentleman named Freer, who had held a lieutenant's commission in the company of Volunteers raised to protect the town of Atherstone (now famous for its hats and hunting) from the onslaughts of Buonaparte. Although the disturber of the peace of Europe never came within the reach of those gallant men, an opportunity was afforded them of showing their way of dealing with the disturbers of the peace of our lord the King. The precise date was lost on the death of the old man twenty years ago, as he was probably the last survivor of the corps, but the period may be roughly guessed by the uniform. The parts of it which may be taken to indicate the epoch of the interesting event were the cocked hat, derisively known in London as 'Egham, Staines and Windsor,' the white breeches, and the long black gaiters reaching to the knee. The captain was Mr. B——, a most worthy gentleman and a good sportsman, but he did not like the Ring, and perhaps his aversion to fighting was the cause of his delegating much of his military work to his more martial lieutenant. They may have been at drill or going to drill, but at any rate they were prepared and ready for action of some kind, when up came the magistrate and captain united in the heated and estimable Mr. B——, estimable always and heated by his hurried ride to rouse the garrison. 'Lieutenant Freer,' said he, 'a pack of blackguards have brought their ropes and stakes to Baddesley Common; they are making the necessary preparations for one of those disgusting exhibitions that disgrace the country—pitching the ring, sir, pitching the ring. March the men down, disperse the ruffians, and put an end to their disorderly proceedings.' 'Certainly, sir,' said the lieutenant, with a promptitude that gave assurance of his faithful service. Away went the Atherstone Volunteers with sloped arms and fixed bayonets. 'When we reached the common,' said the old man, who chuckled at his pleasant recollections as he told the story, 'the ring was pitched, the men were stripped and evidently going to begin. On our arrival there was a pause, a murmur and a good deal of astonishment, judging from the faces of the crowd. I soon let them know my intentions. "My men," said I, "I am sent here

“to stop this fight, and I’ll be shot if I don’t do it—the very first moment I see the slightest attempt at mobbing or foul play; but so long as you behave yourselves in an orderly manner, and the fight is conducted in an honourable straightforward way, my men will keep the ring for you.” “All right, and thank you, sir,” was the answer to my address. I then ordered my men to seat themselves two deep round the ring so as not to obstruct the view of the outsiders, each man nursing his musket and bayonet. The fight lasted nearly an hour, and a very good fight it was. When finished, I received the thanks of the seconds, marched my men home again, made a satisfactory report to my commanding officer, who expressed himself highly gratified with the services I had rendered in the cause of peace and order; and I’ll venture to say that no fight was ever better conducted.’ Thus we see the magistrate was satisfied, the soldiers edified, the populace pleased; and, as Canning would have said, two blackguards got well thrashed—a combination of beatitudes rarely experienced.

A crony of this same lieutenant was a clergyman whose rectory was not far from Watling Street, which thereabouts divides the counties of Warwick and Leicester. A fine old man he was, and much complimented in his youth by being considered ‘so like Mendoza.’ As a gentleman and a parson he never patronised the Ring, although he took a lively interest in its welfare and would listen with mute attention to a narration of any of its proceedings, if told with proper respect to the cloth he wore. He was, however, an ardent cocker, a sport which he enjoyed in the quiet retirement of his own lawn in the calm and sunshine of a summer’s afternoon, away from the noise and nuisance of the men who made the gallant contests of his noble birds a source of gambling, which was a great offence in his eyes. He considered this pastime, when conducted in his own way, a matter which concerned nobody but his cocks and himself, and by no means derogatory to his position as a clergyman and a magistrate for two counties. On this point his views were at variance with those of his bishop, with whom he argued the matter on abstract principles, and was much grieved by the narrow and illiberal views his lordship entertained. His parishioners found walks for his cocks, paid their tithes and came to church, and what more would the bishop have? He was a stern and exacting bishop. His arguments were weak, no doubt; but, taken in conjunction with certain legislative interference which about that time was making itself felt, they proved irresistible in the end, and the old boy gave it up. The following story is told of him. He had been discharging his duties as a magistrate with all the solemn dignity that was part and parcel of his manly presence. Methinks I see him now—the grand old chest and shoulders, the hands laced together across the double-breasted waistcoat, the drab knee-breeches, the grey worsted stockings encasing legs of fine proportions—he sat as Justice is classically represented, with his eyes shut. He was about to leave the gateway of the old Red Lion in his one-horse phaeton when he was

accosted by a parishioner of his, a butcher who had imbibed intoxicants until the effects were visible in the blearedness of his eye, the stagger of his gait and the agglomeration of his utterance.

'Missheremin,' said the butcher, under the belief that he was pronouncing the parson's name, 'will yer gimeride in your carr'ge?' No response. 'Missheremin, I shay—' No reply. 'Missheremin, I shay, wilyer gimeride in your carr'ge—d'you know *me*?' 'Go away, William; you are drunk,' said the rector in slow and solemn tones. 'Whosh that t'do wi't? Wilyer gimeride?' 'Certainly not, William; you are drunk, and I should be ashamed to be seen in your company,' said the grave old man. 'Shamed to beseenalongo'me! Thash a good un! I tell'e what 'tis—' if you don't gimeride in your carr'ge, blowed if I keep another cock for you as long as I live—thash what it is!' This appeal was too much for the good old man, for he looked steadily in the butcher's face and said, 'Get up behind, you scoundrel—get up behind!' And up behind the butcher got.

These anecdotes are introduced as illustrations of the habits and ideas of persons who moved in a respectable sphere of society, and who looked upon the combats of men or animals with favour or admiration. That the character of the anecdotes is a little mixed is attributable to the affinity that exists between all sports wherein blood is shed; a superiority attaches to each in the opinion of its followers, according to the social rank of its patrons; and if they admit the claim of the others to any sort of kindred, consider them merely in the light of poor relations.

T. H. G.

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## HUNTING IN IRELAND.

THE hunting season of 1879-80 is so nearly dead and gone that we may begin to write an obituary notice of its most salient characteristics and features, imitating in this course the quotidian organs of public opinion and collectors of news, who issue their review of every great statesman or warrior who has passed away to the shadowy land before the sculptor has had time to cut his titles and style on the monumental marble, or the engraver to complete his story in brass. For though while we pen these lines the Meath hounds are still busy with the foxes who people that wild and incult region where the eastern and western divisions of Meath join marches with Cavan and Longford—a country of light springy turf, sheep walks of immense extent (not wholly unlike bits of the Wiltshire Downs, only far more rugged), of stone walls and stone-faced banks, of few towns and fewer villages—they are nearly the only pack in Ireland who have not formally and officially given up hunting, or issuing programmes of invitation to the public; and they are, I think, the only remaining pack who endeavour to maintain intact the old traditions of the county in sacrificing a fox ere the

merry month of May has attained its first quarter. The majority of foxhounds in Ireland cease to hunt after the Punchestown week, for this great national outburst of Lep-racing claims *de rigueur* all masters of hounds, while not a few M.F.H.'s give their lieutenants and aides-de-camp leave of absence for the three or four days occupied in the racing and journeys hither and thither. So that, as a matter of fact, the date of Punchestown—a movable festa like the Derby—marks the decline, if not the total cessation of hunting arrangements in the Green Isle, and concurrently with Punchestown come the great annual hunter sales at Sewell's, where the Saxon is invited so freely by his acquaintances to buy 'the best horse in Ireland,' that he is naturally led to think lightly of the tests of hunting public opinion in that country, where so many can claim, and with emphasis, the primacy of performance.

The season we are about to notice may be said to have begun in rain and ended in dust, for so much supernal water was discharged on the saturated soil of Ireland in its eastern, western, and midland shires, that the hay harvest had to be postponed till the time for garnering the cereals, and the corn seemed for some weary weeks to be destined to rot on the ground unblessed by the sun and wind necessary to mature it to wholesome quality. The gunners were aghast when they found that the deluge of the summer months had been far more fatal than any amount of cartridges, blue, yellow, or green; that the partridge threatened to become as rare as the golden eagle on the coasts of the north-west of the island, or the bittern of the bogs and swamps, and that the few survivals were unapproachable in their fastnesses of standing corn and uncut meadow. To aggravate matters, a great cry arose throughout the length and breadth of the land that a famine was imminent; that an impoverished and calamity-stricken land could no longer bear such grievous burdens as rent, taxes, and other remnants of feudality or 'the social contract.' Professional patriots were too ready to sow the dragons' teeth of seditious words, from which the harvest of armed men would very probably have sprung into feverish life, had not the executive been firmly vigilant and gently coercive in their policy—and in point of fact, the outlook for hunting men in Ireland, and the visitors who now annually flock to its green pastures and irregular boundaries for their winter pastime, was as gloomy as the unrelenting skies which seemed ever surcharged with the elements of depression and misery. The only encouraging feature in the horizon was that foxes were never known to be so abundant. They had wintered well. The Arctic interregnum of the past year, which had stopped pursuit for so many dreary weeks, was all in their favour; the intense cold, which had decimated birds and made hares an easy prey, had only aided the resources of their commissariat; the sheep plague, that made such havoc in many a farmstead, only brought supplies to these cunning caterers; so that really the balance of power, so to speak, was destroyed, and the number of foxes was certainly in excess of the requirements of the kennels, unless, indeed, an early cubbing

campaign could be arranged, when an adjustment of forces could easily be made, and the farmers and the hunting authorities be mutually satisfied. But all this was negatived by the plague of waters, and it may be roughly calculated that the legitimate cubbing time was curtailed in many countries (especially where the farming is a mixture of tillage and grazing) by fully six weeks, for even in the districts where woodlands invited early investigation, masters of hounds were restrained by the fear of doing any injury to standing corn, or a late hay crop, if their packs drove foxes into the open; for, if ever there came a season when it was of the utmost importance to avoid the slightest occasion of jarring and clashing between the farming and hunting interests, it was the present. And this condition was, I think, universally acknowledged and observed. Thus Lord Waterford, whose magnificent chase of Curraghmore is a little hunting county of itself, and about as full of foxes as Badminton, was obliged to postpone his excursions against the foxhood of his wide-stretching territory for more than a month, while the weather was equally repressive to the ardour of Mr. Burton Perpe, Mr. Watson, and a few more good sportsmen of that school, who hold that long steady work in the autumn mornings—when the disturbing elements of crashing crowds, jealous thrusters, and terrified hounds are conspicuous by their happy absence from the sylvan or mountainous scene—are absolutely necessary to bring a pack to that *ensemble* and discipline that lead to triumph and victory later on. As a matter of hunting history, Mr. Montagu Chapman was the first Master of Hounds in Ireland who killed the autumnal cub; while his neighbour in Meath, Mr. Trotter, sacrificed to Diana only a few days later on in those long woodlands which feather down to the edge of the historic Boyne.

But if the little victims were respite for a few weeks, they were harassed very unrelentingly and generally when, all of a sudden, the rainy season ceased, and a glorious second summer came to silence the prophets of evil and to inspire the tillers of the soil with fresh hope and courage. Perhaps Meath never had a better or more satisfactory cubbing time, and a few very brilliant passages of sport rewarded those patient and rational sportsmen who think that it is a pleasure to follow hounds anywhere and everywhere; that lessons in geography and topography are picked up better in the early months than in the tumult of the later season; and that men and horses become more sympathetic and mutually serviceable by these exercises than if they had postponed the introduction to each other's peculiarities and idiosyncrasies for months of comparative idleness.

The Kildare cubbing time is nearly always a very short one; the country has scarcely any woodlands to fall back on, and gorses, which form the hope of the season, cannot be visited too rashly or frequently ere the opening day has been formally proclaimed. On the other hand, Kildare has some remote corners which are well supplied with game, but which do not tempt hounds very often in the more orthodox period, coverts on the edges of mountains, and bogs



and furzy hills almost equal in extent to woodlands, and harder to penetrate than the densest coppices or the most brambly coverts. The general abundance of fox life this year was nowhere better illustrated than in Kildare. This was very early discovered by practical tests, and the experience of a whole season proved that foxes were not only most plentiful all through this large country, but that they were very well distributed through its length and breadth. Perhaps the most marked episode in the Kildare cubbing time was an extraordinary run of nearly twenty miles from Bellavilla Gorse, on a lovely day, when, after innumerable turns and twists in a mazy course, a fox was killed in the open after full three hours of patient pursuit, quickening to its close.

We may pass over the cubbing time, now merely remarking that Captain Balfe, the master of the Roscommon staghounds, introduced a new feature in his early or preliminary season, by taking his pack down to the western woods of Chevy Chase and Roxborough, and getting blood for them in the recesses of these extensive coverts; and that the Limerick hounds suffered so cruelly from distemper, which, like most of the products of the gloomy year, visited the kennels abnormally late, that they were almost entirely debarred from their wonted New Castle and mountain experiences.

The Kilkenny hounds had on the whole a good season, though not equal to its recent predecessors. Their best sport was in their Ballyhale country. Their next best on the Freshford side. Colonel Chaplin, to the regret of everybody, has resigned the Mastership; but an able successor is found in Captain Hartopp. The Queen's County Hounds had a few splendid runs last season, notably from Corbally and Derryfore Gorses, but their sport was chequered and curtailed by the scarcity of *sound* foxes.

The Meath Hounds began their formal season at Headfort, on the 14th of October, being the first pack in Ireland to commence the campaign, as they are generally the last to linger among the scenes of their triumphs, and occasional mishaps too. The forenoon was uneventful, and the field (for Meath) unusually small, but towards evening three capital runs rewarded the stayers, Rathmanno and Shancarn Gorses proving the best holders of foxes. Since that date these hounds, who hunt a larger and more varied country than any in Ireland, possibly in the world, and who come out oftener than any of their neighbours, have had a very busy, and, on the whole, a most successful season. For five or six weeks after Christmas fortune rather deserted them; scent proved capricious and fitful, and foxes were not always forthcoming at the right time and the right place. But the whirligig of time compensated all temporary shortcomings, and their enterprising Master, Mr. Trotter, the straightest rider to hounds, perhaps, to be found in either kingdom, who turns them out as effectively as any pack in the Shires, and mounts his men as hunt servants rarely are mounted, may well be satisfied with the sport he has showed and enjoyed so keenly himself. As their season is not over by at least a week, I cannot give their total of foxes killed

and run to ground, but I think the former will be about fifty brace, without spade-work. Navan is a sort of centre for this hunt, and the country may be roughly said to be divided into two distinct parts by the Boyne Water. And the section on the Dublin side of this historic stream is by far the most generally known and the most universally popular. Meath and grass are almost synonymous terms, for it is the great grazing and fattening farm for Liverpool, London, Manchester, and Norwich; but the most spacious of the pastures are on the Dublin side, and galloping and jumping find here their amplest scope. But the Dublin country has not been an unmixed joy this season; the foxes in its extent are well preserved, but it has no backbone of woodlands, and its charms to riding-men make it over-hunted. Staghouids, draghouids, beagles, and harriers ring incessantly over its grasseries, so that foxes scared by busy man and busy hound affect all sorts of out-of-the-way haunts, and cannot always be found when most urgently wanted 'to make a Dublin 'holiday.' On the other hand, the Dublin country has furnished a few splendid passages of sport this year. The run from Waringstown Gorse, on Tuesday, the 13th of January, was the white-stone day in their season's calendar. It began with a four-mile gallop at something like racing pace, over a straight line of grass good enough for a Liverpool Grand National. Then came a check near Jenkins-town of a few moments, which was followed by a fine hunting run of about eight miles more by Cookstown, Culmullen and Warrenstown, to the open earths of the Hill of Glaine, up which gentle gradient men were fain to lead their tired horses in many cases. In their home country, Bloomsbury gave them in March a very fine hunting run, and Grange Geith, on their northern frontier, was also very propitious to the sport of this pack. But perhaps the most even average of sport was in their western section, generally visited on Saturdays; and while in this connection, I may allude to a most brilliant gallop from Kilgar Gorse last March, when they raced down a Westmeath 'traveller,' and killed him on the verge of General Leicester Curzon Smyth's park of Drumcree.

Meath is *par excellence* the Leicestershire of Ireland. Navan is not Melton, or even Market Harborough, or Rugby; but a dweller in Navan can have infinitely better and more varied sport over a much better and lighter range of grass than he could from any of the former towns. Hence, all houses available in the vicinity of Navan are occupied by visitors, and if the accommodation were ampler the numbers would increase in proportion, a circumstance which, though very creditable to the fame of the pack, might not conduce to its efficiency in the field. Of the imperial patronage awarded to Meath, known in Ireland as 'The Royal,' your pages have given an account of lately, but, I may add, that visitors flocked into this hunting centre from almost all parts of the world. Nor did any one go straighter this year than a recent introduction, a gentleman from America, of Polish descent—Mons. Zborowski,

No county or corporation in Ireland can boast of larger 'fields'

than the Kildare Hunt, which is a sort of Plebiscite (or Patriscite, rather) in favour of the sport of kings in this territory, which comes next to Meath in the number of its weekly fixtures. For many seasons Kildare has never been better supplied with foxes or possessed a pack more capable of thinning their redundancy than at present. They began on the second Tuesday in November, had a splendid run of exhausting pace and proportion on their opening day from Kill Hill, and followed suit with three red-letter days in one week. Cullen's Gorse, Sprat's Gorse, Mount Armstrong, and Bellavilla have been their most successful draws. Mr. Forbes, whose health was threatened during the season, feared he would be forced to resign the Mastership, but with improved strength he hopes to go on presiding over a pack of which he is so justly proud. Their last day's pursuit was on Saturday, the 10th of April, when they had many foxes to hunt before them in Tinode and the Downshire. I think about twenty-four and a half brace of foxes killed is their return for the season.

The Curraghmore season, if greatly retarded by the weather, has been almost equal to the best known during the decade of Lord Waterford's Mastership. About forty brace of masks are generally gained by this pack in their cubbing and hunting term, but this year they are short of their quota by some twelve or fourteen brace.

The Limerick Hounds were not only retarded by weather, but by the ravages of distemper, so much so that Mr. Croker, the acting M.F.H., had to go to England to recruit his ranks from the H. H., and a very good importation they proved. Thus their season was curtailed of its due proportion, besides the interregnum of ten days' frost, so that fourteen brace represented their killed foxes, fifteen brace those run to ground.

The Galway Hounds are most ably led and managed; but Mr. Perpe very justly complains of the lukewarmness and negative support accorded him by the magnates of his county, through which means his stock of foxes is most meagre, as witnessed by five blank days and many more when assiduous drawing till a late hour only yielded a single specimen of foxhood. All this notwithstanding, eighteen and a half brace of killed is the Galway score, and a few of these thirty-seven victims afforded splendid sport. A month's frost, too, retarded operations very seriously.

The Louth Hounds were out fifty-four days, including ten of cubbing. Killed twenty and a half brace of foxes, and ran thirty-four brace to ground. They had nothing like a blank day, and could not complain of shortness of foxes; but scent on the whole did not favour them, and the dryness of the spring made the ploughs and fallows almost impossible for hounds. Their best month's sport was between December 17th and January 17th, and among their best points of departure Platten Hall and Moortown were exemplary.

The United Hunt (Cork) had a very good season, killing twenty brace of foxes, plus two badgers, and never using a spade. They ran some thirty brace to ground. Harry Saunders leaves the kennel,

which he managed so well, and Mr. Murphy replaces Mr. Hare in the Mastership.

The Westmeath Hounds were out fifty-nine days in all, and accounted for fifty and a half brace of foxes, of whom they brought twenty-six and a half to hand. Though they had two blank days, perhaps the county as a whole was never better stocked with foxes. Scent was coy and catching up to February; after that it changed for the better. Bill Matthews has a capital entry of eighteen and a half couple of young hounds, and Mr. Montagu Chapman retains the Mastership.

The Duhallow Hounds have had a capital season, though without anything like a continuance of racing scent. They commenced their cubbing on the 16th of September, and only lost two weeks by frost, getting out ninety-seven days in all, and killed thirty-six and a half brace of foxes (a number which has, I think, been increased by one or two since I heard), and ran forty-eight and a half to ground. Their best day's sport, perhaps, was in December, when they met at Mallow Station, and after three runs moved their fourth fox in Rathnee, and killed him near Ballybane after a grand chase of twelve miles, done in little more than an hour, and all on grass, one single field excepted.

Lord Huntingdon has had a good season, so have the Carlow and Island; the scent was against them at first, and the same remarks apply to the Wexford pack, their neighbours.

The Ward Union, Roscommon, and Limerick Stagounds have shown their followers some splendid gallops this season, of which the Ward Union were the most famous, and if not the best ever known with this pack, were perhaps quite equal to any of their predecessors. Ladies have patronised the pack most extensively this year, and among the 'fliers' may be named the Empress of Austria, Mrs. Steeds, Miss Coleridge, Lady G. Churchill, Lady Clarendon, and Miss Maynard.

Harriers, too, had very fine sport, though some scarcity of fur was complained of by their Masters.

## AFRICAN PIG-STICKING.

### CHAPTER I.

IT is only within the last few years that the comparatively tame sport of shooting pigs has been, to a considerable extent, replaced at Tangiers by riding them down and spearing. Sir John Hay, our eminent Minister at Tangier, is on these occasions in command, filling (it may be truly said) the post of Master, and Mohammedan or Christian, minister or secretary, naval or military officer, the Hadjis, or even the sacred Shereef himself, acknowledge the authority in the field of 'Ser Jan' (as the Moors call him), and submit in silence to his sometimes rather strongly-worded decrees. But, like Masters at home, his patience is often pretty severely tried, and

not the less so from the various nationalities which make up the field, and their different ideas as to what constitutes real sport.

A hunt having been arranged, we started at 2.30 one fine afternoon at the end of April, a sporting-looking party. Besides his Excellency, Sir John, who was mounted on a fine black horse, there were two gallant field officers, one a Fusilier, the other a Rifleman; then a very hard-riding naval officer, well known by the Moors as 'The Reis,' and others. Those of the party who rode hired horses examined their shoes with somewhat despairing feelings. The rough little barbs were shod with plates of iron, fastened on by large-headed nails. But it was wonderful how well these sure-footed nags went, notwithstanding their primitive shoes. In fact, over rough ground they went capitally; it was only on the flat that there were a few awkward stumbles, *one* of which on an occasion went for a nasty fall. We rode up the unevenly paved, narrow high street of Tangiers, amongst all the accessories of a crowd as truly Eastern as any to be found on the coasts of the Mediterranean. Here, a string of camels, who shamble doggedly on, and have to be made way for; there, a saint, whose cleanliness is certainly very many removes from his alleged sanctity; then a water-seller, with distended goat-skin dripping, and bright brass drinking cups; here a sweetmeat seller; again, a money-changer, squatting on the ground before his pile of coppers, each bearing the stamp of the seal of Solomon. Leaving the town, we pass by the Soco, or market, which our present purpose leaves us no time either to examine or describe.

The orders for the afternoon were, that on our way to our camp we were to halt and hunt up a well-known old boar, then occupying an outlying hill; and that, as his destruction was desirable, he was to be shot. At this rendezvous we met the Shereef of Wazan, who frequently attends these meets. We were too late to see the ceremony of his reception, when the faithful are permitted to kiss his stirrups, or even his foot. He is a true descendant of the Prophet, and as a religious personage more venerated than the Sultan of Morocco himself. His appearance was striking, in various ways. A tall, stout man, with heavy features and stolid face of almost negro blackness; he rode a strong horse, having an English dragoon-saddle. The 'get up' was indeed surprising. He wore square-toed, spring-sided, patent-leather boots, with rather rusty box-spurs in them; English brown canvas, waterproof gaiters; very baggy knickerbockers, and a jacket, both of the sacred green colour, now rather faded from the sun; a most enormous hat, a very exaggerated wideawake with huge brim, the whole covered with rough red canvas. The beaters, of whom there were many, wore over their usual white robes a 'jhelab' of dark brown cloth, with a hood. Many of them had on also a large apron, very like that of a cobbler, to save them from thorns, &c., when working through the bush.

Now the arrangements for the shooting were made. The scene of action was a low hill, some half a mile in length, from whose top protruded some bare rocks, its side towards the flat country being

covered with high brushwood. On the western, or outer extremity, were placed beaters, some carrying guns (loaded with blank to more effectually rouse the boar), whilst about eight sportsmen, variously armed with rifle, gun, or matchlock, were stationed along the upper part of the hill-side in commanding positions. One spearman only, mounted, and he the novice at the sport, was placed at the eastern extremity of the line; and in front of him crouched a Moor with matchlock. Soon loud shouts and blank discharges from the western extremity showed that the boar was roused. Then the hill-side became alive with noise and excitement. Magnificent figures of Moors appeared on the rocky points, and with robes waving behind them, and bare arms gesticulating, shrieked as they tried to point out the path of the boar; then rifle shots. But the old boar, apparently unhurt, kept steadily on his course, running straight up to the matchlock bearer at the extremity of the line. The weapon was the usual native gun: a short stock, very long, small-bored barrel, strengthened with brass, a flint lock, and now loaded with ball or loose shot. The Moor allowed the boar to approach within ten yards of him, and then raising his unwieldy gun, fired; but the animal shook his head and mane, furious at the interruption, and passing the Moor, dashed by the near side of the grey barb which bore the novice. That unlucky officer brought over his spear, as rapidly as he could, to the near side, and gave a thrust, which proved ineffectual; for at the moment the barb sprang off to the right, and the boar rushed on, pursued by a hound. The animal escaped for the day, but was found two days afterwards by some beaters in a thick part of a neighbouring 'bush.' He had a wound in the foot, and charged them so fiercely as to tear the 'jhelab' of one Moor, who escaped up a tree, and the boar was then shot.

Whilst we were awaiting the boar, a strange figure rode up. It was Mr. Martin, the well-known host of 'Martin's' hotel, Tangiers. He was well-mounted, and wore a costume in its way not less startling than that of the Shereef. He looked like some gaudy dragon-fly, as he dashed about on his bright bay barb. He wore boots and light breeches, a gold-braided jockey cap above his dark, negro face, whilst a scarf of scarlet and gold was thrown around his light-coloured hunting-jacket.

We all mounted after our unsuccessful shooting, and though another boar was afoot, nothing much more was done, and we moved on to camp. This was pitched just below the ridge of a park-like hill, and lay some fourteen miles from Tangiers, and about two from the Atlantic coast. It was formed of tents of various sorts and sizes, ranging from the little Canadian ridge-pole to comfortable drawing-room and dining tents, in the latter of which some ten or twelve sat comfortably at dinner. Sir John's camp, too, was graced by the presence of the ladies of his Excellency's family, who, as they next day fearlessly rode over the rough ground, seemed as if they would not have been very sorry to have exchanged riding-whips for boar spears.

Next morning we started at 7.15. The eight or ten horsemen with their spears looked very picturesque moving amongst the wild-looking beaters. They were joined at the meet by the Hadj Hamed, an almost life-long friend of Sir John's; he came with many of the people of his village. The events of this day's hunt were less characteristic of the sport than those of the following day. A fine burst, however, took place after lunch, when, except the Reis, all the spearmen were posted, hidden from view, at intervals amongst the bushes on one shore of a dried-up lake. On the opposite side of this clayey—now dry—expanse sloped up a hill covered with thick bushes. After our waiting an hour we could distinguish the Reis tearing down this hill-side at a break-neck pace for such ground. Soon emerged in front of him, followed by a hound, a boar, which made straight for the hunters. All of them waited till the boar had gained about one hundred yards into the plain, then every spearman dashed out at him. With an activity which could hardly have been anticipated from such an unwieldy animal, the boar eluded one after another of the spears thrust at him, the Fusilier alone just being able to touch him. Distancing all the horsemen, whom the boar passed as they wheeled round in pursuit, the animal gained the woodside, where his pursuers had been previously ambushed, and escaped into the impenetrable bush.

The beautiful ride home in the cool of the evening was a pleasant part of the day's amusement. The country was rather bare of trees, and undulating, dried-up lakes amongst low hills being the only peculiar feature. That day's sport had comprised three or four runs, but only one kill, Mr. Martin gaining 'first spear.' After the various beats, the beaters, with their dogs, generally assembled to receive directions, and very striking groups were thus formed. At a well some of the Moors filled their leather aprons with water, out of which their dogs drank. We sat down quite a large dinner party on our return to camp. As, about 10 P.M., we left the dining tent and were groping our way in the dark to our tent, our attention was arrested by a strange cry that came borne upon the night breeze. It was a call to prayer, and came either from some Arab village in the plain, or more probably from the camp of the sacred Shereef, which camp was pitched at some distance to the east.

## CHAPTER II.

The next day was an off-day as far as pig-sticking went. Some of the party went quail-shooting with but small success. We started for a stroll to the Atlantic shore. How different was everything from Spain! That short transit from Gibraltar to Tangiers moves one back centuries in the history of the world, and one is brought face to face with what is, compared to Europe, a bygone condition of existence. Camels were browsing in the fields. From the marsh in front of us half-a-dozen storks had just lazily departed, moving with fearlessness consequent on the almost sacred reverence with

which they are preserved. They looked grand, patching the ground with their great shadows as they flew slowly in the sunlight, the feet close together as if hung like lumps of lead to balance them in their flight. Two Moors were ploughing near, their wooden ploughs small and most primitive in construction. Each was drawn by two little oxen, and very hard work the ploughman had to force the light, rough plough into the heavy soil. Each man wore two loose white cotton shirts coming below the knee, and girt round the waist with strings: head, arms, and legs were bare, the feet being covered only with yellow slippers, turned down at the heel, and always just coming off. The sole protection to the head was the one long lock on the otherwise shaven poll. This lock (always carefully attended to, that by it the faithful may hereafter be drawn up to Paradise) was now tied tightly up with green cord, the end of the cord being passed two or three times round the head. On our way back to camp we passed the tents of an Arab village, and inspected it, though cautiously, for the Arabs dislike intrusion, fearing their women may be seen. The tents are large, oblong in shape, the roof canvas, the walls a palisade of reeds. In the afternoon our party rode out on a botanical expedition. Our hardy little barbs were picketed in a simple yet effective way. Night and day they stood unclothed on the hill-side, the front feet tied together, and the halter being further attached to the near side picquet post.

In the evening the Hadj Hamed, with others, amused themselves with firing at marks—oranges, empty bottles, &c. Considering their weapon—a matchlock—their practice was excellent. Each Moor, ere adjusting his aim (a very long process with so unwieldy a weapon), invariably removed his slippers. To them the use of arms has a sacred character; they believe the result of each shot is immediately under the direction of God, and thus, as in their actual religious services, they uncover their feet. The Moors grouped around—all, generally, fine-looking young men—took great interest in the shooting, and pressed the officers present to show their skill, when the Rifle Colonel quite upheld the credit of his corps by his performance.

Thursday, the 3rd May, was the great day of the hunt, which was a very successful one. About 8 A.M. all were on horseback, the party consisting of some ten spearmen, a few ladies, and from twenty to thirty beaters. The Shereef of Wazam was not out, but Mr. Martin had brought a party from Tangiers, as he occasionally does. Any one staying at Tangiers during a hunt can be provided with everything, horses included, by Martin. His camp was pitched near that of his Excellency. We believe Martin does it all very well, champagne being included in his dinner arrangements; therefore, the price for the outing, which is perhaps high, is not to be wondered at.

After a fruitless draw along the bush close to the Atlantic beach, a position was taken up about a mile from the sea, and a large tract of woodland was beaten. We, the spearmen, stood on rising ground,



facing the north. Immediately behind us the ground, which was pretty thickly covered with bush, sloped gently away, whilst at our feet it dropped almost precipitously down to a plain covered with trees and low thick scrub. Amongst these the beaters worked towards the south, stretching over a long line and approaching our hill, beating the bushes and occasionally firing (what *ought* to have been blank) to arouse the pigs. The noise and occasional gun-shots from the woods stretching beneath us, combined with the whole scene and the repressed excitement, recalled to some of the party past African experiences of a more serious nature, and this impression was deepened when a bullet from some careless beater whistled, though at some distance, over our heads. Orders had been issued that when the boar passed us we were, when pursuing, to keep to our left, the eastward, so as to prevent the animal turning inland, and thus escaping amongst the thicker bush. At length a boar passed us. Away every one galloped; and pretty rough riding it was; tearing through, or jumping over or into bushes, chancing rabbit-holes or spots where root-grubbing boars had been at work. Gradually the horsemen divided; the ruck of them followed the pig direct—but one, and he the Tyro, mindful of orders, made off to the left, expecting the pig to turn; nor had he miscalculated. Four horsemen, however, overtook the pig, who turned like a hare under the horses' feet. Spears were wildly thrust about in every direction; but the pig, though not untouched, broke away and came straight towards the Tyro. That inexperienced spearman prepared himself for action. Now, whilst nothing appears easier than to stick a pig, few things, at least for beginners, are more difficult. Up came the pig, on the off-side of the horse (the right side for spearing); now he ran under the horse, then in front, then seemed everywhere at once, the spearman thrusting and repeatedly missing his aim. Soon the horsemen, whom the pig had before eluded, came charging up, led by the Reis—who, however, missed his aim, but his horse striking the pig with his forelegs, rolled the animal over and over. The boar rose, but ere he could recover himself, the spear of the Tyro had transfixed him; other spear-thrusts followed, and so he was killed. 'First spear' was gained by the Rifle Colonel, who in the first *mêlée* had slightly touched him.

The rule in pig-sticking is that whoever first spears the animal, however slightly, gains all the credit of that run, and the pig belongs to him. Amongst the Moors in the Tangiers hunt there is a recognised custom that when a hunter obtains his 'first spear,' one of the Moors (after the hunt is over) gets hold of his spear and sells it by auction, his fellow-Moors bidding. The owner has to buy it in for the price it fetches. This price varies according to the position of the hunter, and, once paid, the owner of the spear belongs from that time to the hunt. Officers are generally rated at 1/.—and that is by no means an unfair sum to be divided amongst as sporting, well-conducted, and good-humoured a set of native beaters as can be found on the face of the earth.

Again we took our places, now in line, facing south. Another pig was after a bit afoot, and passing near the Fusilier, that officer, on his clever grey barb, had a long chase, the rest of the field tailing some distance behind. Ahead the black pig, with the little grey horse in close pursuit, were seen rising and falling as they jumped over or dashed through the bushes; but at length the Fusilier was able to deliver a successful thrust, when he fell back from the chase, surrendering it to the other horsemen, in whose direction the pig had turned. These came thundering up from all directions, converging to one point. Then such a chance medley of men and horses! The young Oxonian on the big white horse was passed just as his steed, rearing in front of an immense bush, was apparently falling back with him. The Rifleman then led round the bush, but missed his thrust at the pig, who there stood at bay. Following closely came the Tyro, who in full career, with levelled spear, caught the pig and rolled it over somewhere under his horse's feet, and as the pig rose again, a horseman behind delivered another thrust; others who came up soon finished the hapless animal.

Again we fell into line. The Tyro hearing a slight noise, turned and saw a pig moving quietly off. 'Haloup!' (Arabic for pig) he screamed, and pursued, all the horsemen joining in the chase. But the pig at the shout instantly broke into such a gallop that, though the best-mounted men were soon at his heels, and one spear touched him, he yet escaped into a thicket so dense that further pursuit was useless.

Lunch under the shade of some trees, with a well-earned rest for about an hour, occupied the middle of the day. At this meal we were joined by the officer (lately belonging to the English infantry) now in command of the Sultan of Morocco's army. This officer's animal (only, however, temporarily provided for him) was dreadfully disfigured by the clipping of the hair from his mane and tail. This disfigurement had been purposely made by the original owner of the animal, according to the usual plan pursued by any countryman possessing a good horse. For otherwise the pasha, of whatever district it may be, is sure, upon some pretence, to make it his own. The small pay of the pashas, coupled with the demands made on themselves to replenish the imperial treasury, accounts for a great deal of these arbitrary exactions.

After lunch, a very long wait on the outskirts of a wood surrounding a marsh, resulted in a blank draw, and at 4.15 P.M. the party separated. The commander of H.M.S. 'Express,' then crossing to Gibraltar, had invited the Gibraltar men to go back in her. Camp equipage and tents had been sent into Tangiers in the morning, so the 'Express' party had nothing to do but to ride back direct from the covert side. The ride was about ten miles. It was a lovely evening, and as we dropped behind the other horsemen, we could at our leisure observe the scenery and the strange-looking passers-by. The country was a slightly undulating, bare, treeless, hedgeless ploughland; the road merely a hard, dry mud-path. Contrast it is which

gives one of the principal charms to a roving life ; and certainly the last hour of our pig-sticking expedition was full of that charm. Arabs on mules or laden camels passed us as we jogged on. Then we came nigh an Arab village, the women near its little stream hastening off at our approach, yet stopping soon ; for, carefully as the Barbary maidens veil their faces with a shawl when a traveller is passing, yet they are certain to be found, should he glance behind, drawing back the fold for a good stare at the infidel. At length we gained the narrow, sandy lanes leading from the open country into Tangiers ; then by the Soco (or market-place). At one spot were a string of camels just starting for the interior ; then camels, with long neck and chin outstretched on the ground, resting ; again a crowd of Moors, be they Riffs or Arabs, squatting, all talking at once—for it was Thursday, the evening of the great weekly market, and business was over. Then on, under the horseshoe gateway, into the busy, narrow, slippery street, by knavish-looking Jews, still trafficking at their shops ; or portly Moors, sitting solemnly alone in their booths ; and then, resigning our barb, very soon we found ourselves on board Her Majesty's ship, watching the movements of a lot of blue-jackets who, to the squeak of a fife, in regular cadence tramped the deck, as they hauled at the anchor ; and in a few minutes we had left the coast of Barbary behind us.

[NOTE.—It may be useful to intended travellers in Morocco, and sportsmen, to know that Mr. Martin, Tangiers, can fit out a party completely for shooting expeditions or short journeys into the interior. His terms are rather high, but he feeds you well—far better when out than when staying at his hotel. Men should invariably bring their own saddles, rug, and nosebag.]

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## CRICKET IN 1880.

IF the predictions of the weather-wise are only verified, and the dry summer which they have with such singular unanimity ventured to foretell, only becomes a reality, cricketers will have a very busy time of it during the next four months. There are always of course hopeful persons ready enough to take an optimist view of matters as the preparations for each succeeding season approach completion. That their enthusiasm is contagious can hardly be a matter for wonder, and it is not surprising to find the same notes of hope proceeding every spring from the mouths of those whose enjoyment during what ought to be the most enjoyable portion of the year can be measured by the amount of success that attends our game of games. Of late a marked improvement has been gradually taking place in the quality of our cricket, and it has more than once been our pleasurable duty to notice the steady decadence of what may be called purely gate-money exhibitions, in favour of the more genuine sport that marks eleven-a-side matches. The system of starring engagements, it is to be hoped, has received an irrecoverable blow ; and in glancing over the engagements which have already

appeared in anticipation of the season, which practically commences with the First of May, there is every reason for the reflection that good cricket is year by year increasing in popularity as the moral tone of the sport shows a corresponding advance. The energetic manner in which many of the best amateurs have worked, especially in the southern district, has produced something of a transformation in county cricket, and there is every reason for the belief that these labours will have a most beneficial effect, not only in stimulating the ambition of young players, amateur as well as professional, but also in improving the class of those who have to look to the game principally for their livelihood. That professional cricket still languishes in the south is a matter for deep regret, and the more so that the remedy either does not seem to be at hand, or that the vision of those who ought to be most interested in the discovery of rising talent appears to be somewhat obscured. That the leading counties in the south have failed for the last three or four seasons to produce one professional indigenous to the soil, in any way approaching first-class, seems to suggest one common complaint, a scarcity of material; but at the same time it must be added that this is the one blot noticeable on the surface of county cricket, and it behoves those in whom is vested the responsibility of management in Surrey, Middlesex, Kent, Sussex, Gloucestershire, and Hampshire, even in the face of the exceptional amateur strength possessed by some of them, to spare no effort that can assist in the resuscitation of the apparently extinct race of professional cricketers in the south. A steady supply of promising recruits is sadly needed to awaken the interest in some of the early centres of the game, but otherwise there is much cause for congratulation, and there is sound reason for the hope that, with only a fair share of the fine weather which was so conspicuous by its absence last year, the season just begun will be prosperous enough to make us forget the disappointments of its predecessors.

The visit of another Australian eleven during this summer had been rumoured for some time previous to the meeting now held annually at Lord's for the arrangement of the various programmes, but nothing more than mere report could be gathered, and a considerable period elapsed before their negotiations assumed a definite shape. That the final arrangements were perhaps expedited by certain difficulties between the manager of the team which starred the country under Gregory's command in 1878, and those responsible for the collection of the thirteen now due in England, is a natural inference, but none the less there can be little doubt that their present visit is for many reasons singularly ill-timed. The difficulty of altering fixtures in the existing number of engagements which the directorates of most of the counties have necessarily to consider, would in many cases have been sufficient to prevent the arrangement of matches with this second colonial team, but at the same time it would be idle, if not useless, to attempt to ignore the fact that a considerable amount of feeling undeniably exists just at

present with regard to Australian players: The unpleasantness between Lord Harris's team and some members of the New South Wales representatives at Sydney, which proved the one drawback to an otherwise enjoyable trip, may be passed over as not altogether the most important factor in the case, and it is perhaps the more natural to infer that the conduct of some of Gregory's men on the occasion of the first tour, the unsportsmanlike manner in which they behaved more than once, the misrepresentations made by some of them in their own papers, and the strictly financial spirit in which their affairs while over here were conducted throughout, combined to produce an evident disinclination on the part of a large majority of the leading players to alter their arrangements to include fixtures with another team representative of Australian cricket. The expression of feeling is no doubt natural enough, and there is obviously no obligation on the part of an English club to play any eleven merely because they travel thousands of miles, combining avowedly the business of making money at cricket with the pleasure of a very occasional and hasty glance at English scenery and English sights; but at the same time, while fully admitting all these shortcomings, and recognising thoroughly the purely commercial character of their excursion, for many reasons we should have been more satisfied had there been a chance of their appearance on some Metropolitan ground. The visit is made under different circumstances to those which marked that of Conway, Gregory, and Company. The pretentious spirit which characterised their conduct in 1878, and their objection to be considered professionals while sharing in the profits of a lucrative voyage, which were overlooked when they were in some degree the guests of English cricketers, would no longer be tolerated, but this would be met by the simple remedy of treating them solely and admittedly as professionals. Their absence from the programmes of several of the leading clubs proves sufficiently that in England gate-money is not the paramount consideration; but the arrangement of a fixture, if such were practicable in London, in which the entire proceeds could be shared equally between English and Australian charities, would, we feel sure, be a welcome item of intelligence to a large number of well-wishers of the game, and contribute perhaps to a renewal of that good feeling which every one considers to be the highest feature in the grandest of all our British sports.

The visit of a Canadian team, too, can hardly be regarded as opportune, though for different reasons, but the kindness with which English players have always been received everywhere in the Dominion is sure to obtain for them a hearty welcome. The easy victories obtained by Daft's Eleven in the autumn against the various twenty-twos to whom they were opposed does not presuppose any strong material in these visitors, and indeed their trip, the financial prospects of which can hardly be improved by their collision with the Australians, will not apparently take place under the most promising auspices. The names of the players include a few who

were tried against Daft's men, but the prowess of the champions of Canada has never impressed one as being of a very high order, and they will labour also under the disadvantages of coming with all the chief programmes completed. Their programme is to include matches both at Lord's and the Oval, but their list of fixtures will not be a very imposing one, and their visit, it is probable, might, equally with that of the Australians, have been deferred with advantage until a more fitting season.

In English cricket proper there is not the sign of a cloud, and in point of quantity the number of first-class matches has certainly not been exceeded of late years. That the Marylebone Club recognises fully its mission as the great centre of cricket is proved by its lengthy and steadily increasing programme, and it is impossible to overrate the impetus given to the game by the impartial and liberal manner in which the M.C.C. distributes its favours over the whole of the kingdom. The frequent repetition of the matches between North and South, has suggested the advisability of a new Whitsuntide fixture in the shape of Daft's American Eleven v. England, and this time the proceeds are to be given to the "Cricketers' Fund," an institution which suffered last year by the collapse of the annual meeting between North and South during Derby week at Prince's. What will be the result of a season in which North and South do not meet it is difficult to foretell, but the simultaneous action of the authorities is a little significant after the wearisome iteration of these contests, and there will be something at least novel in a year that can claim an entire absence of these worn-out fixtures. A difficulty in finding room for the Canadians at Lord's was met by a change of date and place in the match with Notts, but otherwise there is no novelty in the Marylebone programme, and we are glad to find that the fixture of Over Thirty v. Under Thirty, which was so irretrievably damaged last year on the occasion of the presentation of Mr. W. G. Grace's testimonial, is to be repeated, and under, it is to be hoped, more favourable circumstances.

The Surrey Club has issued a very ambitious programme, and one which, in the uncertainty which pervades the composition of its eleven, will be somewhat difficult to carry through creditably, unless the season is to give birth to the long-expected bowler or bowlers for whom the county has so long pined in vain. Fifteen matches form a heavy list for any southern shire, and though every one will be glad that Nottinghamshire is again on the Surrey card, after a year's absence, it savours a little of rashness to choose the same time for adding Lancashire again to the number of its foemen. Barratt's unaccountable ill-success of last year may unfortunately be again the fate of the county, and with Southerton less effective and obviously not likely to last long, and no other professional bowlers, apparently, but Potter and Blamires, Surrey will need all its amateur as well as batting strength to make a fair show. The absence of North and South is a noticeable void in the programme at the Oval, but the substitution of Daft's American Eleven v. England will be a pleasing

change for the exuberant frequenters of the Surrey Ground, and the Canadians may possibly draw well on the Surrey side.

Yorkshire equals Surrey in the number of its engagements, and these are the only counties which will have the opportunity of testing the strength of the Cambridge University Eleven. Last year the career of the Yorkshiremen was a chequered one, and their double defeat by Derbyshire proved a topic for discussion, perhaps not even yet exhausted in the North. That the County Eleven were at times so unsuccessful in scoring may, perhaps, be in some small measure explained by the state of the ground, but in this respect they certainly showed an amount of uncertainty strange to Yorkshire cricket, and the committee will pay particular attention, no doubt, to the batting capabilities of the Colts who are to be put through the mill early this month. Bates, who is another addition to the strength of the ground bowling staff of the Marylebone Club, will have plenty of chance of practice at Lord's, and in the event of a dry season there will be an opportunity of taking the exact measure of Peate, the left-handed bowler, who made such a promising *début* on the wet wickets of 1879, and who, contrary to the general acceptance of the proverb, is more believed in throughout his own county than elsewhere. The addition of the match at Cambridge against the University is the only change to mark the Yorkshire list in comparison with that of 1879, as the two meetings with the Australians at Huddersfield and Dewsbury, it may be stated, are in no way attributable to the County Club.

Nottinghamshire can look forward to the opening season with more confidence than any of its rivals. Singularly fortunate as the county is and always has been in the possession of an exclusively professional eleven, Notts can boast besides a team certainly stronger all round than any other shire, and one on whom it can always depend. The extraordinary collapse of the Derbyshire players before Morley's bowling last year on each occasion has resulted in its dismissal to admit of the reappearance of Surrey on the programme, but with the exception of the match with M.C.C., which is this year to take place at Nottingham and apparently is to fill up the gap caused by the removal of the Kentish fixture, the list is unaltered, and as the Eastertide Colts' trial produced more than one likely youngster, there is little fear of the deposition of Notts from the foremost position it gained in 1879.

Lancashire, justified by the excellent show made last year, has revived the old meeting with Surrey, as well as added a new and important home fixture between Gentlemen of the North and Players of the North, which is sure to prove attractive, though hardly so this season on account of its collision with the match between Gloucestershire and Notts at Nottingham. Taken at its best and with all its amateurs, Lancashire can place a formidable eleven in the field, and it is to be regretted that the fixtures with Middlesex, of which there was some talk during the winter, could not be arranged, to judge by the sensational results that attended

the first trial between Middlesex and Gloucestershire last summer. Middlesex, content with the programme carried out in 1879, makes no change, and though the matches are against Gloucestershire, Notts, Yorkshire, and Surrey, its exceptional strength in batting, when the full forces of the county are collected, will always make it dangerous. A team that can include such batmen as the Hon. E. Lyttelton, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Messrs. I. D. Walker, A. J. Webbe, A. F. Ford, W. Ford, G. F. Vernon, T. S. Pearson and W. H. Hadow, can have little 'tail,' and there is no lack of likely recruits to judge by the good all-round form shown by C. T. Studd, the Eton captain towards the end of the season of 1879, and the promise of the Rugbeian, C. F. Leslie, whom, according to rumour, Middlesex is also entitled to claim.

Gloucestershire, rich as ever in the possession of the Graces, has of late years not added materially to its strength by the addition of new players, except in the case of Midwinter, but in the three members of the Downend family to the fore, and Mr. Gilbert, Midwinter, and Mr. Townsend, the county bids fair for some time at least to hold its own, in the event even of the supply of likely amateurs running dry. Surrey, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Lancashire and Notts are, as last year, the chosen foemen of the county, but an important and noticeable fixture also marks the list in the shape of an engagement with the Australian eleven at Clifton; and Gloucestershire and Sussex, indeed, are the only southern shires to extend their hospitality to the eleven under Boyle's charge. Sussex, whatever may have been its disappointments of late, is at least fortunate at the present time in having such a munificent supporter of the game in its president, Lord Sheffield, and it will certainly be ingratitude if the county does not unearth some useful cricketers to reward his efforts. A judicious step has been taken in his selection of William Mycroft to visit the different districts of Sussex to find out and coach likely youngsters, and if this scheme—the same as one which was decided upon by the Surrey Committee three years ago, and reluctantly abandoned owing to circumstances over which they had no control—only be properly supported as it deserves, Sussex cricket should soon show some signs of vitality. A resuscitation of the old fixture with Hants is welcome, inasmuch as it shows Hampshire—for which Mr. Clement Booth worked so hard—again to the fore under the care of a new secretary, Mr. Russell Bencraft, and all who remember the ancient glories of the county will hope for their speedy revival.

Kent, whose eleven were singularly out of luck on the heavy grounds of last season, considering their undoubted batting strength, will have the opportunity of reversing the verdicts then given, as the team are in some cases sure to do under different surroundings. With the exception of Nottinghamshire, whose executive has decided to withdraw the Kentish fixture, as last year it did that of Surrey, and whose place will be taken by Derbyshire, the County will, indeed, have precisely the same number of anta-



gonists to meet, and with an improvement in their fielding, which more than once injured their chances last year, the eleven should be capable of making a good fight with, if not actually successful against, the best of their opponents. Derbyshire, who, despite its double victory over Yorkshire, and the excellent bowling of Mycroft and Hay, was weaker, perhaps, in batting than any shire of last year, still retains the Yorkshire and Lancashire fixtures, though deprived of those with Notts, and the change enables its Committee to introduce two Southern matches with Kent and Sussex, which will, perhaps, after all be more interesting trials of strength until the County Eleven become equally well armed at both points of the game. Somersetshire, undismayed by the ill success that attended its efforts to secure a place in first-class cricket, returns to the charge again with home-and-home matches against Sussex and Hants, in lieu of the one meeting with Gloucestershire and Surrey; and Leicestershire will again, to judge by the achievements of the eleven during the last two or three seasons, make a good bid for a position among the first-class counties. Hertfordshire has not the satisfaction this year of the two engagements with Sussex, but the eleven proved their ability by the double defeat of that county in 1879, and Bedfordshire and Essex could each place a fair team in the field on an urgent occasion.

At the Universities the early outlook seems to be almost, if not quite, as favourable for Cambridge as it was about the same period last year. It is true that the loss of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton will be a serious blow to the Cantabs, and, indeed, it would be altogether beyond expectation to find any one who could fill his place either as a batsman or a wicket-keeper. Still there are seven of the victorious eleven of 1879 left in the persons of A. G. Steel, the Hon. Ivo Bligh, P. H. Morton, R. S. Jones, G. B. Studd, H. E. Whitfeld, A. F. J. Ford; and there is at least one Freshman, C. T. Studd, the Eton captain, who effectually proved his abilities in good company in the Middlesex Eleven last August, and is sure to be an acquisition to the University both in batting and bowling. At Oxford little has been shown as yet to encourage the belief that there is any bright particular star among the new arrivals; but as the Freshmen are the only ones who have as yet been subjected to a trial, and one game is altogether an insufficient test of a young cricketer's abilities, it is too early to express a decided opinion on the chances of the Oxonians. H. R. Webbe, who will be much missed, has been replaced in the captaincy by A. D. Greene, an old Cliftonian; and there will be a strong Clifton element, likely to be strengthened if the rumours of the abilities of Harrison, a Freshman, as a slow bowler, prove to be well-founded. Eton will have P. J. de Paravacini as captain this season, and C. M. Kemp, who kept wicket so well at Lord's in the last match, should be useful to Harrow in the same capacity. Rugby retains C. F. Leslie, whose hitting has proved so effective against Marlborough; and Public School cricket, which suffered terribly from the rains of 1879,

should make a much better show this year. A fixture of some interest in connection with the Schools has been arranged between old Marlburians and old Cheltonians at Cheltenham, and it is worthy of notice from the fact that it will form a complimentary match for James Lillywhite, who has recently resigned the office he so long and honourably held in connection with Cheltenham cricket. The principal fixture for the Canterbury week at present stands as England v. Fourteen of Kent, but no notification has been given of the title of the second match; and the meeting between Gloucestershire and the Australians, at Clifton, will at least prevent Mr. W. G. Grace's presence in Kent during the last three days of the Kentish festival. The abandonment of the matches annually decided at Scarborough in September, under the patronage of Lord Londesborough, will be a blow to the supporters of the game in the North, and many will regret that it has been deemed necessary to give up a festive gathering which also afforded employment to several of the most deserving professionals of the Yorkshire Eleven.

#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THERE is just now plenty of energy on the part of yacht-owners in preparing for the coming season, which, judging from present appearances, should be as brilliant as ever. This month's record is, however, pretty much confined to opening cruises and minor affairs, the first big events of the yachting year being as usual fixed for June, when most of the yachting fleet, including the Prince of Wales's new acquisition, the crack *Formosa*, will be ready for the fray. The *Surf*, a well-known competitor when in the hands of Mr. Frank Lambert, and more recently of Mr. Frederick Williams, has again changed owners, Mons. Pilon, a French gentleman, being her present proprietor. Count Batthyany's famous cutter, *Kriemhilda*, has also been sold; her new owner, Mr. Bouch, proposes to try his luck with her as a yawl.

Following the example of the Nice authorities, some liberal prizes were offered at Ajaccio. The first event consisted of an ocean race from Nice, for which Lord Gosford's big schooner *Cetonia*, the yawl *Gertrude*, now owned by Lieut. Henn, R.N., and M. Fonade's *Eva*, formerly *Myosotis*, a vessel well-known in English waters, entered. Time allowance was given at the start, and after *Gertrude* had caught and left the *Eva*, she looked like securing the prize, but close home the wind died, and the big ship bringing the breeze along, proved an easy winner. The next affair fell to *Gertrude*, whose only opponent was *Eva*.

The Yankees, whose ideas are nothing if not big, are reported to contemplate an ocean race to Southampton between four steam-yachts now in course of construction, for a sweepstakes of 15,000 dollars apiece. The notion has, at any rate, the merit of novelty.

Professional rowing is almost at zero. Those who are not sick of the name of Courtney, and of futile arrangements between him, Hanlan, and Trickett, all, either, or, most probably, none, hear that the Hop-Bitters Prize is really to be rowed for on the 17th of next month. There have hitherto, however, been so many slips in these transactions, that one may fairly take this with more than the proverbial one grain.

Henley is fixed earlier than usual, the 17th and 18th of June being the days appointed. London, Thames, Kingston, and Jesus (the holders), are putting on for the Grand, and most of the crews are above the average strength. In this respect few will equal the Cantabs, who again row Hockin, Gurdon, Prest, and others of last year's boat. Kingston expect Phillips back to row stroke for them, and in the Thames crew Hastie proposes to take a back seat, as Brown, one of this year's Oxford crew, is to be tried for the after-thwart. It remains to be seen, however, if the Dark Blue style will harmonise with that of the Putney men. Leander, who, like the Oxford Etonians, never came to Henley without a specially good chance, will possibly enter, and with Edwardes-Moss, Ellison, and Wharton, should muster a strong eight, but Jesus, if last year's men row, will be equal to all opponents from Oxford or Cambridge. The London Club have an exceptional quantity of new blood, so much so, that this year they have three trial eights in training instead of the customary couple, and H. H. Playford, Jun., will take the stroke oar. If there be anything in a name he should fit the post to a nicety. Some enterprising Germans, the Cologner Ruder-gesellschaft, propose coming over for the Grand and the Stewards. Without anticipating a success for the visitors, their courage at least deserves our admiration. They are determined to be on an equality with us as to boats, having given Jack Clasper orders for an eight and a four. Apropos of foreigners, the Cercle Nautique of Paris, instead of imitating their Teutonic rivals, and visiting our waters, announce a series of matches on the Seine, open to junior oarsmen only, for the very day of Henley Regatta, so they are not likely to be troubled with many entries from this side. Reverting to the Henley programme, Hastie and Eyre will again oppose Moss and Ellison for the goblets, and the meeting of these cracks should secure a fine race, even if they have the entry to themselves. F. L. Playford, the amateur champion, talks of giving up sculling, which is too bad to be true, as there seems no reason why he should not equal Casamajor's achievements, at any rate on the tideway.

Another amateur famous in his day is taken from amongst us in the prime of manhood. But recently Mr. Alfred Trower died with a suddenness most painful to his large circle of friends, and during the past month Mr. Allan Morrison, formerly of Balliol College, a name associated with some of the most notable victories of the Oxford halcyon days, 1860-70, died at the early age of thirty-eight. Mr. Morrison, who was an oarsman of great power, rowed No. 5 in the winning crews of 1862, 1863, and 1865.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—'Come, gentle Spring.'

THERE is an attempt often made to get some mild fun out of the delights of an English spring, when the east wind is steady in its quarter; when the dust blows in eddies and the ground is hard as asphalt; when we pile on the wraps and the coals in about equal proportion, and have visions of Monte Carlo, the rhododendrons, and the Mediterranean, as we shiver at Northampton, Punchestown, Newmarket, or wherever fate or inclination leads us. That season, however,

'When early primroses appear  
And vales are decked with daffodils,'

is not very provocative of fun—at least, we have never found it so; certainly not on this its never-mind-what anniversary. We had heard much of 'the 'luscious south wind' from some easy-going Roman exiles who, during March and April,

'Had thought it might be sweet to pitch  
'Their tent beside those banks of Tiber,'

and who, while we were battling with Eurus in Piccadilly, were playing lawn tennis on that 'turf behind the Ludovisi,' for which 'the Bruens,' and Mr. Frederick Locker, are responsible. We had been tantalised with accounts of how you were positively broiled at Cannes, and baked dry at dusty Hyères, until we took up our Charles Kingsley, and tried to believe him when he says that Zephyr does naught 'but soften heart alike and pen,' and that 'tis the hard grey weather breeds hard Englishmen.' Perhaps there is something in it. We will try and think there is, and can only wish that we could believe as firmly as that most charming of modern writers did. One thing we do believe most steadfastly, which is that Eurus is more unpleasant in London than elsewhere, and, while we may endure him when

'Breast high lies the scent  
On byholt and headland,  
Over heath and bent,'

we can't stand him in the Park, and had rather not meet him in Pall Mall. So we will turn our faces for a while Westward ho!

'How proud must be our admiral of such a gallant bark!' Not that we meant to say this, but an old song of boyish days came into our head as we thought how proud the skipper of the good ship Connaught ought to have been, on the Sunday before Punchestown, when that vessel conveyed a distinguished freight—not numerically large, being, indeed, more akin to that company who were 'fit though few'—a freight in which beauty was the most costly article, though blue blood, chivalry, and general utility were on the bill of lading. 'Twas a glorious day. We had left Eurus somewhere on the road—dropped him, if we remember rightly, between Rugby and Chester—and his brother Zephyr—or was it Favonius?—had taken up the running. He was rather against us; but a head wind only steadies a boat, and so the Connaught rode lightly over the waves, and allowed beauty and blue blood, and chivalry and utility, to eat their luncheons and enjoy the breeze. Hurrah for the Sunday boat! If we were poetical, we would write a song in its honour; only, perhaps publicity might ruin the object of our praise. For the attractions of the Sunday boat are, first and foremost, that comparatively few people know of it, and fewer still go by it, and that time is lost by those who do. That latter circumstance will, we hope, long keep the Sunday boat quiet. We are most of us so fond of tearing through the world like so many Queen's messengers, that a hint at slower locomotion is generally received, we are glad to say, unfavourably; so hurrah for the Sunday boat! We remember, some three or four years ago, crossing by it when there were only three quarterdeck passengers—the Irish Master of the Horse; a certain 'Tom,' well known to all readers of these pages, and our unworthy self. That was a fine time; and we have had many since, but few pleasanter than on this occasion, when there were companions apt at all subjects and things, from the fall of Beaconsfield to the advent of Gladstone; from the cedar of Libanus to the hyssop on the wall. We talked about the cedar, and we criticised the hyssop; but as the conversation was private and confidential, our readers must excuse us. No doubt much valuable matter, many terse remarks, and not a few biting sarcasms were cast upon the waters of

St. George's Channel, to be, we trust (not) found after many days. There was a great deal of weeping and gnashing of teeth over some features of the political contest we were going through. Many good men and good sportsmen had gone under, and much we feared more were to go. The loss of a certain 'Jim' was much bemoaned, and the fact that a portion of 'the finest pisantry in the world' and their leaders would shriek with joy over his defeat, added to our trouble. But here is Kingstown Pier, with the gallant Master of the Horse to welcome rank and beauty in the Viceregal name, and soon we find ourselves in our old and comfortable quarters at the Gresham, which had much painted and brushed itself up to do Punchestown honour *more Hibernico*. It is curious, as we think we have before had occasion to remark, what an amount of whitewash and window-cleaning 'the Irish Derby' gets out of the old city. It could not have been the election, which is provocative of dirt; or the Synod, which generally begets discord; so we must perforce put down the paint and the papering of the Gresham to higher causes. Dublin was in the throes of the election, by the way, after our arrival, but it was outwardly a very tame affair, and we were not aware of any new or other feature unfamiliar to the Saxon mind. We did not see a fight, or a drunken man, or hear a real Irish 'hurroo,' for which we fear the ballot has much to answer. How Erin's capital distinguished itself on that day is now a page of history which Dublin's citizens, we fancy, would be glad to obliterate if it were possible. There was not much else going on. The inevitable sale at Sewell's drew together what strangers there were, but the English faces were few and far between, and native *habitués* even were missed from the crowd in the yard. Those who were there had merely come up to vote, and were off next day to do the same, south, west, or north, and Punchestown was only thought of with regret. We did not see many good horses, but perhaps we timed our visit at an unlucky hour. Neither did we have an opportunity of looking at the Empress of Austria's hunters—a stud got together by Colonel Forster, and of which rumour spoke highly. But we saw the next best thing to them in the flesh, which was their 'counterfeit presentiment' in the photographic studio of Messrs. Robinson and Son, in Grafton Street. Most of the cracks had been taken by them, and we were enabled to form a good idea of their points, and to see that rumour had not belied their excellence. And many other things there were in the Grafton Street studio worth seeing—perhaps more so than the horses of an Empress. Half the pretty women in Ireland were there, 'photographed like this, and 'photographed like that,' but, to their credit be it said, they were taken like ladies, and not members of the *corps de ballet*. All the riding men we had ever seen appear to have sat to Messrs. Robinson, and sat to them as well as they do over the pastures of Kildare or in our own Shires. Artistically arranged groups, too—and how difficult is easy and artistic grouping!—were everywhere; family groups, wedding groups (among the latter a certain 'Bob,' as well known in Pall Mall as he is in Kildare Street); hunting ditto. It needs must that 'the Van-driver' added his interesting physiognomy to the collection—a memorial of Punchestown that he will value. A great help—with the aid of a few Red Banks, to the due enjoyment of which we were piloted by 'Robin Hood,'—was Messrs. Robinson's studio, in wiling away an otherwise dull afternoon.

Under the same bold outlaw's guidance we dined. His easy and affable manners appear to be as much appreciated at the south end of Dublin as they are in the Strand. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him, and he seemed to be as much at home as on his 'native heaths' of Aintree and

Ashdown. His numerous friends experienced a shock at first at seeing him without the historic umbrella, but otherwise his welcome was effusive and genuine. A man of abstemious habits himself, he yet knew those who indulged in a pernicious liquor called 'punch,' cunning artificers who weighed the sugar by the grain, and the whisky by—we forget what quantity. John Jamieson, we drink your health and your family's!—but really this is *not* Punchestown, and we must get on, or we shall have Mr. Baily and the printers down upon us, wanting to know what the &c., &c.

That the great Irish meeting should suffer from the universal complaint—the general election—was to be expected. The people were not there in their hundreds, as of yore, but that must be perhaps attributed to a scarcity of cash; neither was the Steward's Stand quite as crowded as we have seen it. Still, there was the same display of the beauty that is indigenous, of the hospitality that never fails. There were faces in the ladies' balcony that would have held their own in any capital of Europe, and yet still with that marked nationality which goes with Irish eyes all over the world—

'Tis only west of old Athlone  
Such girls are found, and now they're gone,'

sang Charles Lever some years ago; but they are not gone; and the beauty of the Burkes, Blakes, and Bodkins of Charles O'Malley's rollicking days lives in their descendants. About the horseflesh we cannot say so much. We used to see a lot of good horses at Punchestown, and there was brisk competition at the hammer, after the Farmers' Race, for the winner and others; but now times were changed. There was a so-called 'hunter' or two, quite good enough perhaps to win a Liverpool; among them Pinnacle, a five-year-old mare by Gunboat, who was as yet unbeaten, and who took the Drogheda Stakes on the first day, after a good race with a four-year-old called Stormy Petrel, from the 'Empress' stable, that probably may be heard of next year in this country. A very nice little horse is Stormy Petrel, and one that took our fancy very much. Then there was Pickpocket, by The Lawyer—Fair Play—not a name complimentary to the profession, by the way—who showed himself, like most of that breed, a stayer; and if we add to this list another 'hunter' in Kittiwake, a daughter of Speculum and Kitty who won the Grand Military Hunters, we think we have mentioned all the good horses we saw. There was, to be sure, an old acquaintance, Foreman, an undoubted good horse, who lost the Conyngham Cup by slipping his field, as he did in this very race two years ago; but then he is an old horse now, and we were more particularly speaking of the young ones. Still was the sport good—much better than Lord Drogheda had expected, looking at the falling off in the entries for the two leading events, the Conyngham Cup and the Prince of Wales's Plate. Fewer horses in Ireland than usual, was the reason given for the poor entry and the poorer fields. And yet the five first horses in the Liverpool were Irish bred. What a lot *we* must have over here, if this is considered a bad time in Ireland. However, putting aside for a moment the quality, we must repeat, the sport was good, the finishes being well contested, and in some instances close. It was an exciting race, for instance, between Pinnacle and Stormy Petrel, in the Drogheda, where the unbeaten mare was giving the young one 12 lbs.; and supposing Stormy Petrel to be smart, which we fancy he is, this was a very good performance on the mare's part. She never, we believe, had her neck stretched before, but certainly the young one did it in the race we have mentioned. Then Lady Pitt made a race of it for the Prince of Wales's, with Assurance, and the grand finale was that between Athlacca and Marplot, in the Downshire

Plate, the former having always the best of it, and winning by what they call in Ireland 'a short half length,' but what appeared to us to more clearly resemble a neck. At all events it was a wonderfully good race, and from the two running wide, most of us on the Stewards' Stand, which is some little distance behind the chair, thought Marplot had won. Athlacca, by the way, is not a bad-bred one, by Lord Gough—Anxiety, and belongs to Mr. Hartigan, the sporting Vet. of the sporting 3rd D. G. That regiment took the honours, and though Jupiter Tonans was an absentee from the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Lee-Barber rode Mr. Hartigan's King of Athens in Irish Grand Military, and won with such ease that it is probable 'the King,' who is by Marsyas out of Carita, may have to be added to the list of good horses we saw at Punchestown. The question is, what did he beat? and as we are not very well up in Irish form, we will not hazard an opinion. Time will show.

If we missed some of 'the fun of the fair,' why, 'the times were out of joint,' and a general depression was over all. Still, as Irishmen are emphatically sportsmen first and politicians afterwards, we buried the war hatchet for the nonce, and enjoyed ourselves as sportsmen should. 'The army' did the luncheons in their usual style, and no one went hungry away. Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess came on the first day, with the guests of the Viceregal lodge, and were well received, but the second day saw them absentees. For this there were many reasons. We are not allowed to tread the debatable ground of politics, but we may be permitted to hope that Irish men and women will fling into their farewell to the gracious lady who has shown herself such a fitting helpmate to her lord, something beyond the mere stereotyped expressions of gratitude and regret. If ever the consort of a Viceroy has deserved well of Ireland, the Duchess of Marlborough is that lady.

Northampton exhibited more of its old 'form' than it has done for many years; but we may note for the benefit of its inhabitants, who are far too enlightened and advanced 'to stick to their last,' that the successful revival of their race meeting is due to the intelligence and industry of the Messrs. Frail, not to the fact that Messrs. Bradlaugh and Labouchere represent Northampton in Parliament. As no one but a millionaire could afford to stay in the town, and as even millionaires like to get something in return for their expenditure, the town was empty till the trainfull of racegoers arrived. The Tuesday morning was cloudy, and threatened rain, but just as the numbers for the first race were hoisted the sun came out, and the weather thenceforth left nothing to be desired—a phrase that cannot be used with regard to the state of the course, for the choice collection of booths, swings, and merry-go-rounds opposite the stand entirely prevented those interested from seeing anything of the running on the far side of the course. It is, therefore, devoutly to be hoped that next year the residuum will be instructed to erect its booths, swings, and merry-go-rounds elsewhere. The sports began with the Northamptonshire Cup, distance one mile; competitors, Placida, Peter, Kaleidoscope, and another. Bishop Butler doubted whether there was any guarantee that a whole nation would not go mad, and subsequent events have fully justified the wise bishop's doubts. There ought, however, to be some guarantee that the shrewdest body of men in the country, to wit, the noble army of backers, will not lose their heads and take leave of their senses. Though there ought to be, there clearly is not, for in this very race 'the talent,' the *soi-disant* 'talent,' laid odds of 11 to 8 on Placida, and allowed offers of 2 to 1 against Peter to go begging. The race itself is easily described, as soon after half a mile had been covered, Peter took a clear lead

of Placida, which he maintained to the end without an effort, and eventually won by four lengths, the Oaks winner being second, only two lengths in front of Kaleidoscope, whose price was 12 to 1, but who according to the *quidnuncs* could have beaten her for second place if his jockey had so desired. Last year, it may be remembered, this race was secured by Sir Joseph, Kaleidoscope being second, and Placida a bad third. But 'many things have happened since then,' amongst others Placida's good second to Rosy Cross in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and Kaleidoscope's home defeat by the wretched Chocolate, who carried the Rusley banner so unsuccessfully on the Carholme. The Althorp Park brought out a field of nine, and for it Blanton's Scobell, a name which brings back pleasant recollections of the Bibury Club in one case, and of Winchester and the *cari luoghi* of Trinity College, Oxford, in another, was made a tremendous favourite at 6 to 5. Taking the lead at the distance he looked like cantering in, but was collared when nearly home by the moderate Althotas, and beaten a neck. All sorts of excuses were made for him, and, as the Admiral used to say, the second horse being the luckiest in the race, and his rider the unluckiest, the critics decided that Cannon had been caught napping by Wood. Scobell is, we must admit, a nice, elegant, agile colt by Carnival out of Lady Sophie, the dam of Scamp, whom he in no way resembles. The winner started at 4 to 1, and every one was glad to see Sir George Chetwynd's abominable luck showing a tendency to turn. A speedy-looking colt of the Duke of St. Albans, by King of the Forest out of Tisiphone, dam of the fast and early Coronella, met with considerable support, and so did the pick of the Althorp basket. Mr. Sherborne's Flodden by King of Scots out of Tragedy, purchased at Marden Deer Park last year for 620 guineas. If we mistake not, he will, before many weeks are over, show a clean pair of heels to his two conquerors, though on this occasion he was four lengths behind them. The 'Van' Driver, as his passengers know, likes a horse with a good name, and no one can deny that Mr. Sherborne, who is at one with him on this subject, was extremely happy when he called his horse Flodden. In the Queen's Plate 'the talent,' as they certainly were justified in doing, laid odds on Roehampton against Thurio and the rest of the field. Though the odds on him expanded when he appeared to have the race at his mercy, on entering the straight Thurio caught him opposite the stand, and after a fine fight, beat him by a head. Here the cry was that Snowden had been out-jockeyed by Cannon. Roehampton, it struck us, showed a little of the white feather, and if we are right in our view, we trust that Mr. Perkins, to whom he has been a good and useful servant, will give him some rest for a time. Of the thirteen starters for the Spencer Plate, Mr. Rayner's Roscius was the selected one, though Dourance at one time had nearly as many friends. Both were, however, seriously interfered with, and neither had anything to do with the finish, a splendid one, in which the third favourite, Frivola, carrying the, for a three-year-old, respectable weight of 7 st. 1 lb., just got home before the outsider Death or Glory, who would assuredly have 'done' her if he had, what she alone in the race had, a straight, uninterfered-with run. Frivola, we may remind those who take an interest in names, is the filly by George Frederick out of Madame Eglantine, who, ridden by Wood, won the Grendon Nursery at Warwick in September, and was objected to by Fordham on the ground of foul riding. The objection being soon afterwards withdrawn, Mr. T. E. Walker came to the conclusion that it was a 'frivolous' one, and immediately named her Frivolous, a name he subsequently and properly changed to her present one, Frivola. Douranee doesn't seem to have grown or improved at all, and we much fear that Russley is dead out



of luck at present. The old-fashioned St. Liz fell to Lord Ellesmere's Plaisante, whose new trainer, Charles Archer, had won him the Buccleuch Cup early in the day, a pretty good beginning, and one we hope to see well followed up. Wednesday's proceedings commenced with the Delapre Welter, which went to the least-fancied of the three runners, Warren Hastings, who beat Martivalle by a head and the favourite Hudibras, generally, we regret to say, pronounced 'Hudibra,' a long way. Then followed a hunters' race, and then the Auction Stakes, for which, to get allowances, Dougal by Macgregor out of Knavery was entered to be sold for 100 sovs., and though not such a favourite as Fetterless, who was giving him 10 lbs., and Cash, was backed to a pretty good tune to recover the Scobell losses of the day before. He won without an effort, and was bought in for 450 guineas. As it cost 350 guineas to buy him in, and as the stake was only worth 260*l.*, it 'goes without saying' that the Blantonians had a good race. Roehampton's defeat by Thurio made the bookers harden their hearts and lay 5 to 2 up to the fall of the flag against the bonnie Dresden China, who was not *soit dit en passant*, looking particularly bonnie here; almost in equal demand with her was Mar, who landed his solitary place at Egham in the mud last August, but the contest was confined to Dresden China and Abbaye, now Mr. L. Rothschild's, who was receiving no less than 23 lbs., the giver of the weight defeating the recipient by a neck after a finely-riden race. Though the company was not particularly good, Roscius made such an example of his five opponents in the six furlong Welter Cup at the end of the day, that his backers for the Spencer Plate had plenty of temptation to indulge in sad and useless reflections on 'what might have been.' There is little to add about the Northampton meeting except to state that its revival, unlike most revivals, is likely to be permanent; that Joe Dawson, whose revival is an even more satisfactory one, took three good prizes on the first day; that Mr. Perkins, as last year, landed the Northamptonshire Stakes with a heavy weight; and that our new and 'specially commissioned' cotemporary 'Sport' predicted the results of all the principal races of the meeting.

The many people, and they are very many, who have a holy horror of Epsom, and have wished for years that our great three-year-old race could be removed to some other location, did not feel their loving feelings increased this year by the action of the Epsom authorities in regard to the Second Spring. The needless spinning out of the meeting to three days, the unsportsmanlike interference with Sandown, with the too evident intent of injuring that fixture to the profit of their own, had disgusted the majority of men who go racing, a body not particularly given to taking strict views of what is straight and honourable, but still quite willing to draw a line somewhere. We think, from what we have heard, they drew the line at the Epsom interference, and though of course they all went to see the City and Suburban run for, as they would have gone, we verily believe, if the authorities, defying all penalties, had run it on a Sunday, there was a general feeling that it was not fair. And here, we think, has been the great mistake that the Epsom executive have committed. Englishmen of all classes, as a rule, like fair play. There may be exceptions. The Newcastle lad, when he shouts himself hoarse on the banks of the coally Tyne, means his man winning by foul means if he cannot by fair, and we have a strong belief that the Nottingham lamb and the Birmingham rough, whatever be the encounter, from a dog-fight to a horse race, hold the same views. But the majority are, we hope, still on the side of fair and square dealing, and therefore, when Epsom announced that it was going to take Sandown's first day, there was a general feeling of indignation. It was such a palpable attack on the

younger meeting, for no rhyme or reason but the putting of more money in the already well-filled Epsom pocket, that it was curious the authorities of the Jockey Club did not at once put a stop to it. However, the authorities were cleverer than we gave them credit for. They have allowed the meeting to come off without any protest on their part, and they have witnessed what we may call, without any exaggeration, its failure. True, there were the two great handicaps, both giving us most interesting races, and a good two-year-old race or so, but the rest was all flat and unprofitable. A duller day than Tuesday we never experienced on Epsom Downs, and by Wednesday evening we all knew that there was nothing but the City and Suburban and the ten shillings to the Grand Stand left. The latter, of course, was the much more important factor in the concern, and the executive, as represented by Messrs. Knowles and Dorling, must have had golden visions of the morrow. Nor were they disappointed—but we are anticipating.

Tuesday, as we have said, was dull and uninteresting. There was the meeting of Placida and Kaleidoscope in the Trial Stakes, where the former reversed the fiat of the previous year, and beat her old conqueror by one of Archer's easy necks; and there was a wonderfully fine finish for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, which Archer, and we say emphatically Archer, won. To be sure, the horse he rode (Cradle) may have had something to do with it; but Cradle would not have won but for Archer. How he caught Ragman, who had made all the running, and seemed to be winning easily, we don't know; indeed, we should think Archer hardly knew himself; but he got his head in front of the post, and considerably astonished Goater in so doing. It was a race snatched out of the fire in the most wonderful way, and though those who saw it say the finish for the City and Suburban was the grandest they ever witnessed, we think the finish on Cradle deserving of record. There was a great deal of stupid talk about the finish for the Great Surrey Handicap, owing to the first three horses running wide, people who were down below near the rails maintaining that Zanoni had won, and quite ignoring the fact that the weighing paddock is not the judge's chair. It was a good race, but every one on the Stand saw what had won; and it is a great pity that people will give an opinion on a subject which in reality only the judge can decide.

The second day showed a vast improvement; more people, better sport. Coaches lined the rails, together with wagonettes full of the 'gay licentious,' with (it is to be hoped) their wives and daughters, though about the latter we are not quite certain. There was a keen air, and those travelling by road encountered clouds of dust, otherwise the day was pleasant enough. The La Gama filly repeated her Newmarket win, and beat Euphrasie and her field in such style that perhaps she is better than we at first believed. Merry Heart did nothing particular as a two-year-old, though he was possessed of that unenviable quality in a horse, a good private reputation, on the faith of which Count Festetics, his then owner, trusted him with much money. But since the clever Nottingham division bought him he has been improving, and this afternoon there was a whisper that he was "real jam" for the Stamford Plate, for which weight of money soon made him favourite. He won rather cleverly, but still Pero made him gallop; while that unsatisfactory horse Stylites, performed, as he always does, in the rear. The Great Metropolitan had this year been wisely brought forward a day, and the race became much more interesting and important in consequence. When Epsom Spring returns to its original two days it would be well that Mr. Dorling should bear this in mind, and put the long race before the short one. Chippendale was, of course, a great favourite for it. He was believed

to have been specially prepared for this event, and certainly he never looked better. On public form it looked a moral for Lord Bradford's horse, and the only one that seemed likely to trouble him was Fashion, who, on her Newmarket running, had an undoubtedly good chance. But though she was a very game and good horse, she met in Chippendale a superior class, a thorough stayer, who won as easily as possible, neither Fashion nor Rhidorroch, nor Roehampton, ever being able to get on terms with him. That in the winner Lord Bradford has a cup horse able to measure himself against Isonomy, we have little doubt, and, as our thorough stayers are not too numerous, we gladly hail such an addition to their ranks as the handsome son of Rococo.

Lord Calthorpe's racing star is in the ascendant, so likewise is that of Hermit. It is curious that that horse is the sire of nearly all the good two-year-olds we have as yet seen, namely, the Vega filly, Tristan, La Belle Helène filly, and Angelina—the last by far away the best. She was pulled out for the Hyde Park Plate, and she was shown to be ever so many pounds in front of La Gama filly. Of course she was a very strong favourite, and that despite the presence of Tristan and Althotas, and a rumour that Mr. Pierre Lorillard had something that could gallop in Dakota and Passaic. Angelina, who is a very blood-like bay, excited much admiration in the paddock, and ran so easily that she must be as good as she looks. Lord Calthorpe bred her himself, her dam is his own mare, The Doe, at Kentford, near Newmarket, and she is entered for most of the important weight-for-age races this year and the next. The last race of the day, the Hunters' Flat Race, was made the occasion of a very blackguard exhibition on the part of the roughs who congregate in the space in front of Barnard's Stand, and in close proximity to the winning post. Alarmist was the favourite and appeared to have the race at his mercy at the distance, but he died away to nothing and left Review an easy winner. On returning to the paddock Mr. Arthur Coventry, who had ridden Alarmist, was subjected to very gross insult from the crowd of thieves and the lowest scum of the racing following, who chose to consider that Alarmist had been pulled. This is not the first time by any means that Epsom has been the scene of these outbursts, which is partly owing to local circumstances, for at no other meeting in England are the roughs allowed in the neighbourhood of the judge's chair. Surely some means might be devised of keeping them away from that spot. The Royal Stand, from which the Princess of Wales and other ladies look down on the busy scene, is just above the space we have alluded to, and the terrible oaths and expressions of the foul creatures who congregate there, must be heard by the occupants of the Stand. That is a very strong reason why something should be done to put a stop to this abominable state of things.

The third day was the City and Suburban, and that alone, we mean as far as any interest was taken in the other events. After Chippendale's easy win on the Wednesday it was, of course, inevitable that Westbourne should become a better favourite than ever, and, next to him, Master Kildare and Parole were most in demand. As the hour drew on for the decision of the race, and, indeed, from the moment racing commenced, it was evident that the public were all eager to get on Master Kildare. Those who had seen him in the morning gallops pronounced him to look and go the best of anything; and though Westbourne was nominally first favourite to the fall of the flag, we fancy Master Kildare was the favourite 'for money.' Of course Archer's mount had much to do with it, and though Parole, Visconti, and Rosy Cross were all pretty firm in the market, Master Kildare was on every-

one's tongue. That a top-weight would win was an article of faith, the only question was which was it to be? Lucetta, Master Kildare, and Visconti were, perhaps, the best of anything in the preliminary canter, and neither Westbourne, Parole, or Rosy Cross—the latter going very short—gained friends by the way they moved. The race was run at a good pace, and, briefly to summarise, we may say that Westbourne either could not, or would not, begin, and ran ungenerously all through; that Henry George and Maid of Athens forced the running, and that Leoville looked all over a winner at the distance. But Master Kildare here began to catch him, and from that point a magnificent race home resulted in favour of Lord Hastings's horse by a short head. Both Archer and Luke rode as well as it was possible for jockeys to ride, and gameness brought the winner home. Thunder won this race with 9 st. 4 lbs., else would Master Kildare's performance have been the best in the annals of the race. It was a grand race, and we must not forget to add, a fine piece of handicapping. For the rest we beg to take our leave of Westbourne, Visconti, Marc Antony, and cattle of that description. They may win races some day, probably will, but they are at the best broken reeds. Lord Hastings, who was present, came in for warm congratulations. To marry a wife and win a City and Sub. within a week is not given to every man. More power to him.

The hunting season 1879-80 will not be remembered with satisfaction by foxhunters; indeed, from several quarters we hear that it has been the worst on record. Good scenting days have been rare, and the elements dead against sport. Cold winds drying the ground made it hard as iron during March, causing many packs to stop hunting earlier than usual, for there is no pleasure going out day after day without a chance of sport, and, besides this, there is the extra risk to hounds, horses and servants. The Hertfordshire kept on through March, and had some good days in the Bedfordshire country, which they hunt on Wednesdays, but no sport worth recording elsewhere till the rains early in April gave them a new lease. On the 7th from Higham, between Hexton and Silsoe, they found a fox in some rushes near Captain Young's osier-bed, and hounds on good terms rattled him up the hills to the Meg, and about those awful hills, that look as if at some time or other an earthquake had turned the whole country inside out. Lucky are those who know them well enough to find their way about when hounds are running. A hot sunny day, with high wind on the hills, made scent catchy, so Ward hunted slowly on to Wellbury, then to West Wood, where a brace went away. In Wain Wood they found a rare good fox, which broke away at once and gave them a racing twenty minutes up wind, but saved his brush at Little Offley. The sportsmen in this part of the country set an example as to how foxes and pheasants can and will live together, which might be followed to advantage by others. On Friday, 9th April, they met at Mr. Roberson's, Bayfordbury, to draw the big woods near Hertford. From Cow Heath they had a woodland run for about an hour to Haileybury, then back through woods again, where Ward and his hounds, with a few followers, slipped away from the rest of the field, who had taken to a road, and finished the day with a very select following of sportsmen. Monday, 11th, was one of the best days that has fallen to their lot this season. The meet was at Three Houses. Hounds found in Knebworth at twenty minutes to twelve, and after rattling about the great wood drove their fox out, and he was viewed away ten minutes later. On good terms with their fox, hounds went very fast through Watery Grove, over the open fields alongside the Great Northern Railway nearly to Broadwater, where they turned right-handed to Park Wood: a very pretty

burst that was thoroughly enjoyed by Lord Dacre and those of the field who were lucky enough to get out of Knebworth. Hounds dwelt a little in Park Wood, which let up all the field, then ran on to New Wood, turned sharp to the left down a shaw and across Rabley Heath, running through the woods to the Welwyn tunnel at Harmer Green, where the fox being headed, turned short back almost through the pack, but, getting clear of them, retraced his steps almost field for field back to Knebworth. Hounds hunted slower on the return journey, but, fresh found, their fox ran hard to Langley, where he turned through Graffridge and Winter Green to the Node, through the pleasure-grounds and across the high road over open country again, past Codicote village to Danesbury, where Captain Blake was unfortunately laid up ill. Through here the fox ran to Lockley Warren round to Rabley Heath again. The same line again to Park Wood and down a shaw to the village, hounds seemed to be getting closer to their fox, but he saved his brush, and they marked him to ground in a drain in the road at three o'clock. A good hunting run which tried hounds and huntsmen, but, disappointing as it was for them to miss killing their fox, which they richly deserved, it must always be a matter of congratulation for the field when a good fox escapes. On Wednesday, 14th, they finished the season. A soaking wet day, they met at Hawnes Park between Silsoe and Bedford. With the lady pack, Ward found a fox in Maulden Wood, and ran fast over a good grass country at first, then turned through Wilstead Wood and Hawnes Park, where the fox was viewed, and the ladies were too fast for him; in vain he turned short and doubled like a craven, for scent was good. After running through one or two small covers and over more good grass country, giving those who followed them plenty of fencing, they ran from scent to view, and bowled him over with a whoo-whoop from Ward, that one who had ridden twenty-five miles to meet them said was worth going all the distance to hear. There will be no change in the management or staff next season, which gives general satisfaction, for Hertfordshire is a very conservative county. Though the dry weather through March made sport almost an impossibility, it has been a rare time for the farmers, who are the best friends to hunting. After a good seed time the rains came just as they were wanted. Crops came up as if by magic, and everything looks more flourishing; so with better times it is to be hoped that the best friends to hunting will be able to enjoy again, as in times gone by, the sport they love best.

While writing of Hertfordshire, we would draw attention to a ballad, 'The Hertfordshire Hunt,' describing in verse a run with these hounds, by 'Dragon,' which we publish for the benefit of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. In a short introduction the writer gives his reasons for publishing, and naïvely apologises for the rhythm in the concoction of verses, but, being written by a sportsman for sportsmen, literary criticism is disarmed. It is prettily got up, tastefully and appropriately bound, so will make a handsome ornament on the drawing-room table, while those who purchase a copy will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have subscribed 5s. to an Institution that all sportsmen should uphold.

The Ivybridge week, that of yore was wont to gather together the leading foxhunters of the two western counties and from far-off shires as well, was not so well attended as in former years. To politics—that bane of good feeling and fellowship—must be attributed much of the passing evil, and very especially in the sister county where *fracta fides* obliterated, for the moment, that savage delight, the ardour of which, Horace says, extinguishes even pleasures of a softer nature. Therein he was in error.

One well-remembered and as well-beloved of the olden day was missing alike from the 'customed hill,' 'along the heath,' and from the festive board where the jocund voice of 'Old Courtenay' reigned triumphant in the revels of Kilruddery fair. On the flea-bitten grey and his famous Gainsborough, he was not to be beaten either in the enclosures or over Staldon Moor and Ringmore Down; neither had he any his superior in those warm-hearted amenities that affectionately bind man to his fellow, and the name of 'Bulsteel' was a sufficient guarantee for the possession of all the social virtues that make life enjoyable. We shall see that grey head no more, 'in the land of brown 'heath and shaggy moor.' *Eheu! 'Sit tibi terra levis.'*

The hounds that hunted the alternate days were the Lamerton, handled by Mr. Lobb, the Master, a bold, resolute lot of hounds, that can master a fox anywhere with plenty of drive and path. The Dartmoor, on Tuesday, moved away from the meet at Ivybridge at half after eleven, and drew Pithill Wood, found without delay and away at once over Hanger Downs, at a great pace to the fir plantation to Waterhole Awls and Dendells, carrying the line to the moor, where he turned down the vale, and running short, crossing and recrossing the river Erne, was finally earthed at Waterhole. Sloford Cleaves furnished a vixen, if not more than one, and the celebrated Rut brake was drawn blank. A stale drag was felt on Ugborough Beacon, and carried on to Ashridge plantation; hounds opened, and he was gone moorwards to Brent Hill and the deep ground at Whittleborough, then swinging round the hill they came back at a great pace to Coryndon Ball, Ashridge plantation, down the Avon valley to New Brent Wood to Gisper Down. The scent failing, they came to a cold hunting, bringing it to Woodholes and Shipley brake, where they gave it up.

On Thursday the Lamerton hounds met at Cadover bridge, on the moor, a favourite spot as well known to the fisherman as the foxhunter. Without any apparent covert the hounds drew over the open waste, amongst large patches of rush and 'browse,' in moorland parlance, to Fowlsworthly warren. Going down the far slope, the hounds feathered, a slight whimper, they quickened through the rushes—'Yoi! on him, good hounds;' and with a wild crash up he got in the midst of them, and away in view for a couple of hundred yards, then turning short down the vale he was lost to sight, the hounds streaming away with a grand head threw up at the turn, but catching it again almost without stooping, threw themselves on the line, away and away over the open towards Awns and Dendells, and over the moor boundary wall in a body. 'For'ard away!' The Lamerton men in a strange country went right well. Crossing the Yealm, the line was carried over Stall Moor, the gallant fellow still facing the open up-wind, but they were close on him, and he turned at last making for the strong covert of Awns and Dendells, in which he could not dwell, and was too plucky to lie down, straight through and away again to the moor, and then the last race began. A fresh fox got up in view, taking away many of the tail hounds; the leading couples, however, never left him—through, through, and out on the moor again. Yonder in the distance looms the high boundary wall, and if he gain it, an earth is on the other side. Away, away—a fair field and no favour. He springs at the wall together with the three leading hounds, but he is told out, and falls back amongst them. Who-hoop! Time half an hour, distance five miles. A really brilliant thing over the primeval waste, without a symptom or vestige of civilisation; worth coming all the way from John o'Groats' land to see and to ride.

On the previous Friday, the Dartmoor had met at Prince Hall Lodge, in the centre of the best part of the moor, which, strictly speaking, is

beyond the range of any pack, although occasionally drawn by the Dartmoor. Stout foxes, fair and practicable walls, and sound going, furnish a fair security for sport. Rain had fallen heavily and the moor was enveloped in fog, which induced Admiral Parker to delay in throwing off, and it was not until after one o'clock that the hounds commenced drawing the ground near Bellivor Tor, where a vixen was soon on foot and the hounds stopped. They now drew a gorse—or brake as it is termed 'in these here parts'—near the Princetown road, and the hounds had barely entered the covert when the cap of John Whitmore, the clever whip, was in the air, and the patriarch, never waiting to be found, was away at once. Boxall caught hold of his hounds, laid them on close to him, going a rattling pace towards Brompt's plantation, which he shirked, and took his line to the left through Bellivor Marsh, where the herons that were on the feed mingled their harsh discordant screams with the streaming hounds that were making the ascent of Bellivor Tor. This was a pretty episode in the chase, but there was no time for romance, for the hounds were over the high ridge of Bellivor Tor and racing down the farther side towards the Dart. Here they checked, but without stopping their pace, for swinging round and making their own cast, beautiful to behold, a screaming note from a yellow Senator hound, as he crossed the line, brought them all together, and away they raced on the banks of the East Dart below Post bridge. The river was rushing down in a high flood, and the fox tried it for a long way down until he found a place to his liking, and he swam the river opposite Harland Tor. The river was so rapid the hounds got divided, and many were washed down among the rocks a long distance. But their hackles were up, they got together again, and went over the top of Harland Tor and Merripit Hill and then over moorland, smooth and sound. Leaving King's Oven to the right and the Druidical circles of the Grey Wethers to the left under Sitafoord Tor, the gallant fox went straight over Fernworthy Down, making for the coverts near Chayford; but he was in view over a level down, the death-race in the sight of all, and they rolled him in the open literally from scent to view. Time, forty-five minutes; distance, eight miles. The hounds were more than twenty miles from their kennel, and went away homewards with their skins up, ready, as it were, for another fox. This is the test of condition which is due to Boxall. Mr. Collier and Mr. Collins Splatt, light weights, had the lead throughout; but Admiral Parker and Boxall, heavy weights, were in their places.

'The Tedworth' have had the worst scenting season on record, scarcely half-a-dozen days on which hounds could really run hard, consequently fewer noses to score than usual. It must have been a very disappointing time to the Master. November would have been, with its fine still mornings, the most perfect month for hunting, had it not been devoid, unfortunately, of that most necessary element in this country, rain. Then came the long dry frost, with a few days dotted here and there, just allowing hounds to go out, but affording little pleasure to any one—for thirty hunting days we were stopped altogether—and so the March month arrived, favourable to the farming interest, we are glad to say, but very unfavourable, with its dry, harsh, windy days, to the 'noble science.' And now that the end of the season has arrived, our attention is directed to the young entry, and to the hopes and prospects of the season to come. Of the few good things that fell to our lot, the following are the best worthy of record. Nov. 24. Found in Firgo, killed at Bathampton, a nine-mile point, in fifty-five minutes. Jan 3. Facombe; ran in thirty minutes to Highclerc, where there was a shooting party, and hounds were stopped. Thirty-five minutes in the afternoon from

Privet, with a kill in the open. Jan. 5. Everly; ran fast in twenty minutes from Sergeant's Gorse to Upavon, and ten minutes more in the water meadows sealed the fate of our fox. Drew the Round Down. A fox that had stolen away took us through the Ashes, down Pewsey Hill, over the vale, through Broomsgrrove and Clench Common, and was killed in the heart of the West Woods after one hour and thirty minutes' good hunting. March 8. Everly; ran from a gorse on the Collingbourne side of the estate, through the Ashes into the vale, through the villages of Milton and Easton to Easton Hill, and killed. Time, fifty-eight minutes. April 13. Southgrove; ran over Grafton Fields to Collingbourne Woods, through the Rags Shaw Copse and Chantry to Scots Poor, where, being headed, he lay down in the gorse at Hippenscombe, and they ran into him. Time, one hour thirty minutes. A second fox, found at Grafton Park, took us through Grafton and Wexcombe villages, to Tidcombe Hill, where he lay down in a pit till the bitches fairly worked up to him, and catching a view, rolled him over in the open within half a mile of Collingbourne Woods; a very good sporting day. On January 6 and April 6 they had two very useful days in Marlbro' Forest, killing a fox each day in about the same time—one hour and ten minutes.

The York and Ainsty have had fair sport this season, considering they laboured under disadvantages—change of mastership, huntsman being fresh to the country, and there being a strong entry of young hounds. Cub-hunting commenced Sept. 27th with a hard morning, three foxes killed, hounds being in grand condition. They were out twenty mornings, killed sixteen brace and a half, ran four and a half to ground. They have been out sixty-one days regular hunting, killed twenty-three brace and a half, ran thirteen and a half to ground. Total, eighty-one times out, killed forty brace, ran eighteen brace to ground, which, taking the bad season into consideration, is very satisfactory. Captain Slingsby retains the Mastership; besides being an excellent Master, he is a thorough sportsman. It is to be regretted that Hollidge, the huntsman, is leaving, as he was a most civil, trustworthy, and obliging servant, and showed good sport under most trying circumstances. That he may obtain an equally good situation is the worst wish we have for him.

We are glad to announce that on the 15th of this month the Box Hill Coach will again be on the road, under the same proprietorship as last year. Mr. Seager Hunt has been unavoidably delayed by his efforts to woo unworthy Marylebone, but now he is free to indulge in a more agreeable pastime. The coach will leave Hatchett's at 10.45, instead of, as last year, 10.30, and it will return from Burford Bridge a quarter of an hour sooner, namely, at 3.45, instead of 4 o'clock. The coach will do each journey in two and a half hours, and the same time will be allowed at Box Hill. Two coaches will be used, both built by Ventham, of Leatherhead, and, of course, Hubble will be the professional.

We are also enabled to state that next year, on the 2nd of May, there will be a further extension of this beautiful road, and that a coach will run to Worthing and Brighton, *via* Dorking and Horsham. That it will be well done we are in a position to state with a positive certainty, and the road, being one of the most beautiful in England, the venture will be, we feel convinced, most popular.

We should like to see the approaching cricket match, Huntsmen v. Jockeys, taken up more warmly by racing men than at present it is. The hunting men have all along exhibited the keenest interest in it, and we expect to see a great gathering of them at Lord's on the 29th of May, the day of the match; but 'six to four on the field' is such an absorbing occupation that



it is the very Aaron's rod of sport and pastime—it swallows up everything. We have great hope from Mr. McGeorge, however, who will look after the Jockeys, and see that the team is as strong as circumstances will allow. The Huntsmen are very warm on the subject, and the object for which the match will be played is so praiseworthy in every respect, that we should cry shame on our racing friends if they were lukewarm in their support.

It is always easier and generally more popular to deal out blame than praise, for if it were not our contemporaries could not have grudged a word of praise to the stewards of the Jockey Club for their thorough and excellent revision of the old, and in many cases obsolete, 'Scale of Weight for Age,' which appeared in the sheet calendar of March 25th, and can be read in the spring edition of 'Ruff's Guide to the Turf,' and in the McCall of April.

The two days' racing at Scarborough on May 31st and June 1st, to the ten events of which 1000*l.* will be added, should afford a very pleasant *distraction* to the sojourners at the queen of (northern) watering-places, but why one of the events in question should be called the 'Borough Members' Handicap,' except on the principle of *Lucus a non lucendo*, is 'enough to puzzle the proverbial Quaker,' inasmuch as both the borough members 'decline to subscribe to it!'

The elections have played sad havoc with some journalistic brains, for we find the 'Times' misquoting Pope, and telling us that 'it is a laudable maxim 'of hospitality to welcome the coming, speed the *parting* guest;' a misquotation the more inexcusable, as 'departs' occurs in the line but one before that quoted: and we have the 'Daily Telegraph,' in an article on the Atalanta, emulating Tiresias's 'Quidquid dicam aut erit aut non.' 'But whatever it was (the cause of her delay) we should now know soon, for of the seven gallant ships that are sweeping the seas between the Azores and the Bermudas, one or other must have tidings before long, *unless* the days pass and nothing whatever is heard or seen.'

The Westminster Aquarium is such a well-managed institution that we hardly like to offer any suggestions to its able and obliging manager, but several of our correspondents are anxious that we should urge him to keep his pleasant lounge open for holders of Fellows' tickets from 2 to 7.30 on Sunday, instead of, as at present, from 2 till 4. They say—and herein we partly agree with them—that if the Aquarium be kept open but for two hours the holders of Fellows' tickets gain very little, though the officials in attendance lose a considerable portion of the day.

It was sad to read the other day that Sir William Milner had died at Cairo. Before his health began to fail, a year or two ago, he was a well-known and popular figure in the worlds of Sport and Society. On the Turf, where he was at one time a heavy bettor, he owned half of that good but uncertain horse, Tangible, his friend Sir George Chetwynd owning the other half; and at play he was the hero of many anecdotes: of one, so very rich, that we cannot omit to tell it here. A celebrated—or perhaps we should say notorious person—got up a baccarat party in his rooms for the purpose of plundering his guests in general, and Sir W. Milner in particular. At the critical part of the evening, however, Sir William, for some incomprehensible reason, took it into his head to stand at 3 or 4. So the host, who had duly arranged the cards, but never dreamt of any one stopping at such a low figure, found all his plans upset, and his carefully prepared packs worse than useless—indeed, it is said he lost several hundred pounds by the transaction. We need hardly say, to the readers of 'Our Van,' that every one who had ever met poor 'Billy' will regret him. He had many friends, and only one enemy.

Mr. Sidney is busy with all the needful preparations for the forthcoming annual Horse Show in the Agricultural Hall, and we have reason for believing that both in quality and quantity the exhibition will be a very good one. The prize list is the same as last year, with the addition of a special class for Arabs, Mr. Sidney and the directors being anxious, if possible, to obtain some of the splendid specimens imported to this country by Mr. and Lady Anna Blunt, and described in Lady Anna's interesting book. There will be four classes for hunters, with prizes amounting to 345*l.*, and an extra prize of 50*l.*, and the Agricultural Hall medal, for the best hunter of the first four prize winners. The Show opens on the 29th of May, and closes on the 4th of June, the entries closing on the 17th of May. We may add, that within the last five or six years the ventilation of the Hall has been specially attended to.

THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.—It is with pleasure that we refer to a testimonial now in progress for this well-known gentleman and sportsman. Mr. Russell having been offered the living of Black Torrington in North Devon, will vacate his present parish in the month of June, when he has seen his church at Swymbridge re-opened, after undergoing complete restoration through his own individual exertions. The good work done, he leaves his old home of nearly half a century, to pass the evening of his long and energetic life in his new living, and the occasion has been happily considered an appropriate one for the testimonial to which we now allude. The movement has our heartiest wishes for its success, and there are, we feel sure, many amongst our readers who will wish to add their names to the already long list of subscribers, which is headed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Lord Bishop of Mr. Russell's diocese, in honour of one whose biography recently appeared in these pages. Full particulars of the fund can be obtained from the hon. sec., Mr. James Turner, 7 Golden Square, London, or of Mr. Hayward, of Merriott, near Crewkerne.

And just as we are packing our last parcel the Two Thousand has been decided, and an outsider, of whom neither prophet or tipster dreamed, has won. The popular and once familiar colours of his Grace of Beaufort have been carried to the front on Petronel, a son of Musket and the Duke's old Crytheia, and the favourites, with the exception of Muncaster, and, we may add, The Abbot, cut up wretchedly. Brotherhood was one of the first beaten; Mariner galloped fast for about half a mile; Mask was in trouble going down the Bushes Hill; Milan, who was greatly fancied by Phantom Cottage, was never dangerous. There was much joking about the gigantic appearance of Muncaster, and, favourite though he was in the market, he got roundly abused in the paddock. He ran a very good horse, though, and the well-known racing men who had threatened to eat him if he won must have felt uneasy as the leading horses came up the hill to the chair. It was a very fine finish, won by gameness and good riding, and very gratifying must it have been to Fordham to score such an unexpected victory for his old master. Beauminet looked the best of anything coming out of the Abingdon Bottom, but collapsed half-way up the hill. The Abbot ran very well, and John Dawson had not made much mistake in his breed. The winner is a nice horse, a good stayer, and he was thoroughly trained. It is thirteen years ago since the Duke of Beaufort won the Two Thousand with Vauban, and the Derby was counted the greatest of morals for him. Petronel is neither in Derby nor Leger, but we hope to meet him at Ascot, and trust his number may go up again at the Royal Meeting.

# B A I L Y'S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 244.

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JUNE, 1880.

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VOL. XXXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF LORD HARRIS.

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1880.

# DIARY FOR JUNE, 1880.

M. D.	W D	OCCURRENCES.
1	TU	Islington Horse Show.
2	W	Croydon, Beverley and Hull Races. Islington Horse Show.
3	TH	Croydon, Beverley and Sandown Races. Middlesex v. Yorkshire at Lord's. Islington Horse Show.
4	F	Sandown Park Races. Islington Horse Show.
5	S	Yearling Sale, Marden Deer Park.
6	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Paris Races.
7	M	Third Triennial Sale of the Atherstone Hunt Horses at Tattersall's.
8	TU	Ascot Races. Prince of Wales Stakes.
9	W	Ascot Races. Royal Hunt Cup.
10	TH	Ascot Races. Gold Cup. M.C.C. v. The Canadians.
11	F	Ascot Races. M.C.C. v. Eton College at Eton.
12	S	M.C.C. v. Harrow School at Harrow. Yearling Sale, Cobham
13	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. [Stud.
14	M	Middlesex v. Gloucestershire at Lord's.
15	TU	Windsor Races. Cheltenham Horse Show.
16	W	Windsor and Newton Races. Peterboro' Hound Show.
17	TH	Newton and Hampton Races.
18	F	Newton and Hampton Races. Alexandra Park Horse Show.
19	S	Alexandra Park Horse Show.
20	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
21	M	M.C.C. v. Cambridge University. Alexandra Park Horse Show.
22	TU	Curragh and Newcastle-on-Tyne Races. Alexandra Park Horse
23	W	Bibury Club Races. Alexandra Park Horse Show. [Show.
24	TH	Stockbridge Races. M.C.C. v. Oxford University.
25	F	Stockbridge and Halifax Races.
26	S	Halifax Races.
27	S	FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
28	M	Oxford v. Cambridge at Lord's.
29	TU	Four Oaks Park, Birmingham, and Winchester Races.
30	W	Winchester Races.

\* \* Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday and Saturday.





*Harris*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### LORD HARRIS.

SIR GEORGE ROBERT CANNING HARRIS, fourth Baron Harris, is a lineal descendant of that distinguished officer who, for his services at the siege and capture of Seringapatam, was created a peer by the above title. The present Lord, who was born in 1851, was educated at Eton and Ch. Ch. Oxford, and from his earliest days has been a great lover of cricket, and a warm supporter of that thoroughly English game. He was in the Eton Eleven for three years, '68 to '70, and was captain in the latter year. His name, of course, was found among the Oxford team as soon as he came up to Ch. Ch., and from '71 to '74 he played in most of the matches in which the University took part. In 1872 Lord Harris, who was one of the principal originators of the idea, visited Canada and the United States with 'the Gentlemen of England,' who went over to do battle with our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. The trip was a highly successful one, the Eleven playing eight matches against Twenty-two, seven of which the former won, and the eighth was drawn.

A much more important undertaking, however, was the voyage to Australia in 1878, when Lord Harris, mainly by his own exertions, got together a team of gentlemen (with Emmett and Ulyett), to return the visit which the Australian cricketers had made to the mother country. In '78-'79 the Eleven, of which Lord Harris was the Captain, played thirteen matches, five of which they won, three were lost, and the remainder drawn. Some incidents there were in connection with the English visit that did not redound very much to Australian credit, but we need not dwell further on an unpleasant subject.

For the rest, Lord Harris is fond of every kind of sport and pastime, so long as they are pursued as a relaxation and not made the business of life. One thing must be mentioned to his honour, which is that in his coverts at Belmont, his ancestral seat in Kent, there are plenty of pheasants and lots of wild-bred foxes to be found.

## BIRDS AND BEASTS OF SPORT.

## V.—ROOKS AND RAVENS.

My dear Baily,—It may seem a downfall from pheasants and partridges to rooks! But believe me, sir, I am no common ‘rook butcher,’ and I think it is just as good sport, bad as it no doubt is, to shoot crows in a rookery, as to massacre semi-tame pheasants driven up to the muzzle of the gun by a band of beaters. ‘Them’s my sentiments, sir,’ as a Norfolk keeper used to say to his master when he was consulted about the best way of dealing with the poachers and of putting down poaching. ‘Hang ’em, sir, it’s the only way; at least them’s my sentiments, your honour.’ Poor Jacob Bender! he was killed by his enemies, shot dead in a midnight scuffle. He was an excellent servant, but a most intolerant keeper, at war with nearly every one in his neighbourhood, because he looked on all sorts of farm servants and other labourers as persons who would kill a hare or bag a pheasant whenever they could obtain the chance. To come back to the rooks, however, they have proved ready for the gun ten days earlier than usual. At a rookery where I have the privilege of a week’s shooting, the birds are very seldom well branched till about the 20th of May, but this year, the season being an early one, we had shooting so early as the 10th; and as I was desirous of having a day at the crows in order to offer some remarks in ‘Baily’s Magazine’ about the ‘balance of nature,’ as affecting the animals of sport, it occurred to me that the present would be a favourable opportunity to carry out my intention.

‘Crow shooting,’ or, as I used to call the sport, some years ago, when it was carried to excess, ‘rook butchery,’ is not a dignified sport, especially when compared with the fine surroundings of pheasant shooting in the preserves of a palatial county mansion. Observe, I say ‘surroundings,’ because as regards the physical effort of killing the birds, there is almost no difference, except that one gets sooner fatigued at the crows by having such a dreadful number of straight-up shots. A crow is quite as easily killed as a pheasant, but in killing the latter bird one enjoys a greater variety of positions, so that, although there is perhaps a little more work, there is far less sense of fatigue. I remember at a crow-shooting festival at which I was present, some twelve years ago, that one of the party brought down thirty-seven crows without moving more than thirty-six inches from where he stood when he began his work. There are many persons, doubtless, who will turn up their nose at the rook as a bird of ‘sport,’ and talk of rook-shooting as an amusement only fit for tradespeople on an occasional day’s outing; but sport, in my opinion, is just as you find it. To some there is no sport like fox-hunting; and I have an enthusiastic friend who says that fox-hunting is simply contemptible, and that ‘for a man, the only sport worthy of notice is deer-stalking.’ So be it. Some call it sport to walk about a gentleman’s pleasure



grounds and fire at the pheasants newly let out of their nursery ; others think it the best of all sport to sit under cover and fire at flocks of grouse which cannot escape their guns. And in lieu of better shooting, is it not on record that an exalted personage some two years ago took part in a rabbit battue in the grounds of a noble Scottish duke, whose palace is not over ten miles from where I am writing this article ? As I wrote at the time in a local journal, it was a 'pity to see so genial a gentleman reduced to a poulterer's 'hack.' And, alas ! where is he now who was one of the joyous party on that day of memorable rabbiting ? Dead ! killed on a foreign strand by the ruthless weapon of a foreign savage, and the poor lady his mother at this moment making a pilgrimage to the spot on which her dear one was made to kiss the grass. Such is life and—death ! Who could have foretold on that day of fun and hilarity to which I have alluded, that so sad an event was ripening in the womb of futurity ? But I am digressing from the point at issue. Sport, then, is just what it is made. It is a matter about which no two men will completely agree, so varied are its incidence and adjuncts. Tiger shooting and pig-sticking have each their adherents. One man thinks it the best of sport to sit for a day in a punt on the Thames and find that at nightfall he has been rewarded with a dozen of gudgeon ; whilst to some other person nothing short of three or four twenty-pound salmon captured in the Tay or the Spey is worth speaking about !

However, I have no wish to dictate on the subject of sport. Every man has a good right to consider his own tastes, and as it is not given to every person to be able to rent a grouse moor or a deer forest, let us all therefore respect the sportsmen with leaner purses who look forward to a day among the rooks as eagerly as an old sailor that I am acquainted with looks for his annual three weeks among the seals in the high latitudes of the icy seas of the far north. There is one matter in connection with the crow family of which I am certain, and it is that, so far as affording a text for a few remarks on the balance of nature, there could not be a better subject than the rook, or for the matter of that, the crow family in general, which is numerous when all the members are taken into account.

*Corvus corvax*, the raven, is a somewhat remarkable member of the family ; its cunning is proverbial, but we must not take all the stories we hear about it as gospel—many of them are sheer inventions. I first began to notice these animals on a large sheep farm over which, when a boy, I was privileged to scamper on pony back as often and as far as I pleased. One fine Saturday in April, released from school, I had been dashing about when I was attracted by a commotion among a flock of these black gentry ; there would probably be some dozens of them, whilst the number was being augmented every second by a lengthening train of new arrivals, all of which were crowding round a common centre—it was a dead lamb ! I paused in my gallop to watch operations and to study the motions of the vultures, for such I fancied them. Hunger, sheer hunger,

was evidently the cause of the determined attitude of the multitude; they fought and scrambled over the carcass of the dead animal as if for dear life. As one bird, stronger than some of the others, would come from the rapidly disappearing body with a mouthful of flesh, half-a-dozen other birds would rapidly dispute possession, and attempt to share the toothsome morsel. In an hour and a half—I had by that time ridden four miles to a neighbouring village to purchase some gunpowder and come back again—nothing was visible but a heap of bones, and a few fragments of skin and wool; the birds had all gone, and where but a brief time before there had been a perfect babel of sound all was quiet. No person would have believed that these bones had been all skin-whole two hours before, and that the poor little lamb had been probably helped to die by the remorseless ravens.

These birds are not particularly humane; on the contrary, if they meet with a crippled sheep, or even indeed a larger animal, they will hover about it till it shuffles off its mortal coil, and do all they know to expedite its death, by beating it with their strong wings, or pecking out its eyes with their fierce beaks. The wings of the raven are large and powerful, and its range of flight is very extensive; its eye, too, is of the most penetrating kind; while it can evidently see from an immense distance. An old shepherd, with whom I have had many a chat, used to say that a crow (? raven) could see over seven miles and flee that distance in twenty minutes, and that in less than half an hour a few hundreds would gather round a dying sheep, not one of which had been visible ten minutes before! Said Sandy Boyd to me one day—Sandy is the shepherd to whom I allude—‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do, and you’ll see such a sight as you never saw before: I’ll lie down all my length in the eleven-acre park as if I were dead, while you look out from the ruin of the old barn, and I’ll wager that in less than four minutes there will be heard the noise of half-a-dozen of they brutes, and that before a quarter of an hour has passed scores of them will be seen coming in all haste to look at me and eat me—that is, if I was a corpse in reality instead of pretending to be one.’ Sandy did as he said, he disposed of himself in the way he had planned, and I took up my station in the old barn and timed the arrival of the ravens, not to feed the old shepherd, if he had required food, as did Elijah in the wilderness, but to feed upon *him*. It was a cloudy afternoon and just half-past four o’clock, the darkening shadow of Cheviot, in fact, was creeping over the scene, when Sandy assumed his position of the dying lamb awaiting the advent of the vultures. In less than three minutes I heard the ‘cruck, cruck’ of two of the birds, which alighted on the highest part of the old house; in a minute or two more, three fresh arrivals denoted that Sandy’s study of the natural history of the crow family had been most accurate. Without waiting longer I came out from my hiding-place, and found, making a rough guess, that there were, at the very least, over a hundred of these birds within sight, and in the course of a few more minutes they were seen coming from all parts of the compass, as if

they had been summoned by miraculous agency. And yet when Sandy lay down in the field not a single croaker was to be seen, and for all that appeared or could be guessed not a raven might be within ten miles of the spot. I may say *now* that these birds could not have been all ravens; they were probably 'carrion crows' some of them, because the ravens, although not so scarce as many people say, are not quite so plentiful as I was led in my young days to believe they were.

It was exceedingly interesting to see those among the early arrivals take stock of the pretended dead man. They alighted on a part of the old barn, and after sitting for a moment or two, a few of them approached the body; they hopped round and round it, and then one of the number, determined upon a closer examination, hopped on to Sandy's shoulder. In an instant the deception was discovered, and, with the fierce utterance of an indignant series of croaks, the birds alighted once more on the old ruin, no doubt feeling sore at having been sold. Persons who have not had an opportunity of studying the habits of this bird cannot possibly be aware of its enormous strength and power of will. Four of them, as I can testify, killed old 'Copenhagen,' a military charger, that had carried an uncle of mine safely over many a battlefield. That old horse having earned his repose was turned out to pass his old age in a rich grass-field, near the friendly shade of an old tower. During the absence of the family he grew sick and became so weak that he fell a prey to the ravens; they literally killed him, as the old gardener who had charge of the park said, that on the previous night, although a little tired like, the old horse did not look as if he was dying. The four ravens which did the deed, and which were residents on the estate, had first of all pecked out the poor brute's eyes, and had then proceeded to wound him in the most tender places of his body; by breakfast-time Copenhagen was dead! I have merely mentioned this event in the most literal way possible, but it might be drawn out into a fine story full of sentiment, or it might be made the fitting subject of a piece of pathetic verse by some more accomplished *littérateur* than myself. The subject is to me rather painful than otherwise, so that I have not the heart to gloat over the dying agonies of the poor old horse, who had escaped the dangers of the battlefield to die a worse death.

But these birds will eat anything else than carrion or flesh; when such tid-bits cannot be obtained, they devour worms, grubs, and insects of all kinds in literal thousands; mice, young birds and the eggs of game fowl afford a meal to the raven, which plays sad havoc in the nesting season among the pheasants and partridges, cleaning out the preserves with the greatest possible industry; and a hungry raven has been known before now to attack and kill a hedgehog, and then deliberately eat the animal. Another enemy of our finest birds is the carrion crow, which, as everybody knows, is plentifully distributed over the kingdom. I dare say there are many who, like myself, have seen this animal carry off a large egg by the simple

device of impaling it on his sharp beak. Nothing of the game kind is too big for the carrion crow. It has been known to successively kill a female rabbit and her whole litter of young ones. When one crow is not able to do the deed it calls for, and obtains, assistance from its companions. I could fill many pages of 'Baily's Magazine' with reminiscences of the raven and the carrion crow, but as my business is more particularly with that other member of the crow family which is known as 'the rook,' it will be better to come to that gentleman at once. The rook has long played an important part in the economy of nature, and the question has over and over again been discussed as to whether that animal should be set down as the foe of the farmer and gamekeeper, and should therefore be classed among the list of vermin which fall to be destroyed at so much a head, or be considered as a friend and benefactor. It has become a problem in the incidence of the balance of nature how far it is judicious for man to interfere in the distribution of wild animals. When French sportsmen some ten or twelve years ago remorselessly shot all the little birds, insects increased so rapidly that in various districts of France the fruit crop was ruined, so that it became necessary to issue a decree to cease the slaughter of small birds.

The following very sensible 'notice' was recently issued by the French Ministry of Agriculture, and it is so applicable to our own country, that I have no hesitation in giving it all the publicity I can : 'Ministry of Agriculture.—This placard is placed under the protection of good sense and public decency. Hedgehog : Lives on mice, small rodents, slugs and grubs, animals hurtful to agriculture —Don't kill the hedgehog. Toad : Farm assistant ; destroys from 20 to 30 insects an hour—Don't kill the toad. Mole : Is continually destroying grubs, larvæ, palmer worms, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Does more good than harm—Don't kill the mole. May-bug and its larvæ or grub : Mortal enemy of agriculture ; lays from 70 to 80 eggs—Kill the May-bug. Birds : Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them victoriously. They are great caterpillar killers and agricultural assistants—Children, don't disturb their nests. Children will be paid 24 centimes for every 500 May-bugs placed in the hands of the *garde champêtre*.' As showing one of the effects of the indiscriminate bird murder which prevailed in France, it may here be stated that the fields were overrun with all sorts of insects ; in one field of 29 acres as many as 43,000 larvæ were found, a number more than sufficient to destroy the entire crop during the season.

Much after the same fashion a gentleman in England who was famed for the size of his trouts, gave orders for the destruction of all the pike that could be found in his ponds. These 'pirates of the liquid plain,' having been duly exterminated, the trout gradually became smaller, although at the same time they increased numerically, but the fine flavour was gone, and the fish looked hungry, and

were undoubtedly lean ; the plain truth being that the balance which nature had hitherto preserved in that pond had been destroyed by the killing of the pike, that voracious fish having played an important part in keeping down the trout. So it ever is. A pond, however large it may be, will only feed a given number of fish, and to the presence of the pike was attributable the large size and fine flavour of the trout, all the small ones being devoured by the stronger animals, another case, in fact, of the weak going to the wall. In Lochleven, where, I may say, pound trout are about the rule, as a basket of fourteen or fifteen fish generally scales from twelve to sixteen pounds, the keeping up of the weight may assuredly be attributed to the fact that there are a good supply of pike and eels in the water ; and I have been told, that on one or two occasions when a raid was made on the pike, and vast quantities of them were killed, the trout rather diminished in size, although, as in other similar cases, they increased in numbers.\* It is the same throughout animated nature. Vermin multiply in accordance with known laws. When their food is plentiful, they increase at a greater ratio than when it is scarce. Thus, when dogfish are very plentiful, it may be taken for granted that the herrings are more than usually abundant, because it is from the herring shoals that the dog takes his daily food. Some fishermen know when there is a more than ordinary crop of young salmon, by the fact that a larger number than usual of the enemies of these fish is to be found in waiting at the mouth of the salmon rivers in order to prey upon the smolts as they reach the sea. No wonder, in the face of such facts, that some persons feel inclined to argue that animals are endowed with reason. A yellow trout has been caught gorged with the ova of the salmon ; while all anglers know that salmon roe is one of the deadliest baits that can be tried in a trout-stream ; and, as a consequence, at one time there was a distinct inducement to kill the gravid salmon because of the value of their roe. Happily, it has been rendered illegal to fish with the roe of the salmon.

\* LOCHLEVEN TROUT.—As I noticed lately in an English county paper some doubts expressed as to the size of the ordinary run of the Lochleven trout, I herewith beg to state that on Monday, the 10th of May last, upwards of 300 trout were captured, and the following is the actual ‘weigh in’ of the chief baskets:—

One party of two . . . . .	25 trout, weighed 23 lbs.	
One angler . . . . .	19 ” ”	15 ”
Dr. Wright, St. Andrews . . . . .	22 ” ”	21 ”
Dundee angler . . . . .	13 ” ”	10 ” 8 oz.
Mr. D. Ross, of Alva . . . . .	30 ” ”	26 ”
Two gentlemen . . . . .	20 ” ”	19 ” 8 oz.
Captain Baily . . . . .	11 ” ”	9 ”

Several other good baskets were obtained, and the eleven fish taken by Mr. Baily were caught in three hours. A few years ago, while fishing in Lochleven, I was with a party which obtained a fine basket thirteen in all, each of which weighed over a pound, one being double that weight. This season several extra large fish weighing over two pounds have been captured ; it may also be stated that, in sixteen days of this month (May 1880) 4,302 trout have been killed, the weight of the lot being 4,036 lbs., which is pretty near a pound weight per trout.

The preceding are what may be termed incidental illustrations of the keeping up of the balance of nature and that 'ceaseless war' of animated things' which is a consequence of it; they might, however, be greatly extended, as an intelligent writer only requires to supplement what he has himself seen by referring to the numerous works of natural history for additional illustrations. Why, it may be asked as an example, is the cod-fish endowed with the power of multiplying its kind so largely, but that in the nature of things the species could not be preserved to man were these fish not gifted with the lavish power of reproduction which they possess? Female cod-fish, and other females of the same family (the Gadidæ), are all provided with from two to five millions of ova; but it is not too much to assert that not more than from twelve to twenty in each thousand of these eggs ever come to maturity as table fish, so great are the chances of the eggs not being fecundated, or of the very young falling a prey to the hordes of enemies which are a concomitant of their watery residence. But nature, we find, seldom makes an error: the supplies are kept up no matter what happens, and it has over and over again been demonstrated that whenever man puts forth his hand to interfere he spoils the game. Whether as regards the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, or the beasts of the field, man can only, after all, look on and wonder at the ceaseless fecundity of the universal mother. Why is it that a queen bee is endowed with the remarkable power of laying 50,000 eggs in a season? For what purpose is the white ant so prolific? Some insects, we know, will produce twenty generations in the course of a short season; and there is one grand domestic pest that is said to become a great-grandfather within forty-eight hours!

In a little work published some years ago by Major Morant some excellent illustrations of the balance of nature were adduced; among others, he told his readers that he had known of a cock pheasant being killed which had about 450 grubs in his crop. By the way, I have made further inquiry into the question of whether or not pheasants eat ants as well as ants' eggs, and find that no doubt of that fact exists among practical men; one man, a Berwickshire ploughman, told me that pheasants are fond of picking the 'mawks' (gentles) of a bit of carrion, and as for the rooks he told me that his master was so perfectly convinced of the usefulness of these birds in keeping down the worms and grubs of all kinds, that he is always vexed during the annual times of rook butchery in case too many of the animals be killed. His master is undoubtedly a sensible man, for it is on record that a rookery of 10,000 birds will consume in one year the enormous quantity of 209 tons of worms, insects, and larvæ! There need be no doubt, therefore, that the rook is the true friend of the farmer, and of the landowner and the public as well. No doubt the gamekeeper, as a general rule, hates 'all crows;' in fact the best keepers are all men of one idea, and, literally translated, that one idea is: 'I must have a big show of 'game, and to that end I shall ruthlessly exterminate everything in

‘the shape of vermin.’ An old Scottish keeper told me that such were his tactics, and he would ‘stick to them so long as he was in ‘the land of the living.’ But there are always two (sometimes indeed more) sides to a question, and intelligent men are coming to the conclusion that the war which for so long a period has been waged against what are called ‘vermin’ may, in some degree at least, be a mistake. The gentleman already named, Major Morant, in his little book offers some very sensible remarks on this much discussed topic, and he enters into the grouse question, and indeed all matters pertaining to the economy of game preserving, with great intelligence and force. The Major’s definition of the balance of nature is pretty much to the following effect: man has been given dominion over the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea, in order that with his reasoning powers he might so regulate the supplies as to make the animal world subservient to his uses for sport and food. Just so: that is the best way of putting the case; and, as was well said by Lord Lilford, in his evidence before the Small Birds’ Committee: ‘My view is, if we allowed the hawks to ‘increase and take their share of the small birds we should get about ‘the right balance.’ A celebrated Churchman, at the British Association meeting some years ago, said: ‘Birds of prey are the sanitary ‘police of nature,’ and if they had been allowed to exist in their former numbers they would have stamped out the grouse disease. The canon might more properly have said that in such circumstances it would never have occurred. Here is another view of the case put by Major Morant, who says that on an estate on which the crows were allowed to live unmolested the supply of grouse declined. When four or five hundred crows were allowed to rule the roost it was difficult to procure a hundred grouse; but as soon as five hundred of the crows were destroyed the grouse multiplied rapidly, so that in a few years the proportion of grouse to crows became reversed. There can be no doubt that the rook has a bad reputation among game preservers, and I am not prepared to deny that he does not deserve it. I have myself seen the sable vagabond doing mischief in the partridge preserves. It will never be an easy matter to get a rook acquitted if he is tried by a jury of gamekeepers, although it is possible that if tried by a few intelligent farmers he might escape with the Scottish verdict of ‘not proven,’ because it is a truth that the rook is one of the farmers’ friends, and probably if he could obtain a plentiful supply of young cock-chafers he would leave the pheasants and partridges alone.

As I always like to back up my own individual opinions with the ideas of men who are far more practical in all things pertaining to sport than I can pretend to be, I give here the following reply which I have just received in answer to a few questions, from the much-respected keeper of a well-known Scottish baronet: ‘The ‘rook is a vagabond of the deepest dye, with whom I wage, in ‘conjunction with my two assistants, an unceasing war; and now ‘that they are becoming so numerous in consequence of the gun

‘ licence preventing so many persons from shooting them who used  
‘ to do so, it is necessary to put on additional watchers during the  
‘ egg season, otherwise the pheasants would speedily become very  
‘ scarce. Near a big rookery all keepers have an anxious time  
‘ of it, as the crows are ingenious and insatiable; it is not too much  
‘ to say that they will harry, or at least destroy, a nest before your  
‘ very face! I have not the chance of doing much in the way of  
‘ pheasant breeding, but have had to apply to friends to get eggs within  
‘ the last two years because of what I say. Another grievance of  
‘ mine is that the rooks eat up all the ants, and the eggs of these  
‘ creatures are quite scarce hereabout. You are perfectly correct in  
‘ your assertion that the pheasants eat the ants as well as their eggs,  
‘ I have seen them do so over and over again, times without number.  
‘ With regard to your questions as to the times and seasons of  
‘ breeding, I can only reply that the weather is the chief element in  
‘ the matter. In genial springs all animals, both furred and feathered,  
‘ are at their procreative work much earlier than in seasons when  
‘ the elements are less favourable: this year I had young rabbits  
‘ about three weeks before I saw any last year, and up till now they  
‘ are breeding with great diligence and are beginning to be seen in  
‘ perfect swarms. I may tell you that we are likely to have a very  
‘ great show of grouse this “12th,” and the birds, if all go well by  
‘ that time, be quite ready for the gun, in some districts perhaps too  
‘ ready. Coming back once more to the rook, I may say that, as a  
‘ rule, they seldom lay more than five eggs, but oftenest four; these  
‘ eggs will be hatched out in from eighteen to twenty-two days,  
‘ while in very fine weather the young ones branch with great  
‘ rapidity. This month (May) we had lots of shooting here by the  
‘ 8th. I do not indeed remember any year in which we have been  
‘ earlier. I cannot give you a census of our two rookeries, but we  
‘ will have about 700 nests in all, and pretty well on for 3,000 young  
‘ birds. Of these I should like to see at least 2,000 shot, although  
‘ it must really be admitted that the birds do eat a power of noxious  
‘ creatures of all kinds, that might, if they were permitted to live,  
‘ do more mischief in the end than both ravens and rooks combined.  
‘ But for all that, Mr. Scot Skirving says he has seen the shells of as  
‘ many partridge and pheasant eggs under a rookery as would fill a  
‘ hat. Think of that, sir! and then ask me or any other keeper to  
‘ spare the rooks I could not do it, sir, my conscience would  
‘ rebuke me.’

Most people are familiar with the colonies of rooks which exist in different parts of the country, and which are annually the scene of a big massacre, when thousands of birds are slain by sportsmen who seldom have the chance of indulging in any other sport. Some of these rookeries are wonderfully populous, and contain thousands of birds, old and young, all of them making a babel of discordant noises. The birds seem to have a foreboding of their death season, as they become terribly restless and appear well able to see a man with a gun at a great distance, and no sooner is the enemy discovered than



an alarm note is sounded in the camp, which at once prompts the whole community to soar aloft on rapid wing, in order to be free from danger. The grandest service of the rook is undoubtedly that which it performs in devouring the grub of the cockchafer, which is so terribly destructive to grass lands; millions of these animals are annually eaten by the rooks, and if the bird has no other mission, this alone should be enough to earn it a good character and save it from being exterminated; to see a score or two of rooks following the plough and swallowing with continued industry the worms and grubs of all kinds which are turned up as the furrow is made, is most instructive. Assuredly, but for the rook and his congeners, there would in quick time be a 'plague of worms.'

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### ROARING.

DIPPING casually, the other day, into the pages of the new book, 'The Racehorse in Training,' we fell in with some remarks on roaring so entirely at variance with our own notions upon the subject that we cannot allow them to pass unchallenged. We agree with the writer that 'large horses are more subject to this disease than the small,' and also that 'it is transmitted to the progeny when the horse is put to the stud'; but when Mr. William Day goes on to say, that 'we certainly have fewer roarers amongst our racehorses than formerly,' we join issue. We regret to say that this curse on horseflesh is greatly on the increase; but we hardly expected to see the Derby won by a horse that made a noise, and in a few months afterwards became so badly affected that he was turned out of training. Some persons attribute the increase in the number of roarers to one cause and some to another. Many naturally ask, How can it be otherwise when breeders do not hesitate to send their mares to speedy horses notoriously affected in their wind? Some trace the cause of the malady to early foals, during the hard weather, being shut up with their dams in close boxes, and inhaling the ammonia. Others, again, say that in proportion as horses have increased in stature roaring has become more prevalent. These theories would seem to point to the lungs being the seat of roaring, whereas the obstruction of the windpipe, brought on by severe colds, strangles, and other inflammatory ailments, is the common form of the disorder. How much hot stables and our artificial system of horsekeeping have to answer for!

But what will our readers think of the following statement? 'I have known horses badly affected with the malady to recover;' and Mr. Day gives, as an instance, Mr. Osbaldeston's Devil among the Tailors, 'which turned a rank roarer, but recovered, and was 'as good after as before the malady.' It is a good many years ago, but we remember the horse very well, and we do not think that he was good for much at any time. We saw him run, and we used

constantly to see him at exercise during his racing career ; but this is the first time that we ever heard of his infirmity or of his miraculous recovery. The case that Mr. Day mentions of Brigantine, who won the Oaks in 1869, is more in point. As a two-year-old she made a very loud noise with her breathing apparatus, and it was said, and no doubt believed, that she was a bad and confirmed roarer. She, nevertheless, entirely recovered, and was sound enough at three years old.

Whenever we hear of such marvellous cures as of roaring in horses, hydrophobia, and puerperal fever in the human subject, we are the more inclined to suspect the correctness of the diagnosis than to believe in the successfulness of the treatment ; for we do not believe that at the present time any remedy has been discovered, or method of treatment been devised, which can successfully grapple with any one of those maladies.

Many diseases are called by wrong names, and the term roaring is frequently employed to designate at least half-a-dozen different maladies or conditions of disorder. To take one instance only : it is frequently confounded with broken-windedness, the latter malady being, strictly speaking, an emphysema of the lungs, arising from the breaking down of the walls of the smaller air-cells ; roaring, on the contrary, is not an affection of the lungs at all, but has its seat in the larynx, and may arise from thickening or other disorder of the lining membrane, from paralysis of the arytenoid muscles, or of some other structural disorder of that organ, or its continuation, the windpipe.

Prince Charlie, the famous 'Prince of the T.Y.C.,' made a tremendously loud noise, and was set down by many people as a bad roarer ; but inasmuch as he made the noise at the *commencement* of his races, and as it became less and less the further he went, some authorities declared that he was not a roarer at all, but only subject to some affection of the nostrils or soft palate. He certainly made no noise whatever when he pulled up after running second in the St. Leger, nor was there any heaving of the flanks, or other indications of distress arising from an infirmity of the wind.

The Oaks was won four years in succession by roarers, namely, Lady Evelyn, Rhedycina, Iris, and Songstress, and Frank Butler rode every one of them. Rhedycina was without question the very worst roarer we ever saw ; her gasping for breath and other symptoms of distress when she pulled up were quite painful to witness.

Roaring is hereditary in some families. Melbourne, one of the most successful sires of the present century, and, considering the scant opportunities he had until late in life, the most successful, transmitted the infirmity to many of his offspring, though his most famous son, West Australian, escaped, and as he was not foaled until the end of May, his case affords an argument for so much as it is worth in favour of those authorities who advocate *late* foals in preference to early ones.

We have always been under the impression that there was no

cure for roaring. Whether from natural, or from accidental causes, the membrane that lines the windpipe becomes thickened, and the passage for breathing materially obstructed. The late Mr. William Percivall, writing upon this subject, observed: 'Which of my professional contemporaries, I should like to know, can attenuate a thickened and indurated membrane?' But who knows that what has hitherto defied all the efforts of the old professors of the veterinary art might not yield to the treatment of a new light? 'I cannot help thinking,' says our author, 'that the dry and airy situation of my place is either a preventive or an antidote.' It would make a most attractive signboard for the old posting-house at Woodyates: 'Roarers taken in here and treated by William Day.'

## FRAGMENTA PUGNATORIA.

### II.

'Tis glorious still to see a proud  
And dauntless man step full of hopes  
Up to the P.C. stakes and ropes,  
Throw in his hat, and with a spring  
Get gallantly within the ring;  
And then to see with adamant start  
The muscles set, and the great heart  
Hurl a courageous splendid light  
Into the eye; and then the fight.'

To head a chapter with a quotation gives a writer several advantages: it catches the eye of the general reader, reminds him of the 'Waverley Novels,' and sets him thinking on the deep and varied studies of the author. It is the overture to the play, the canter past the stand, and the sign over the door, and, by furnishing a text, surmounts the difficulties of beginning. The above lines were, if memory serves aright, written for the information of those ladies who wished to know 'What was life?' and 'What was pleasure?' Ladies, as we know, brightened the tournament by their presence, and raised the hopes and fired the souls of harnessed knights, who jousted, bled, and broke their bones like gentlemen for woman's love. And they *do* say that bright eyes looked on sometimes at 'little mills.' But it is an injustice to the girls of our time to say that they care a single button on the wrist of the smallest glove for the pummelling of two ugly ruffians. No, no; as Whyte-Melville sang—

'From eyes that shine so brightly,  
Such a spectacle unsightly  
Must be hidden as we hide each thing of sorrow and of dread.'

The large-minded woman whose stern philosophy and prohibitive bearing are provocative of manly virtue may, possibly, in her contention for the equality of the sexes, assert her right to be present at a

pugilistic encounter, but the girl of our heart would be as much out of place as a lily in a slaughter-house.

In anticipation of the apology which Society will demand for the introduction of an ill-favoured subject in these refined and dainty days, embellished, as it is designed to be, by the sayings and doings of an objectionable body of citizens whose extinction is, doubtless, the subject of congratulation to the general public, let it be borne in mind that these are but the faithful records of a departed age. The Ring, prosecuted and persecuted, might then have called witnesses to character from those who were accounted wise and great. The judges on the bench winked at it, as far as such an operation was possible in grave and learned men encumbered by the dignity of ermine and full-bottomed wigs. The Duke of Wellington, whose greatness and strong common sense no one will deny, lamented, in his famous letter to Sir John Burgoyne, its decline and fall. The late Sir Robert Peel declined to interfere for its suppression. Dr. Bardsley of Manchester, in his 'Dissertation on the Use and Abuses of 'Popular Sports and Exercises,' commended it as 'an established 'rule of honour to save the weak from the strong.' And in later times Lord Palmerston and Sir George Cornwall Lewis raised the shield of their protection over the law-breakers in the fight between Sayers and Heenan. But all these witnesses are beyond call, and it is vain to plead the gentle nature of the bruiser, his orderly demeanour, and his love of fair play, against the broad assertions, incessantly repeated, that he was a ruffian, and his avocation a disgrace to all who sanctioned it.

Boxing with the gloves has long been a favourite exercise of growing youth and robust manhood, and will continue to be so, so long as a professor can be found to give lessons in the art; but pugilism in its highest form of development is dead. Its ghost, however, still lingers among us, and crowds, in greedy curiosity, flock to witness its apparition in glove fights, or sparring contests, as they are more decorously termed, in deference to the objections of the powers that be. Circus proprietors can spare their horses and their elephants whenever they are able to gratify the taste of an audience by an exhibition of these dramatic spectres of departed heroes; and the popularity of the reprints of famous fights are evidence of the existence of the same feeling. The interest taken in the fight between Sayers and Heenan, the last spasmodic effort of the expiring Ring, is still in the remembrance of many. The crowds that thronged the railway station at Waterloo, and the anxious expectation manifested throughout the kingdom as to the result, the too liberal donations lavished on the combatants by wealthy men, few of whom had ever seen a fight in their lives, proved with sad conclusiveness how deeply seated in the British breast this reprobated fancy dwells. Of the number and quality of the spectators on that memorable occasion, who braved the long and tortuous journey and risked the handcuff of the inexorable policeman, it is bootless now to tell; but there was one old and familiar figure whose keen eyes watched with the anxiety and hope

of a patriot and a sportsman every action of his countryman, and that was the old Squire.\* Yes, there he sat as excited as a lad of eighteen,

‘ While England’s fate  
Like a clipp’d guinea trembled in the scale,’

till Sayers, hitherto unable to get within the long reach of his formidable opponent, administered that tremendous blow which staggered him and opened the way for more frequent but lighter repetitions. Then did the fine old man—who, by-the-by, had been up all night playing billiards, lest he should miss the train—spring from his seat of straw and urge his favourite to further exertions. ‘Keep the ‘big ‘un moving, Tom—keep the big ‘un moving,’ were his memorable words. Probably, under all circumstances, the judgment of the referee that the fight was a draw, was the most satisfactory conclusion of the affair; but if the feelings of the two men are to be taken as an indication of the ultimate result, Sayers would have won. When Heenan, blinded by the frequent visitations of his antagonist, heard the decision he jumped up with the leap and dance of a man who has unexpectedly experienced a piece of good fortune; but the expression on the face of Sayers was that of unfeigned surprise. ‘A ‘draw!’ said he. ‘I’ve got two good eyes and one good arm. ‘I am only a bit tired, and could go on for another hour.’ Here we drop the curtain on the scene and leave the theatre, with the cynical reflection that nobody was any the better for the performance.

Historians, as a rule, arrange their facts in chronological order, and no doubt the correct method is to begin at the beginning and go on to the end; but when an author, or compiler, is engaged on a work of illustration, he claims the liberty of taking his reader up the cross-streets, to show him the picture shops. Here is a picture of the dress worn by those who affected the Fancy during the greater part of the third decade of the present century, the dress of the ‘Bucks’ and the ‘Bloods’:

‘ To dress, to wear a rough drab coat  
With large pearl buttons all afloat  
Upon the waves of plush. To tie  
A kerchief of the king-cup dye,†  
White spotted with the small bird’s eye  
Around the neck, and just in time  
To quit the house at morning prime,’

put yourself into a double-bodied dog-cart with a high-stepping trotter, piebald preferred; place a bulldog between your knees, and you may imagine yourself on the road to a fight, where your tasteful get-up and stylish equipage will ensure you the admiration and cordial welcome due to a ‘bang-up’ swell and ‘one of the right ‘sort.’ *The language of clothes*, albeit latterly in comparative disuse, has an eloquence of its own in telling the assumed character

\* Mr. Osbaldeston.

† This was called The Belcier, from a professor of that name.

of the man. Time was when a man's calling was discovered by his dress; the learned and other professions were thus distinguishable. Then there was the horsey man, the doggy man, and the yachting man; but the palm of plain-speaking must be awarded to the dress of the patron and admirer of British courage, proclaiming, as it did, what the wearer wished to be thought. There he was, attired as one of the Fancy, happy in his self-satisfaction, although the lion's skin might be on the wrong animal. This pronounced and appropriate costume harmonised with the literature of the Ring, which gave a charm to the broadsheets and periodicals that chronicled its doughty deeds. Then did the devotee look forward to his Sunday newspaper with something like an appetite and devour its contents with the relish of a hungry man:

‘Every lover of life that had rhino to spare,  
From sly little Moses to Jackson\* was there,  
Never since the renowned days of Broughton and Figg  
Was the fanciful world in such very prime twig;  
Long, long before daylight, gigs, rattlers and prads,  
Were in motion for Warwick, brimful of the lads;  
’Tis diverting to see, as one ogles around,  
How Corinthians and commoners mixed on the ground.’

This, my lords and gentlemen, is a fragment of a ballad, hawked and sung by the ‘flying stationers’ upon Warwick racecourse on the day of the fight between Josh Hudson and Cannon for 1,000 guineas, on the 22nd of November, 1824. ‘On this occasion,’ says a cotemporary writer, ‘the regulations for the preservation of order were of the best description, for, independently of the knights of the mawley themselves, about five-and-twenty constables, with their staves of office, were on the spot; the presence of these men was permitted by the “flash beaks of the county” (an ignoble designation which demands a protest), and thus the fun was in some degree legalised.’ The gentlemen of the neighbouring hunts sported their ‘pinks’ in honour of the occasion, and the fashionable promenade of Leamington was crowded with visitors on the eve of the great event. Mr. Osbaldeston, we read, was the referee, and a surgeon was in attendance to afford assistance in case of accident. What more could law, fashion, or humanity desire? Warwick racecourse was the scene of many such encounters, and its ground is almost as classic as Moulsey Hurst itself; and Warwick vied with Worcester in bidding for the famous contest between Spring and Langan, but the offers of the Vigornians were too bountiful for their Warwick neighbours to resist, and the Pitchcroft was the arena decided upon. It has been said that as much as 800*l.* was subscribed by the Faithful city for the honour. The county gaols in both places now stand in grim irony overlooking the scene of departed glories, and from the windows of those admonitory edifices the unhappy pugilist of modern time might, when suffering from his misdirected

\* Gentleman Jackson, of whom Lord Byron took his lessons.

ambition, have reflected on the mutability of human affairs. We said, might have reflected; but the construction of the windows and the architectural arrangements of the buildings are unfavourable to a view of the surrounding scenery. Nor is this the only change that has taken place in Worcester. Some years ago there hung upon the wall of the coffee-room at the Star a coloured print of that once important event, dedicated to the admirers of British courage: alas! it has been removed, and consigned to some less honourable place.

Of the potency of the charm that attracted thousands of people of all classes to witness these exhibitions, it would be impossible to give an adequate idea. Peers, baronets, and squires of high degree, who looked on from their carriages, delighted in them as much as the humblest commoner who padded the hoof; and there was a wild joy, and a reckless take-care-of-yourself kind of feeling experienced by all alike, and all interest centred in one common object—the fight. If the ring was broken in, the excitement of the populace, as the critical time approached, was sufficient to account for it; and when the very ring-keepers themselves, men who had witnessed and had fought many and many a combat, were absorbed to stupefaction in the scene before them. There was an intensity of feeling that could not be accounted for by the love of gain, or by the bets that depended on the issue. This, however, was in the olden time, when matches were made by sportsmen whose object was to see the best man win. When such men ceased to take an interest in the thing, a change came over the spirit of the Ring; the period of its degeneracy set in, only to be followed by its fall and death. An old fellow who eked out an existence and obtained a competency by providing men and backing them to win or lose, as the occasion required, once described his own feelings during the fight between Jack (Hammer) Lane and Tass Parker. They had fought before and Lane had won. Our friend had laid the odds on Lane, but Parker was the finer fighter and the heavier man; he was, however, supposed to carry a white feather somewhere, and hence the odds. The onslaughts of Parker were fast and furious. ‘My eye!’ said the old fellow, ‘I heard the blows ding-donging on ‘poor Jack’s body, and I thought of my money, and I couldn’t stand ‘it out; so I went away and laid me down under a cart out of sight, ‘and put my finger in my ears to keep out the sound, for I felt as ‘if every thump was a pound or thirty shillings out of my pocket, ‘and I had bet too much money: and then I got up and walked to ‘the ring, and I see as Jack wouldn’t be knocked down, though ‘Tass was a laying on as fast as he know’d how, just as if he’d like ‘to get it over quick. “Crow,” says I, to Crow Lockett, as was ‘a-handling him; “Crow,” says I, “I’ll give you five pounds to ‘take Tass away: he won’t object, you may take your oath on ‘“it.” “Not to-day, John,” says he, a-laughing; “not to-day, ‘old man; we’re a going to win this time.” “All right,” says ‘I, “we shall see when it’s over;” and away I toddled to my cart ‘and lay down again, and stuffed my ears, and every now and then

'when I opened 'em, I could tell as the blows was not a falling 'quite so heavy; and I goes to the ring again and says I to Crow, "Will you take the five pound now?" "I would," says he, "only Jem Burn, as is a-backing 'Tass, is such a fellow—and he "says he'll see it out." "Very good," says I, and returned to my 'cart. Next time I went to the ring, 'Tass was lying on his face, 'and I see by the motions of his body as he'd had about enough on 'it. "Jack," says Crow, "will you give me the fiver now?" "No," 'says I, "I won't." "Well," says he, "all the money as Jem Burn 'has got on this fight is a sovereign, and if you'll give him that he'll 'draw his man." "Not a penny-piece," says I; "why, he's 'a-cryin', and won't want no drawing—he'll draw himself;" and I 'was right, for 'Tass wouldn't come to the scratch no more; so I 'drewed the tin, and made up my mind never to lay so much money 'on a fight again.' The sordid sentiments of this individual were not those of a sportsman, and would have excited unmitigated disgust in the noble mind of Mr. Windham, whose views were of a more heroic nature, and who was happily removed from this mortal life before such motives became prevalent.

We next approach a feature of the Ring which disfigured its manly beauty and caused people to turn their eyes unlovingly away, and that was the 'cross,' or 'barney.' A ludicrous incident of this kind occurred in the match between Levi Eckersley and Peter Taylor. Eckersley had been a trainer of Johnny Broome, who knew his powers, and backed him to win; but Levi, who preferred gain to glory, backed himself to lose. He was, however, by far the better man, and seems to have possessed that genuine sense of humour which consists of having as much fun as you can for your money. This droll propensity he gratified by pummelling his opponent with such heartiness that his friends began to fear that he would win, in open defiance of the preconcerted arrangement. Matters went on in this irregular way until poor Peter's shoulder was discovered to be out of joint. He then perceived the mischief his sportiveness had done; but he was equal to the occasion, and, while Peter's seconds were holding him up and coaxing him to have just another little try, he threw himself on the ground and bellowed away as if he was being murdered. 'Do you think I'm going to be killed? He'll kill me—' take me away!' Broome rushed into the ring and tried his powers of persuasion, but in vain; time was called before Eckersley had done shouting, and Taylor was declared the winner. Broome's righteous indignation knew no bounds, and he sought relief in the administration of punishment combined with insult, by propelling the recreant Levi across the roped arena in a succession of rapid and involuntary bounds. Were the chivalrous feelings of the doughty Broome really wounded by this dishonourable conduct which dimmed the lustre of the bright P.R.? or did Levi hit upon the solution of this display of wrath when he turned and said, 'You warn't made 'right, I suppose?' A man of Eckersley's shrewdness, possessing the genealogical advantages indicated by the prefix 'Levi,' who had



mixed in a society where the characters of individuals are the subject of personal observation, and tested by their acts and deeds, may be assumed to have acquired a refined judgment. He knew Broome well, and smarting under the pain and indignity of the moment, possibly regretted that that worthy had not been made acquainted with his design at an earlier period. Broome was no sufferer by the result of the fight, as the stakes and bets were drawn. He had some time previously backed Cross of Birmingham against Merryman of Nottingham, and found himself on the losing side. The fight came off at Oakthorpe, on the Birmingham circuit, and after an hour's contest, Cross's arm was broken, and, although he gamely persevered, his chance was gone. When victory is not within the grasp of cunning men, the alternatives of the tie and wrangle still remain; and Broome, urging his friend to prolong the combat, thus unburdened his mind to a friend at his elbow: 'It's all up; there is but 'one chance left, and that is a beak. I'll fetch a magistrate, and 'stop it.' He was making his way to his vehicle with praiseworthy alacrity when he felt a pressure on the arm; turning to ascertain the cause, he recognised the grip and features of the bold Bendigo, whose other hand was in a position that bespoke a resolution not to be lightly cast aside. 'No, you don't,' said the bold Bendigo. 'I've 'had my eye on you, and know your litle game. You don't go 'away from here if I know it.' Broome knew his man, and quietly submitted to the decrees of fate—and Bendigo. This Bendigo,

'Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle,'

or perhaps at an earlier period than that. He is said to be the seventh son of a seventh son, to be one of three at a birth and a cesarean. Seventh sons of seventh sons are supposed to be gifted supernaturally; but when to this circumstance of nativity the other conditions are added, the expectations of the man's career must be very formidable indeed; and Bendigo (whose name is Thompson) is in many respects a remarkable man. A wily man, he won his fights by his quickness and his cunning; and he has a mother-wit which makes his society attractive to those who are curious in the study of character. He was more popular at home than his opponent, Ben Caunt. The Nottingham boys thought highly of 'Our Bendy,' as they called him; and as he was a man whom, as the Scots say, 'you would 'rather crack wi' nor fight wi',' kept on good terms with him. Caunt they considered as slow as a top; an opinion that Dorrington, the Kent wicket-keeper, shared, and while of that opinion expressed his desire to put the gloves on with him. He was gratified and undeceived, having to retire hastily from the room after a bout of a minute and a half. His judgment of Caunt's powers underwent a rapid change, indicated by his expressions on recovering from the sudden sickness that had overtaken him. 'They may say what they 'like,' said he, 'but Caunt isn't so slow as they say he is.' Cricket players, as a rule, are not fighting men, but there have been several

(wicket-keepers especially) tolerable hands with the gloves. Nottingham cricket in former days was not always free from the pugnacious element. Sam Redgate, perhaps the best bowler that ever handled a ball, was an example, and was very saucy until Alfred Mynn taught him a salutary lesson; and for some especial matches there was always a man or two in the Nottingham eleven who could get ready upon a short notice. Tom Heath, usually good-tempered, was sometimes led away by the warmth of his feelings. Tom was one of a Nottingham eleven that had played Sussex at Brighton, where he had been so unfortunate as to score a brace of round O's. This unhappy circumstance preyed upon his mind; he thought it must be a national concern and the universal topic of conversation. He was deaf, and being one day seated in a public-house kitchen, he observed two fellows laughing very heartily—no doubt at some joke of their own; but Tom's ruling thought was uppermost just then, and, without a moment's warning, he set to work and pummelled them as they sat. 'I'll teach you,' said he, 'to laugh at me for going all the way to Brighton and back for two round O's.' The explanation of the sufferers came too late to save their bones, but their example prevented any laughter in Tom's presence for some time.

Charley Brown was another quick-fisted gentleman, but Charley would not stop. Coming hurriedly through one of the streets of Birmingham one evening, after a match, he picked a quarrel with a chance customer, and blows soon followed words. Charley laced the fellow merrily for two or three rounds; he then began to calculate, and found he had got his master. 'Young man,' said he, putting down his hands, 'I see you can fayte—can you run any?' 'I ain't a-goin' to run from you,' said the Brum. 'Well,' said Charley, 'if you want any more faytin' you must run for it—I ain't going to stop any longer,' and took to his heels, leaving the stubborn Brum to ruminate on past events. But all these men have left the scene, and now cricket matches are conducted without a final appeal to fisticuffs. The change has deprived these and other meetings of much of their ancient piquancy, and weakened that spirit of humorous invention which enabled our youthful predecessors to account to their parents for the accident of a black eye.

Allusion has been made to Broome's desire to call for the interference of the law. How often the majesty and power of that institution was invoked to further the dishonest transactions of the gentlemen of the Ring it is difficult to say; but it is certain that in many instances men procured their own arrests by friendly peace officers, and got themselves bound over in order to avoid a contest, where the result was likely to be unsatisfactory. The local paper would then have its paragraph headed '*Prize fight prevented*,' and extol the vigilance of the active and intelligent officer who had been furthering the ends of a pugilist out of condition.

The influence of the Ring was no doubt provocative of combativeness within and without. Sometimes a youth whose aspirations

were too many for his powers, would enter the arena, if he could secure the attendance of some hero of the day to second him: the result was frequently a practical lesson of self-abasement, accompanied by advice from his second not to make a fool of himself again.

There is no doubt that the practice and example of the Ring, while it promoted a love of fair-play of which Englishman used to boast as a national characteristic, called into existence an objectionable pugnacity in individuals, especially in those days of roystering conviviality, of which we have seen the last. The professed pugilists, however, were, as a rule, the reverse of quarrelsome; and of them it may be truly said that their courage and humanity went hand in hand. Many anecdotes are recorded showing the forbearance of these men in the excitement of the combat. One is told of Pearce, the Game Chicken, which is worthy of preservation. He had been a pupil of Jem Belcher, and they were fast friends, till Belcher, jealous of his reputation, challenged him. Belcher had lost an eye by a blow from a racket ball. Pearce was too much for him, but he took his punishment like a man. Pearce, in the course of the fight, got Belcher's head in chancery—a terrible place for anybody to be, where the process of extraction was difficult, if not impossible—here Pearce might have exercised the office of process-server interminably, but in a spirit of manly generosity he gave him his discharge; and saying, 'I won't do it, Jem, lest I hurt thine other eye,' he loosed his hold and walked away. Mention has been made of a certain Bagorazzors, who bore the outward resemblance of a man in his longest and boniest form; a ruffian who fought once a week for the delectation of himself and friends—a poacher, a fowl-stealer, and a man of predatory habits generally. But this fellow had some vestiges of humanity left in him. A Quaker gentleman, famous for his efforts for the suppression of slavery and a love of his sable brethren generally, an unsuccessful aspirant to Parliamentary honours, rushed into a ring, in emulation of the good monk Telemachus, to stop a fight. His entrance to the Ring was disastrous, and he was simultaneously worsted on the Turf. Telemachus, as we read, lost his life in his attempt to separate the gladiators in the Roman amphitheatre, being stoned to death by the indignant populace. Our Quaker friend, however, had to deal with Englishmen, who, rough as they were, were not so savage as the Romans. The Bag came promptly and gallantly to the rescue, and saved him from bodily harm; the mob would not kill—no, no—they drew the line, and stole his watch, a valuable chattel, which he ultimately recovered through the repulsive instrumentality of the objectionable 'Bag.'

T. H. G.

## SOME FISHING REMINISCENCES.

ANGLERS, as a rule, exaggerate unconscionably. What says your bosom angler chum when you have finished telling him how, on such and such a day last year, you fought and lost a *ten*-pound Thames trout? Does he not instantly describe the awesome duel he fought with a pike in Slapton Ley, or Tring Reservoir—'weighed 'thirty pounds, sir, if it did an ounce.' 'Did you land him?' you ask. A solemn shake of the head, and 'No, just as I got 'him'—and then follows the customary calamity of an awkward wielder of the gaff, or the submerged stump, and the thirty-pounder has flapped to his would-be captor a final farewell. Had he been captured you, as you listen, feel quite certain his 'panting bulk' would have been much less, say a third, than the pounds avoirdupois ascribed. As I pointed out before, exaggeration is, like Mr. Pecksniff's inebriety, 'chronic, chronic,' with nearly all anglers in a greater or lesser degree.

Now, the reason why I make these preliminary observations anent the highly-developed imaginations of most anglers is for the purpose of emphatically denying the application of the rule to the few following pages of angling experiences. They may not be of a thrilling nature, and may lack interest to the sensation-monger (for some readers of sporting literature, like some of those of novels, like 'the agony piled on'), but they have the merit of truth, and I am prepared to furnish the names and addresses of the principals in any incident here narrated to the doubters amongst my readers. I have chosen to thus collect together a short *olla podrida* of items rather than write a monograph on any particular branch of angling, because the general fishing season, when such a paper would be practically useful, cannot be said to have actually begun on June 1st. The 16th inst. sees the commencement of general rod angling agreeably with the provisions of the Freshwater Fisheries Act.

I will introduce my first notable angling experience by saying that I shall never forget my first jack. Of course, I was, so far as fishing in all its branches is concerned, literally 'to the manner born,' and at seven years of age I could throw a fly or spinning bait with any one five times that age. At that mature time of life I recollect being especially learned in the manufacture of fishing tackle. Wonderful were the flights of spinning hooks I put together, and fearful and wonderfully made were the flies with which I captured dace off Chertsey Meads. On the occasion I am now referring to I had manufactured a flight of hooks of a build large enough and strong enough to play a Westminster Aquarium whale, and borrowing without permission one of my father's best jack rods, I went down to the water to fish. A bait was stuck on somehow, and I managed to throw it out some half-dozen yards without also throwing myself into the river. This was repeated a few times, and as often was the mighty flight I used imbedded in weeds, which it required no end of

exertion to break. At last I felt a curious tug, tug, and, following the examples I had seen, I struck—alas! too Samson-like. The pith of my six-year-old muscles was too much for the rod, and it snapped like a carrot just above the ferrule of the second joint. Whether my consternation at the accident, or my delight at feeling the thrilling tug, tug, tug, at the other end of the line was greater I cannot say. Anyhow, I held on—a cynical friend of mine says the faculty of ‘holding on’ is the true philosophy of life—and my reward was eventually, after entangling the line into inextricable Gordian knots, breaking the rod and working my embryo angler soul into a more violent frenzy than ever Milton or Homer dreamt of, a fine pike or ten and a quarter pounds. That weight saved my—well, not ‘bacon.’ Had it been five pounds less the fracture of a new jack rod would have introduced me to a rod of much less acceptability. As it was, unfortunately—so I have come to think of it in after years—I was spared, and forthwith I became a more ardent fisherman than scholar by a ‘darned long sight,’ as funny old Will Harris of Weybridge used to say.

Talking about jack ‘reminds me’ of a much more notable capture than that just referred to. I am now speaking of the 35 lbs. fish taken from Rapley Lake (near H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught’s residence), Windsor Park. My father (H.M. fisherman) conceived an idea that this water would make a magnificent trout lake, and decided, after representing the matter to the ‘powers that be,’ to run off the water and transfer the living contents to other more fitting and less considerable ponds of the royal demesne. The local reports from gamekeepers and others dignified Rapley Lake by ascribing to it the possession of a pike of such dimensions and ferocity as to throw completely into the shade the famous Inglemere pike which nearly killed a big boy, and the historical Manheim pike of that ilk whose years numbered, according to the best authorities, over a score or decades, and whose vertebra extended nineteen feet; albeit, an accomplished ichthyologist tells me that German artfulness has added sundry non-descript joints, to keep pace with the exaggeration of angling authors.

However, a pike of good size doubtless resided in Rapley Lake. I myself saw it once take a water vole with a plunge and rush worthy indeed of the fish of which Job asks, ‘Canst thou draw out ‘leviathan with an hook?’ doubtless implying a negative reply. The fiat had gone forth, and it must die. We let nearly all the water off during an interval of fine weather, for the date was the early summer of ’76, and Jupiter Pluvius had been unkind and over-plentiful with his humid contributions. About half an acre of water still remained, and we could see in the shallow depths of this numberless carp of considerable size, ranging from one pound to five, a few small jack, and what seemed like the occasional movement of a huge torpedo. One fine morning closely subsequent, arranged to suit H.R.H. Prince Christian’s (the Ranger) convenience, the drag net was introduced to this water, which for twelve years or thereabouts

had lain unmolested by trimmer or rod. The first haul included a fine lot of carp, as described by Pope, in his 'Windsor Forest,'—'their scales bedropped with gold,' and some small pike; but the next was the event of the day. As the net, drawn carefully by a dozen willing hands on either side, slowly enclosed the water, rendering the circle less and less, a sudden commotion was seen—a plunge, a roll, a fierce rush and bang, bang, with the strength of the sons of Anak, a big fish struck the apex of the cone now described by the net, burying the corks deep in the water and threatening a rupture of the meshes. Not this proceeding once only, either. Again and again, with renewed vigour and energy which plainly showed he knew the danger of even 'masterly inactivity' did he rush bull-like at the still slowly-closing prison. At last, like a very Socrates or Stoic philosopher, he reconciled himself to the inevitable. I approached where he was lying in the folds of the net. My father also neared him from an opposite direction. No landing net was large enough; more swiftly the net neared the shore with its cargo of life—carp, pike, rudd, and this splendid pike. At last there he lay, panting and exhausted. My father lifted him in his arms, or rather sought to do so, when with a mighty and vicious sweep of the tail, more like that of a saurian than a fish, he threw himself free, nearly knocking his captor over. However, to shore he was eventually carried, and I never saw a more beautiful specimen of *Esox lucius*. His head was like smoked mother-of-pearl, his eye glowed like a silver-encircled brilliant, and his body, bulky and aldermanic as it seemed, though beautifully symmetrical, was mottled with green and silver markings, like nothing else in nature I ever before witnessed. His belly was of a sheeny white, here and there iridescent. But, oh, the jaws, as they opened and closed with the last death gasps. What did Dante find over the portal of hell? *Voi ch'entrate lasciate ogni speranza*. 'Abandon hope.' Ay, verily in the case of this fish. No miserable carp, or rudd, or juvenile jack had cause to hope after entering its massive, relentless jaws. I measured one of its fangs, and it went  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches to a point of needle—no, bayonet-like shape and keenness, with one edge like a razor, yet altogether of a hue opaline and beautiful. The subsequent history of the fish I may not chronicle, for I am uncertain. I know Mr. Buckland had it, and made a magnificent cast, which was admirably painted by his private secretary, Mr. Searle. The fish was clearly ascertained to be not more than twelve years old.

Yet another experience *in re* Jack. We hear a great deal about the vagaries of jack in taking the bait, hooking themselves eccentrically, their insensibility to pain, as shown by the dauntless way they come at your hooks after being once hooked, and so on; but I am certain the most experienced of readers will be interested and astonished at the following incident. It out-Herods Herod. I was attending, say, Mr. A. and Mr. B. on the Thames at Old Windsor, in the late summer of 1878. We were jack fishing, and had just reached a most inviting spot in the old river, from whence I had more than once drawn jack of most respectable dimensions,

when Mr. A. exclaimed that he was fast in a big fish. He was fishing with a gorge hook, and, of course, I immediately drew out my watch and counselled the customary ten minutes. Just as these were on the verge of completion, Mr. B., who had been spinning wide of the other fish, intimated that he was fast in a decent-sized fish, and, acting on my advice, fearing a complication, when our larger quarry should find himself hooked, he played it rather roughly, intending to land him before Mr. A. tightened on *his* fish. *Esox* No. 2, however, was not to be so summarily disposed of, but with evident inspiration from the spirit of evil, made for the neighbourhood of the larger fish. At this juncture the latter began to move, and Mr. A. began to wind in slack line, with the intention of bringing matters to an issue, when the fish with a rush which set the check winch whirring like a night-jar, rushed directly towards Mr. B.'s fish. Here was indeed a pretty kettle of fish. Mr. B. determined to find out the meaning of this at all hazards, and clearing his tackle endeavoured to reel-up. Mr. A. did likewise. Then, and then only, was it discovered that they were both into one fish, or rather into two irrevocably entangled, for on landing both it was found that a fourteen pound fish had taken the gorge bait, and then with cannibalistic intentions and murderous rashness had rushed at the three and a half pound fish of Mr. B. It had succeeded in simply tearing the latter with its fangs and hooking itself on the lip hook of the flight.

It is probable that no such instance has before occurred. The gorge-hook, the line never having been tightened by Mr. A., had not penetrated the walls of the maw at the time the fish beheld its lesser brother in the heat of contest with his captor. It then, with all the veracity for which it is famous, embraced a double chance of dissolution. The capture speaks well for the hooks of the flight; indeed, seldom is it given to the tackle of any Piscator to capture two fish on one set of hooks.

By-the-by, talking of the holding power of hooks reminds me of an incident which I never recall without uncontrollable merriment. At Windsor there lived a once celebrated clown—dead now, poor fellow—whose name, for obvious reasons, I will not mention here. He had retired from the profession long years, and at the time to which I refer kept a tavern, where his whilom lithesome figure had, like that of delicious old Falstaff, developed into 'a goodly man 'i'faith and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, of a pleasing eye, and a 'most noble carriage.' One day, in company with a mutual friend, I rallied him on the subject of his never fishing. I told him it would reduce his stores of adipose tissue, clear his annoying liver, and altogether rejuvenate his now aging spirits. No; he had never bothered to learn how to throw a bait, and though the *al fresco* luncheon, opportune and timely 'wee dram drappie o' whuskey,' and comforting Havannah in the golden summer afternoon, under the spreading alders, etc., etc., were very much to his taste, nevertheless, unless we would allow him to remain but a spectator he would not join us in a day's fishing we were arranging. Finally, however,

after much persuasion, our host decided to be one with us, and, under my tutelage, to learn the mysteries of spinning.

The appointed morning arrived, and we in due course found ourselves on the banks of a fine jack lake, not a hundred miles from the royal borough. And here, as I want the reader to picture to himself the scene I am about to depict, I must pause a little to describe the position of the aforesaid lake. Imagine a lake of about forty acres, lying in a valley, and bounded on every side by verdant and expansive meadows, on which sleek-skinned oxen fed with a lazy tranquillity, which curiosity, as will be seen directly, could alone disturb. We deposited our traps and fixed our tackle. First, of course, I attended to 'mine host;' and he had no sooner been partly initiated into the practice and theory of spinning than a tiny jack of about a pound sprang almost on land at his feet, after the bait, and on the latter being returned to the water instantly seized it, and was duly almost thrown over its captor's head, after the approved fashion of 'ye ancient angler.' As might have been supposed, this was quite sufficient to kindle our friend's desire for further conquest, and he progressed so well in the art of casting that my other friend and myself left him to his own devices, to try our luck farther up the bank.

I must here remind the reader that the 'grub' basket, etc., were immediately behind 'mine host,' and some distance behind their position lay a marshy tract of covert between the thick clumps of turf of which one might sink waist deep.

I had not been away ten minutes when, hearing my name shouted out in alarm, I turned my head to my clown-friend, and this is what I saw. With tail horizontal, like a pump-handle, and bounding from clump to clump more like a tiger than a cow, a huge Alderney heifer galloped; 'mine host,' with rod bent almost double, and line attached to the cow's tail, following at a distance, with eyes starting from his head, hat off, hair fluttering in the breeze, plunging, jumping, skipping, and floundering now in the mire, now out, unwilling to let go his new jack rod, and decidedly unwilling to go at that pace. I never saw a more ludicrous sight. We stood and absolutely bubbled over with laughter. Presently the heifer, not being conveniently able to go further because of a fence, stopped short. 'Want the landing net?' I called out with cruel irony. 'Landing net be ——,' he answered. 'Here, you fellows, this (more profanity) cow has got my hooks in 'her tail; come and help a poor devil, will you?' As he said this his bovine quarry, recollecting the pain of the hooks, turned sharp round and made off in another direction, settling matters conclusively by snapping and carrying off about twenty yards of line.

It appears that her ladyship, seeing the straw lunch basket, felt anxious about it, and came up to investigate the mystery. After finding that its make-up rendered the material uneatable, she turned herself, like any other well-conducted cow, to resume her pasturing. At this moment, enormously interested in making a lengthy cast, mine host must have swung his bait round. Triplet hooks are no



respecters of cows' tails, and so, instead of the bait being brought sharply round for the throw, the force employed simply fixed it in the cow. I heard afterwards that much difficulty was experienced in extracting the barbs. It is needless to say the incident caused an immense amount of *badinage* amongst my poor old friend's friends when it got noised abroad.

Soon after I went with mine host to Drayton, on the Colne; he to try float-fishing—for he was now fairly infatuated with fishing—and I to throw the downy fly for a trout, if one should haply be thereabouts. My chief object was, however, to teach my friend how to catch roach; for he was such a genial, good-hearted fellow that it was impossible not to desire to increase his enjoyment and already frequent laugh. We travelled to the 'Trout' at Yiewsley overnight, and had no sooner got comfortably over tea than, as it was quite early and in summer-time, my friend proposed trying a 'preliminary canter,' as he expressed it, that evening. We were soon by the waterside, ready with the roach tackle to begin. 'Now,' I said, as I adjusted the float, after plumbing the depth, 'when you see it bob strike sharply, not before.' He assented, and I strolled farther down-stream and whipped the river, getting a very fine chub almost at the first onset. Gradually the shades of night gathered round me, but so absorbed was I that I forgot the distance I was from the 'Trout' and my friend, until it was quite impossible for me to see what I was doing. Then I retraced my steps, and lo, my companion was still sitting in the dim light, as stolid and black as Edgar Allan Poe's Raven. He did not hear my approach; I stood near him, and peered through the gathering darkness at his float. Ye gods and little fishes! it was lying horizontally on the top of the water; the cap had come off, and therefore as an indicator of a bite it was utterly useless. I looked at the angler himself—fast asleep as a church! I roused him, and asked 'What sport?' With a sleepy yawn, he replied: 'Never a bite, my boy.' 'Has your float been like that long?' I queried. 'All the evening,' he returned, with a quiet indication of surprise, 'why?'—this most innocently. I told him why. 'Lord bless me,' he said, 'that accounts for four or five people coming here, looking, and going away laughing. They made me wild; I wouldn't have cared if they had spoken even a word. Instead of that every man-jack of 'em went away grinning like a Cheshire cat!' 'Well they might,' thought I.

The next day I remember a most memorable capture of a trout which had defied multitudes of fly-fishers for several years. He lay just heading up beyond a wooden bridge which spanned the water, and gathered up, without the least sign of alarm at the presence of a spectator, every fly and water insect that floated downward. But never an artificial or natural *bait* would he touch. Everything had been tried, so I was informed, and one might just as well expect to catch him by means of the proverbial caudal salting as by a lure attached to a line. I went early and viewed him. There he was, with slowly-heaving gills, basking in the morning sun

that gemmed the ripples in the clear air. I tried the minnow, every fly I could think of, even the unorthodox red worm, which being well scoured, hung like serpentine coral on the invisible hook. I wasted four hours over the brute, and then, as the sun was getting somewhat powerful and the water was excessively low and clear, I desisted. I had sworn in my heart that he should die, however, and I spent that evening after dinner in meditating over the mode of his capture; for in view of my determination I intended staying the next day. Like Robert the Bruce, I received a hint from an insect, not from a spider, but a cockroach, which with no uncertainty tripped its way across the hearth, just as I had given up trying to decide what bait would be most uncommon and attractive to this fish. The next morning at sunrise I was up and furnished with a small box of live cockroaches, caught especially for me. Keeping out of sight of the fish, I put my fly-rod together, and attached the finest gut case I had with me—and my finest *are fine* I can assure the reader. To this I whipped a No. 10 roach hook, and then impaled—all alive and kicking, I'm sorry to say—a fat cockroach, completely hiding the hook. Loosening a few yards of line and still keeping out of sight, I carefully pitched my lure half-a-dozen yards above the fish, and as chance would have it, it fell on a lily-leaf slowly floating down. No more fortunate thing could have happened. By a careful manipulation of the line I drew the leaf into a direct line with the wily old fish's nose. Just as it was about two feet above him I pulled the cockroach off; it sank just before his nose, and surely no gourmand ever swallowed the succulent 'native' more gratefully than did this six-pound fish suck down the cockroach I had so deftly brought to his notice. I struck, and up-stream he raced, much to my relief; for if he had gone down I must have lost him; and the upshot, of course, was that I took him home, and enjoyed the invigorating ham and exhilarating egg, with the carmine and silver and olive beauty lying in all his freshness on the breakfast table before me.

I have met some curious trout in my time. I once caught one from the Wandle, which most certainly must have been blind, for the structure of the eyes was so diseased, right down to the optic nerve, that vision must have been a physical impossibility. It took a natural fly, and therefore might have smelt what it was taking. There is no anomaly about this suggestion, though I am aware fish are credited with but little sense of smell. In the *genus homo* we find that the deprivation of one sense is recompensed by the abnormal development of some other; why may not this be the case with the fish in question? Another time I took a trout positively with its one eye. I was worm-fishing, and, I suppose, in striking sharply the hook fell foul of the eye of a fish about a quarter of a pound. 'So much the 'worse for the eye,' to parody George Stephenson's remark, when asked what would be the result if his locomotive came in contact with a cow—and the said eye was extracted and brought out on the hook. Why I don't know, but I did throw in the hook again as it was, and I caught a trout which was eyeless on one side. I don't

know what so-called humanitarian anglers can say to that. I believe Mr. Pennell refers to a similar instance in his 'Modern Practical Angler,' only the fish in his case was a perch. I once caught a trout, with a round pebble, weighing three ounces, in its maw; and on another occasion I took one with a young eel about as thick as a tobacco-pipe, very much alive, in its stomach. *Cholera morbus* would be a light infliction to this, I should fancy.

One of the most interesting angling experiences I can refer to, out of all my captures of fish, is that which I have told in my little work, 'The Practical Fisherman,' but which will bear repetition here. It relates to the capture of a big carp from that Leman of England, Virginia Water. During summer, early in the morning while yet the mists are unlifted from the water, the hoary old carp of that lake are wont to rise to the surface and, with back fins out of water, perambulate the surface, gambolling and frolicking with a freedom which certainly suggests an amount of amorousness quite unexpected amongst such cold-blooded 'potent, grave, and reverend signors' of the deeps. I have seen as many as thirty huge carps and carresses amusing themselves in this fashion, many in weight, I should say, scaling nearly twenty pounds. The spot chosen seems to be over the greatest depth of water, which might be quite fifty feet. I have reason to believe that, notwithstanding the solemnity of the silence and comparative darkness, these aged and enormous fish do really inhabit these deeps varying the monotony only as described.

But to resume. I had long coveted the glorious 'burst' which would ensue on the booking of even a ten-pounder on fine Nottingham twist line and drawn gut, with half a mile of water on either side. It had possessed my dreams, and the desire had grown overweening. In vain had I tried ledgering on the bottom with potatoes, etc., and float tackle of the most fragile and invisible kind availed not. Even my father could offer no further suggestion. At last I determined to endeavour to get near them whilst they were basking in the sun, as before described. Now one of the peculiarities of the result lies in the fact that carp will not bite, as a rule, whilst gambolling in the manner aforesaid. Charm he never so wisely the angler rarely succeeds in getting a nibble from even the most foolish juvenile 'water-fox.' On the off-chance, however, I sallied forth on a fine June morning almost before the sun had risen, and ere the richest of his hyacinthine and golden streams of light had touched the water, I found myself in the little row punt, the weight overboard, an 'incense-breathing' breeze at my back, within twenty yards of a dozen or so of fish, showing here and there their dark dorsal fins above the surface. As tackle I had a thirteen-feet light Nottingham rod, two hundred yards of fine twist-silk line, a fine gut cast thereto attached, and a No. 7 selected hook of the best Redditch make. My bait was simply and only a green pea taken from its pod as I passed through the garden on my way out.

The difficulty which now presented itself was how to get the line out and the bait down to them without disturbing their recreations

and arousing their suspicions. I thought of a hundred devices, but each was too obtrusive; at last my eye rested on a horse-chestnut leaf lying on the floor of the punt. Eureka! I picked it up and twisted the line through it so as to retain it broad-set to the wind. Lifting the rod aloft, I paid out my line as, like a kite, the leaf fluttered before the breeze. On, on it floated until within a few yards of the nearest fish, then, in the most natural manner in the world, it gently fell on the water, the breeze still slowly urging it on towards the desired spot. One moment more and it was in the midst of them; and language fails me to describe the delicious horror of suspense I experienced during the next ten seconds. Just as my eyesight was failing me from the strain of intense gazing, I felt, rather than saw, that the leaf had disappeared. I struck, and suddenly grew calm as the hook entered the leathery lip of a ten-pound fish. By Jove, what a battle ensued! Down dived every other fish, leaving their companion to fight his own troubles, and he, acknowledging the gravity of the position, certainly made the grandest fight I ever experienced from fish of his species. I dare not use force, I could only govern the frantic struggles so as to aid him in exhausting himself. This is the true art of playing a fish, and it, verily, in my case had its reward. After a well-nigh breathless contest, lasting what seemed cycles instead of minutes, he showed his golden sides to the sun on the punt floor. I do not think a salmon of thirty pounds could have fought with such persistent and dogged courage.

But I must conclude this desultory paper, as my allotted space is already exceeded. If the reader experience half as much pleasure in perusing the two or three incidents I have strung together, as I do in recalling and setting them down, I shall be amply rewarded, and may be tempted to renew the subject at some near future time.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

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## PRE-RAILWAY LIFE IN LONDON.

How shall I begin to describe 'Life in London' at a period between the early days of her present Majesty and the railway mania? After the model of Tom and Jerry, or of Sir Mulberry Hawk, and Lord Verisopht, those four dreary snobs who never could have lived, or if they ever did, never could have been in the society of any English gentlemen? Heaven forbid. Let me imagine myself standing, as I often stand, in Westminster Abbey with reverend awe before the statue of Joseph Addison, the busts of Macaulay and Thackeray, my three favourite authors; and let me invoke the shade of the second named to lend me a little of the fire which inspired him when he wrote the wonderful chapter on the State of England in 1685. So here goes for the Macaulayan vein.

I purpose to write the history of London life from the year 1840 down to the year 1846 or thereabouts, a period within the memory of all middle-aged men now living.

London of that period consisted of a large city surrounded by numerous outlying villages and districts, and not wholly shut in by houses as now. From Primrose Hill to Highgate, Hampstead, or Hornsey, lay open tracts of fields and meadows interspersed with villa residences and rural retreats. Pimlico and Chelsea were comparatively small suburban towns—in fact, tea gardens stood on the site of the present Post Office outside Buckingham Palace, and from Battersea Bridge to Wimbledon the foot-passenger found himself amid corn-fields and market-gardens, where now a network of railways and Clapham Junction Station occupy the ground; and the beautiful park of Battersea was a large swampy district, where, in hard winters, the sportsman would not be surprised to find the plover, the snipe, or even an occasional wild duck. The fashionable quarter of London might be included within an area roughly defined by imaginary lines drawn from Belgrave Square to Portman Square, thence eastward to Cavendish Square, thence southward to Palace Yard, the base being a line drawn from that point back to Belgravia. Almost the whole of modern South Kensington was in the hands of market gardeners, and in the Bayswater district beyond Kensington Gardens gate semi-rural places of entertainment still existed, in which on Sunday afternoons the cheap dandy shop-boy would smoke his Cuba cigar and imbibe his beer, whilst the faithful Anna Maria, his *fiancée*, would consume her tea and shrimps.

For some reason or another the London season proper never set in until after Easter, in consequence of a prejudice against the fashionable world going to balls or operas, or marrying or intermarrying, in Lent; and ‘Society’ being more restricted than now, the dread of ‘what Mrs. Grundy would say’ prevented people from doing as they pleased to a great extent.

Possibly at the period of which we write, which was within a year or two of the commencement of the reign and the early married life of the present Queen, London *en fête* was a spectacle which it is difficult to realise now. Beyond a few trunk lines of railways between the metropolis and Southampton, Birmingham, Brighton, and a few other places, London was isolated from the world at large, except to those who had time and money for long and expensive road journeys, and the ‘gaiety of the season’ was as much a mystery to the majority of Her Majesty’s subjects, as now it is a commonplace treat to our country cousins, who, at a little cost, can witness with their own eyes the splendour of the modern Babylon.

A Queen’s birthday in the earlier portion of the fifth decade of this century, was a day to be marked with a white stone. There was not much romance about the reigns of George IV. and William IV., but a young Queen, who ascended the throne in her eighteenth year, drew all hearts to her. First, on the morning of the birthday, came the early review of the Household Brigade, when the Queen would arrive on the ground surrounded by a brilliant staff, at the head of which would be the Iron Duke surrounded by the old Peninsula officers. There might be seen the Marquis of

Anglesea sitting on a charger, which required a bold rider and a steady hand to manage, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset and Viscount Combermere, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir Henry Hardinge, and many others, who had perilled life and limb in putting down the tyrant of Europe, and establishing a peace which lasted for forty years. Afterwards would come the drawing-room and the grand show of rank and beauty, and of horses and equipages which were unrivalled in Europe. Then came later on after the drawing-room the display in the Park, when the Royal party would appear, and receive the silent and respectful homage of a brilliant crowd of the fashionable world; and at night most probably the Queen would be found as one of the audience at the Opera.

And what an Opera it was. There being but one, the managers were enabled to collect the finest talent in Christendom. To the outside world, who were not subscribers, going to the Opera required much care and forethought. On a subscription night, with the exception of the galleries and gallery stalls, and close, stuffy boxes high up, where seeing and hearing were almost impossible, the only refuge was the pit, the seats of which were not only as uncomfortable as they could be, but were, from some unknown cause, generally occupied before those who had paid some four or five shillings beyond the nominal price of eight shillings and sixpence reached the much-coveted destination; and the ticket-holders thought themselves fortunate if they could obtain standing-room with their back to a wall or a column. No one could pass the doors except in full evening dress, and woe be to the unlucky wight who came in a black neck-cloth, as he would be certain of refusal, in spite of all remonstrance. It was a glorious sight on a birthday night to see the boxes crowded with beautiful women wearing their Court plumes, and jewels which vied with the flash of bright eyes, and it was not difficult to know when the royal party had arrived, as without any commotion or bustle, faces were all turned in the same direction, and the word 'the Queen' passed from lip to lip throughout the audience. How fresh the scene all comes to one's mind now; of old Lablache in the supper scene in 'Don Giovanni' singing, and eating the macaroni from a side table the while; of Grisi in the poisoning scene of 'Lucretia Borgia,' keeping the door with outspread arms, and giving the antidote to Mario. It is a well-authenticated fact that Grisi felt this and many similar scenes so keenly, that frequently she came off in a violent fit of hysterics, and required medical aid to restore her. Again, one hears the grand 'Suoni la tomba' in 'Puritani,' the ghost chorus in 'Sonnambula,' and the noble quartette in the 'Don,' and reminiscences of the great singers come back to the mind, and the figures of the dancers Taglioni, Elsler, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn, not forgetting Perôt and St. Leon, flit across the stage. People should have seen the old opera ballet of the past to understand what ballet dancing was when the *danscuses* had to tell a story in dumb show. When the old basket-maker, who drank on the sly from a bottle concealed

under his chair, was found sitting outside his trellis-work cottage at early morning, scolded in good-humoured dumb show by his old wife, who was preparing an *al fresco* breakfast of wooden loaves and indiarubber grapes, and paper apples, and the audience saw impossible peasants, male and female, coming down an impossible mountain, the males with gold reaping-hooks, and attired in striped stockings, and the girls with striped stockings too, and carrying bouquets of paper and muslin flowers; everybody knew what would happen. The villagers would all come round the old lady and shake hands, whilst the old gentleman had another pull at the bottie, and would point to a lattice-window with smiling expression, whilst the men clinked their reaping-hooks and drank bumpers of nothing out of gold cups, filled from a bottle the size of an imperial pint, and the girls danced for glee, and in dumb show offered their tribute of flowers, whereon the old woman would enter the cottage, obviously for the purpose of calling her daughter, for of course nobody else could be up-stairs. And when the villagers had danced themselves out, and retired to rest on banks and seats, the daughter would come to family prayers in the way that is common to the beauties of Spain or Italy; in fact, the reigning favourite would reach the centre of the stage with two or three bounds, and turn a pirouette, and drop into a curtsy to the crash of the orchestra, and would receive an ovation which an emperor might covet. Of course the old wounded soldier with a wooden leg, who enters and tells the horrors of war in dumb show, excites the compassion of all, and naturally enough the old lady places him in a chair and provides another banquet, and the villagers retire, and the old gentleman goes to sleep; and what more natural that the old soldier should throw off his venerable locks, kick away his wooden leg, and come out a brilliant young cavalier, and bound about like a cork with the basket-maker's daughter. And of course no one but Perôt or St. Leon could have done this.

The ballet dancers required to be good actresses as well as dancers. Without following the Paul Pry fashion of describing great people at home, the writer of this records that he heard, only a week or two since, from the lips of possibly the most distinguished dancer ever known, now a charming grey-headed lady, who was the *premiere danseuse* in the celebrated *pas de quatre*, her opinion of the modern ballet dancing.

In answer to his question whether she had seen the modern dancing, she said: 'Oh! it is terrible; to think that women should 'so dress, and that ladies should go to see them. No, T——,' speaking of herself, 'never danced so.' It was very pleasant to bring all the old puppets out and put them before her, in memory, again, and to witness her delight at having their names once more presented to her mind, amongst others, that of a distinguished exile who was afterwards an Emperor. 'Ah, poor Prince L—— N——,' she exclaimed; 'he had not much money then, but he was very 'nice, and they never refused him a box.'

The Opera naturally brings us to the omnibus box and Fops Alley,

the rendezvous for the dandies and men of fashion in London, who had the *entrée* behind the scenes, and paid their respects to the grand opera stars. The London men of fashion mostly consisted of officers in the Household Brigade and members of military clubs, elder sons who were idle men, gay young members of either Houses of Parliament, and cadets of noble families who were in the Treasury or Foreign Office, or those who fancied they were reading for the bar. They were always well bred and well dressed, and if there was a taste of puppyism about some of them, it was only external, and not very unnatural in young men who had been spoilt from childhood. There was no doubt about their pluck, as has been proved from time immemorial, by the graves of many a hard-fought battlefield, and they never were rude or obtrusive in any way. They were scrupulously particular about good breeding, and would never have dreamt of appearing at the West End with a cigar in their mouths after twelve o'clock in the day, or of nodding to Phryne or Lais in the parks, unless they wished to receive the penalty of ostracism by the dowagers who ruled society. They were just as much at home by the ring side, or in a boxer's sparring room, when they put on the gloves with Tom, or Jack, or Harry, or any other rising novice for what was usually called 'a bellyful,' as they were in a drawing-room, or the opera. The crowd styled them the Corinthians, or the Swells, and nothing pleased them better than seeing a young lord riding his own horse in a steeplechase in the Harrow country, and coming in a winner one mass of mud from head to foot.

The racecourse was a great place for the swells. Their well-appointed drag, not so common as now, attracted general attention, and it was great fun to hear 'Jerry,' the king of the card-sellers and turf characters, attired in a cocked-hat and wearing an eye-glass, go up to a four-in-hand, on the roof of which sat men of the highest rank, and invite himself to some luncheon and champagne—which he was sure to have; and—regardless of rank—to hear him remark to a well-known earl, 'Ches, my boy, George (a prince of the blood) looks a little peaky this morning; and "Maidstone" does not seem 'up to the mark, and handsome Jamie looks as if he was crossed in 'love.' These men were far different from the class who, on the return from the races, drink champagne out of tankards by the roadside in some country village to the admiration of suburban snobs.

Some of them lost fortunes at hazard or on the turf, and occasionally were locked up in a sponging-house for debt, but many set manfully to work again, and in the colonies or elsewhere made for themselves a name and position.

The ruffianism of London was supported by a class whose natural history was written by Albert Smith under the name of 'The Gent,' and an odious class they were. For them the Haymarket taverns and night saloons and supper rooms were kept open all night; and they were the last supporters of Greenwich Fair, and the orgies of Vauxhall masquerades, where, under a bright morning sun, Richard Cœur de Lion and a Troubadour might have been seen engaged in



a drunken fight, aided and abetted by their companions who, as Mary Queen of Scots and a nun respectively, backed their male companions with a volley of oaths which exceeded the Billingsgate of the men.

The fact was that 'complimentary' tickets for masquerades were issued wholesale amongst the lowest of the low; as was proved by a young 'lady' behind the bar of a very flash drinking shop in the Hay-market remarking to a friend. 'We are all going to the feet' (*fête*) 'at Vauxhall, dear, as shepherdesses; and Mrs. B——' (a stout, red-faced woman, with fingers, like Cambridge sausages, covered with large rings) 'is going as Di'hanner; and she looks very 'ansome in 'a blue and silver dress with a bow and arrers in her 'and and a 'alf-moon in her 'air.' Most men 'did the rounds of London' once or twice, but that was quite enough for any one with a mind.

Weippart provided a band and a good ball-room for gentlemen who wanted a little quiet dancing—at a tariff far beyond the reach of 'the Gent'—at which no one was admitted except in full dress; and though the dancers were mostly members of the *corps de ballet* of the Opera, no one would know, from their dress, manners and appearance, that (but for the fact of the paucity of *chaperones*) it was not a private ball. Perhaps it was rather a bore to be constantly asked by your partner to take a ticket for her or her sister's ball for the next week; but the dancers, who probably received some small payment for attending the balls, found the amusement, and wanted the money, and it was hard to say 'No.'

One very funny scene occurred at one of these balls many years ago. A young member of the Legislature had made his maiden speech in Parliament that night, and they stood him on a table in the ball-room, and made him give it all over again.

Whether the story is accurately true in all its details or not matters little, as tales of this kind, which were freely circulated and believed at the time, show the spirit of the age. On a certain occasion one of those underbred fellows who poison every rill and stream of innocent pleasure, and make it impossible to have dancing in public as they do abroad, obtained an *entrée* to one of Wieppart's ballet balls, and being much enamoured of a fair *danscuse*, invited her to a Richmond dinner on the following Sunday. The fair *danscuse* said she would not come alone, but must bring a friend. The offer was gladly accepted, and arrangements were made that the beau should bring a friend also. A boon companion readily agreed to share the dinner and the expense, and a private room was engaged at the Star and Garter, and a banquet, regardless of cost, was ordered, with bouquets for the ladies. The two amorous swains arrived and heard the ladies were before them. With rapture the founder of the feast beheld his fair partner, wearing a charming bonnet which he had sent her, waiting for him in the garden, and accompanied her into the hotel for the purpose of introducing his brother Lothario to the other lady. On entering the room the young lady introduced a stout, middle-aged woman with a squint (who in private life kept a green-

grocer's shop), temporarily occupied pending the dinner hour with a glass of rum and water, strongly flavoured with sugar and lemon, as 'her mamma.' And before the hour of departure arrived that middle-aged lady, who displayed a wonderful power of digestion and thirst, somewhat sharply wanted to know the young man's intentions towards her 'darter,' whom she took home under her own wing.

As regards the sports of the period they were quieter than those of the present day. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race attracted a few thousand spectators who were interested in rowing or belonged to either university, and there was plenty of room for all to see or for equestrians to ride along the banks. The Public School matches at Lord's—which were stopped through the pig-headed obstinacy of a few dons—attracted a goodly assemblage of relatives and friends of the boys, without any extravagant crowds. Lord's was then, as now, the head centre of cricket, and crowds such as are seen now never assembled, except when Kent *v.* England or Gentlemen *v.* Players was the match, at either of which the best talent, amateur and professional, were sure to be present.

In the autumn, gentlemen shot over dogs, and never dreamt of selling their game, and they were the masters and the keepers were their servants. In the newspaper world only a few morning papers and evening papers were published in London. 'Bell's Life' was almost the only sporting paper. One or two scurrilous Sunday papers came out, especially 'The Satirist,' edited by a very talented man named Barnard Gregory, who was hooted off the stage, on his attempting to play Hamlet, through the instigation of 'Stunning Joe Banks,' of the Rookery, who kept a very 'rowdy' public-house in St. Giles's, a favourite resort for a well-known Irish marquis and his companions when they were out for a night's 'devilry.' It was alleged that Mr. Banks was hired by a foreign Duke to pack the gallery and drive Mr. Gregory off the stage, and an action for conspiracy was brought against the Duke and another, in which Mr. Banks was examined, and swore that he packed the gallery at his own expense in the *interest of morality!* Baron Alderson, who lived in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, in summing up, told the jury that if they believed the witness he should congratulate himself in having such a *moral* neighbour as Mr. Banks! In 1846 came the railway mania, and then came chaos. All the country towns were brought to London, and all England gambled and went mad, and hundreds were ruined. Millionaires arose and not only took possession of the world of fashion in London, but also of many of the country seats, and classes got so mixed that it was difficult to unravel the skein. A new description of people came into the Legislature and the Government. Railways sprang up everywhere, since which period telegraphs and telephones have been introduced, and we boast almost of omnipresence and omnipotence. The Atlantic is only a ferry now, and people think no more of going to India, or South America, or Australia, or New Zealand for a trip than they used to think of going to Scotland or Ireland forty years

ago. It is hard to say when H's were first commonly dropped in conversation in Belgravia, and when peas were first carried with the knife to the mouth; but these eccentricities are of minor importance compared with the intemperance in language and in writing which have cropped up within the last few years amongst people who have had the advantage of good education and the society of ladies and gentlemen; but it is certain that in the darker age of which this paper treats, the flatly denying a gentleman's word and throwing imputation on his honour would have occasioned the burning of powder at Wimbledon Common or Chalk Farm.

It must not be forgotten that in 1841 'Punch' was inaugurated, and within a few years of its commencement possibly the finest staff of caricaturists with pen and pencil ever known were brought together, and it is astonishing that after nearly forty years the artists can still find so much novel wealth for amusement, and it is a matter of wonder that even now sometimes the gossip runs through the clubs that some careful reader has found a joke in the letterpress.

Few people would like to go back to the old days entirely, and, but for the inexhaustible power of jaw displayed inside and outside of the House of Commons, the world goes on pretty comfortably, though it is hard for quiet citizens to rest at a time when from mere greed of power, so-called 'public men' are forgetting the boundaries of truth and honour, and in bidding for the support of the lower orders are utterly reckless of drifting into Communism, and the link between the Swells of Society and the lower orders, if not actually broken, is strained beyond recovery.

Φ. Γ.

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### CRICKET.

BUT for the cold easterly winds, which have only tended to increase the disinclination evinced in such a marked degree of late years by most of the leading amateurs to indulge in May cricket, there would have been very little indeed to complain of in the opening part of the present season. Last year the cheerless weather was made even still more cheerless by the almost continuous rains; but for the last two months cricket grounds have been panting for, rather than groaning under, an excess of moisture, and as a rule, though perhaps in many cases the sport has not been of the very highest character, batsmen have been revelling in a condition of things to which they were utter strangers throughout almost, if not the whole, of last summer. With the turf dry enough to carry the ball along at an express pace, and in no way responsive to the appeals of bowlers, it would have been strange had the scoring not been particularly high, and if the speed of the run-getting that has already been reached in second-class matches is to be accepted as an augury of what we are to expect in more important engagements during the remainder of the season, the chroniclers of the game will have no lack of sensa-

tional incidents to record. According to its annual custom of late, the Marylebone Club opened its gates for the first time on the occasion of the match with the Middlesex Colts. Whether it was an act of mercy, or rather a cruel kindness, to spare the young players the attentions of such deadly bowlers as Shaw and Morley, must be a matter of opinion, as the test is desired to be a severe or a mild one; but events proved that Rylott, Barnes, G. G. Hearne, and Mr. Robertson, were quite formidable enough to defeat the twenty young players, amateurs and professionals, who took the field under the charge of Mr. P. M. Thornton. It is somewhat significant of the present condition of cricket in the home counties that only nine of the twenty candidates were youngsters who have any idea of taking a part in the game as a means of livelihood; and there was certainly nothing either in the batting or bowling shown by any of these nine to lead to the belief that professional cricket has made or is making any marked advance in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Mr. J. Stewart, a cricketer who might be useful to some shire not so abundantly supplied with first-class amateurs as Middlesex is at the present time, not only batted neatly but bowled fairly well, though not very successful on this occasion in the latter department. A youngster named Bates, who is well known in the vicinity of Lord's, played steadily for 29 on the first innings; but generally the batting was neither even nor brilliant, and, in proof of the assertion, it may be stated that as many as seven failed to score in the first innings, five in the second, and that in the latter the total was limited to 64 runs. Marylebone, excepting Messrs. Hornby and Vernon, Barnes and Hearne, had only a poor batting side; but Mr. Hornby and Barnes treated the bowling of the Colts with little consideration, and the result was a victory for the Club by eight wickets. An eleven of much the same calibre was placed by M.C.C. in the field on the following Monday and Tuesday at Lord's; but in this case they met a very different opposition in the Twenty-two Colts of England, who were placed under the command of Wild. As is perhaps only fair, from the superior quality of their young players, the Northern shires, with Derbyshire not even represented, boasted as many as fourteen of the twenty-two chosen ones, and it may be worthy of note that Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, and Hampshire were the only counties who had not a representative. In previous years we have called attention to the abuse of introducing tried players into a match of this kind, and it certainly would appear to be destroying the great object of such a contest, which is obviously the encouragement and trial of youngsters who have not had a chance against good bowling, to exclude promising candidates as yet untried for those who have ever, even though it be only once, taken part in a county match. If it be true, as stated, that the list of applicants was very large, it is difficult to comprehend why players like Briggs of Lancashire, who, if we mistake not, played a very good innings last summer against the bowling of Notts, and J. Gilbert, who has certainly figured at Lord's on behalf of his county

(Sussex), should be allowed to take the places of genuine Colts, in the general acceptation of the word. Last year the twenty-two were exposed to a crucial test in having to oppose Alfred Shaw and Morley; but this time the Committee of the Marylebone Club, in weighing them only against the bowling of Flowers, Hearne, Clayton, and Rylott, made an egregious error in their handicapping, as was proved by the very decisive defeat their eleven had ultimately to suffer. This time the batting of the Club was confined to Messrs. Hornby and Vernon, Hearne, Flowers, and Hearn, and with certainly no one else of the slightest pretensions to first-class form, it was in no way a surprise to see a very poor exhibition, more especially with twenty-three in the field, most, if not all, of whom comported themselves with great credit. The quality of the batting may indeed be gathered from a reference to the figures; and in this instance it could hardly be urged that the ill-success of the eleven in both attempts was another proof of the glorious uncertainty of the game. The Colts were certainly lucky in getting rid of Mr. Hornby for 13 runs in the two innings; but Flowers has since hardly proved to be in his form of last year, and but for Mr. Vernon, who scored 27, or more than half of the aggregate in the first, and G. Hearne, whose 20 not-out was the only redeeming feature of a second score of 45, the display would have been ignominious. The match was in reality a failure, in so far as it is to be regarded in the light of a trial, as the batting on the side of Marylebone could hardly be considered formidable enough to test bowling capable of so many and such useful changes; and the bowling on so easy a wicket as was provided for the occasion, certainly not the most dangerous that could have been produced out of the 'ground' of the Marylebone Club. In some cases, no doubt, the latter was sufficiently strong, but it ought to have been remembered that several of the Northern representatives had already acquitted themselves well against such skilled performers as Bates, Emmett, Hill, Peate, Ulyett, Shaw, Morley, and Barnes, and that, under the circumstances, they were fully entitled to a fair reputation as batsmen. In batting, the honours were monopolised by the North, as though Comber of Surrey played steadily for his runs, his style was cramped, and there was among the Southerners generally a noticeable lack of the vigour which marked the play of the stronger-framed Northerners. Briggs of Lancashire, who is a little wanting in inches for a cricketer, was bowled by Rylott before he had a chance of getting a run; but Grimshaw, who had previously shown great powers of hitting in the Yorkshire Colts match at Sheffield against County bowling, Marsden of Yorkshire, Brown of Notts, Horrocks of Lancashire, and W. Gunn of Nottingham, the last of whom carried out his bat for 32, the highest score on the side, all shaped well, and ought to be of use. It is much to be regretted that there was so little batting to test the bowling of the Colts; and in this respect it is somewhat difficult to gauge the merits of those who were tried. A slow—very slow—round-arm bowler, named Iles, took five of the best wickets of M.C.C. in the first innings, but

the numbers in the field were of course very much in his favour, and there did not seem to be anything in his bowling but ordinary straightness to recommend it. Briggs sent the ball in at a good pace, and Brackpool of Sussex, a left-hand medium-pace bowler, was fairly successful in the second innings, though Shore of Nottingham, who is also left medium, looked, perhaps, the most likely of a very even lot.

The first appearance of the Cambridge University Eleven has of late years come to be regarded as an event, and considering the long succession of victories that greeted the Cantabs under the command of the brothers Lyttelton, this is hardly to be wondered at. During the seasons of 1878 and 1879 no defeat had been allowed to tarnish the colours of the Light Blues, but this year they were unfortunate in having to oppose a very strong eleven collected by Mr. C. I. Thornton in their opening match. It is a very rare occurrence to see such a team as assisted Mr. Thornton, to wit, Messrs. Frank Penn, J. Shuter, A. P. Lucas, A. J. Webbe, W. R. Gilbert, G. F. Grace, T. S. Pearson, with Midwinter, Barlow, and Pilling, in any match during the month of May; and the Cantabs were still more unlucky in having to oppose such a combination with at least three of their best players, Messrs. R. S. Jones, P. H. Morton, and C. T. Studd absent. That a team possessing at least eight first-class batsmen, should have been dismissed for a total of less than 200, on such a ground as that at Cambridge, was perhaps more than might have been expected, but the theme for wonderment was the indifferent show of the University with the bat; and, if on account of the extreme rarity of such an event, it is worthy of record that in their short first innings of 37, the highest score was Mr. Whitfeld's eight. It is not difficult to extenuate this collapse on the ground that the Cantabs had all the worst of the wicket, but the slight improvement they made in their second attempt, when their total was only 79, was by no means reassuring, and their defeat at once gave rise to gloomy forebodings which were perhaps rather premature. Mr. A. G. Steel's bowling was, for once, expensive as well as comparatively unsuccessful; but Messrs. Gaddum, the slow left-hand bowler of the Rugby eleven in 1878, and A. F. J. Ford, were both very effective, though undoubtedly the slow rounds of Mr. C. T. Studd would have helped his side materially. Mr. H. Rotherham, the Uppingham Captain of 1879, and certainly the best fast bowler the Public Schools have produced for several years, was introduced to first-class cricket on this occasion, and with a very fair amount of success. Fifty-two overs for forty-two runs and seven wickets must indeed be considered a promising analysis for a young bowler, but still the eleven would have fared very badly had Barlow not been able to pitch on a wicket that appeared to suit him to a nicety. Bowling was, perhaps, the only weak point in the composition of Mr. Thornton's eleven, as none of the three Gloucestershire players, Messrs. G. F. Grace and Gilbert, or Midwinter, have shown any form as yet this season, and Messrs. Lucas

and Pearson do not seem to have tried their hands as yet, at least in a good match. Midwinter delivered eighteen overs for seventeen runs and a wicket; but Barlow outdid any of his previous performances, and his figures will compare favourably at the end of the season with those of many a bowler of higher repute—sixty-six overs and two balls for 48 runs and thirteen wickets. Determined apologists could easily have provided themselves with satisfactory arguments to explain even such a decisive defeat as that suffered by the Cantabs, by an innings and 56 runs, but the result of the match with Marylebone and Ground, on the same ground later on, made the task considerably more difficult. It was altogether an unfortunate week for the Light Blues, as the last three days saw them again defeated, and this time by certainly not the strongest eleven that could have been collected under the title of Marylebone Club and Ground. The brothers Studd were able on this occasion to help their University, but Messrs. R. S. Jones and P. H. Morton were, as before, absentees; and the team, to judge by the analyses, were much in need of a fast bowler. Ulyett, who has entered into an engagement whereby the M.C.C. has second call on his services, Shaw, Morley, Wild, Barnes, Hearn of Hertfordshire, and West, represented the Ground; but the four amateurs were certainly not above second-rate form, and in batting the eleven was undeniably weak. That the Cantabs should have been dismissed on such a ground as theirs for so small a total as 79, even by bowling so destructive as that of Shaw, Morley, and Barnes, was something of a surprise, and the fact that an eleven such as that sent down by M.C.C., which at the most contained three batsmen, Ulyett, Barnes, and Hearn, likely to make a long score, was equally calculated to throw doubts on their strength in bowling. Five bowlers were tried on behalf of the University, but Messrs. Steel, Ford, and C. T. Studd all proved somewhat expensive, and the best analysis was that of the old Rugbeian, Mr. Gaddum, the slow left round-arm bowler, whose three wickets cost 34 runs. With the exception of Mr. A. G. Steel, whose second score of 70 was in every way a meritorious performance, the batting of the University was much below its customary standard; but the same remark would equally apply to that of Marylebone, although Barnes and Hearn did good service by their respective totals of 51 and 42. Morley was by no means as successful as usual, but Alfred Shaw boasted a very creditable summary of nine wickets for 81 runs, and Barnes, who has before done execution on the same ground, was only in a slight degree less successful. The easy defeat of the University by such a weak batting eleven, following as it did the reverse at the hands of Mr. Thornton's eleven, was calculated to shake the confidence of those who believed them to be almost invincible, though subsequent events proved their ill-success to be rather a temporary loss of form than anything like material decadence. On the same day at Lord's M.C.C. and Ground were engaged against a weak eleven of Lancashire, and with a similar result. A Lancastrian team can certainly not be called

representative in the absence of the brothers Steel and Messrs. Appleby and Royle, although with only the bowling of Clayton and Flowers to support that of Rylott they might reasonably have been expected to have made a respectable total, at least in one innings. In such a team as that which elected to do battle for the County the batting obviously depended almost entirely on Mr. Hornby and Barlow; and as the former in his two attempts could not exceed 39, and Barlow had to be satisfied with a much lesser sum of 13, it was not altogether an unexpected collapse to see such totals as 49 and 107. The very effective slow bowling of Watson, whose five wickets cost an average of a little over 7 runs, enabled Lancashire to get rid of their opponents for 92 runs in the first innings; but, despite that he himself was more successful in his second effort, the six other bowlers of the side were rather heavily punished, and thanks chiefly to Mr. G. Law, who played very well for his 54, M.C.C. had an advantage of 103 runs at the finish. Altogether, Watson's bowling showed a summary of twelve wickets for 98 runs; but his figures were entirely cast into the shade by those of Rylott, whose analyses pointed to a total of twelve wickets at an average of less than 5 runs. Last year Marylebone was able to boast that it had not been once defeated by a county team, and though at times it would appear as if the elevens it sends into the field ought hardly to be up to the level of the Northern shires, its bowling usually is effective enough to secure victory even when hardly expected.

The policy of the Marylebone Club in substituting a new fixture for the worn-out engagement between North and South, at Whitsuntide, was sure to be acceptable to the public, and had the contest between Daft's American and England been fought out between two thoroughly representative teams the match would have been a grand success. As it was the game at first was productive of some excellent cricket, but the dangerous state of the ground towards the close detracted materially from the enjoyment of the play, and certainly turned the scale against Daft's team. May cricket is not very popular among amateurs, and the absence of Hon. A. Lyttelton, Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. G. Steel, and others, from the England side, though to be regretted, was not to be wondered at; but why Daft in his wisdom thought fit to depute, perhaps the best batsman on his side, Arthur Shrewsbury, to wit, to umpire, rather than to take his place in the field, is a question that can only be answered by himself. England gained a by no means inconsiderable advantage, as the wicket played, in going in first, and their long score of 212, which was chiefly remarkable for a faultless innings of 66 by Mr. Lucas and for the fine hitting of the left-handed Nottingham batsman, Scotton, practically decided the match in their favour. Selby showed considerable pluck in standing up so well against the fast bowling of Mr. A. H. Evans of Oxford at the end of the first day; but on the following morning the wicket was almost unplayable against bowling so dangerous as his proved to be, and the Northern professionals who constituted Daft's American eleven, seemed to be pleased rather



than injured when their turn arrived to seek the grateful shelter of the dressing-room. Mr. John Shuter's 42 was the highest score in a second total of 125 by England, but the professionals on the other side were too ill at ease, with Mr. Evans playing all kinds of tricks on the wicket, to show their proper game, and of the 188 runs wanted to win, they had to be content with exactly one-half, Lockwood with 20 being the principal contributor. What would in all probability under ordinary circumstances have been an exciting contest, was thus altogether spoiled, and there was little cause for disappointment when the end came. That Mr. Evans's bowling was thoroughly dangerous on the second day none who saw the play can possibly dispute, though we have no desire to detract from the merit of his performance. Had not Rylott managed to secure a victim in the last batsman (Pinder), he would have been credited with a feat as yet unrecorded in a good match this season, the capture of all ten wickets in the first innings; but in the second he was more expensive, and the principal honours fell to Rylott, whose seventy-seven overs produced six wickets at a cost of only 25 runs. The end of the week witnessed some heavy scoring, at least on one side, in the match at Lord's between Marylebone Club and Ground and Sussex. The reports of the trial matches which had previously taken place at Sheffield Park tended to create the idea that the County was fortunate in the possession of some really promising youngsters. Long scores had been made against the bowling of William Mycroft, of itself a fair test, and by more than one player; but the result of the match with the Marylebone Club at Lord's in no way confirmed the form of these private trials, and there was nothing in the exhibition on this occasion of either of the two Colts introduced, A. Payne and Brackpool, to warrant any great belief in their capabilities. The bowling of M.C.C. was confined to Clayton, Hearne, Flowers, and Mr. Robertson, but with the exception of Mr. M. P. Lucas, who showed very fine hitting powers each time for his scores of 65 and 34, the batting was as tame as it well could have been in an important match. And whatever strictures could be applied in depreciation of the batting might be repeated with even greater severity in an allusion to the bowling. Mr. Sclater, who makes the fullest use of his extreme height in his delivery, and is likely to be a very useful addition to the county team by reason of his steady batting, as well as at times effective bowling, began well, and had he only accepted the catch offered to him by T. S. Pearson early in his innings, it is just possible that the game might have been altogether changed. As it was, Mr. Pearson was able, thanks to this unfortunate mistake, to score 121, and Hearne and he so thoroughly collared the never formidable bowling of the county, that even the tail of the Marylebone Eleven found little sting in it. Lillywhite was successful in taking five wickets, but his bowling was at times conspicuously short, and Sussex will have to be strong indeed with the bat to make up for its deficiency in the other branch of the game. Derbyshire has begun the season even more unpro-

pitiously than Sussex. Whitsuntide week saw the eleven of that county twice defeated by the Australians and Lancashire respectively. The Australians were able to make the best use of a bad wicket at Derby, but at Manchester the ground was in a thoroughly fit state for run-getting, and as a consequence the scoring on both sides was above the average. The poor exhibitions of the Derbyshire team with the bat last year would have led many to estimate the first total of Lancashire as far above their capacity, but Foster, who has been of late the mainstay of his shire in batting, again came to the rescue of his side with a useful score of 78, and thanks to Rigley's 63, and minor contributions, the County was able to head its opponents by 42 runs on the first innings. Lancashire had nothing like its best eleven in the absence of the Steels and Messrs. Appleby and Rowley, and in the middle of the second day a reverse seemed a far from unlikely contingency. More than once last summer there was a surprising unevenness visible in the batting of the Lancashire Eleven; and here again the fault was conspicuous. Mr. Hornby (81), and Horrocks (61), a youngster who had played well in the Colts' match at Lord's earlier in the month, were able to raise the Lancashire from 11 for one, to 148 for two wickets, but the remaining batsmen could only offer a joint contribution of 45 runs, and the innings eventually did not exceed a total of 193. In spite of their previous performance the Derbyshire team were still hardly accredited with the ability to get the 163 runs wanted to win, but they made, thanks again to Rigley, who scored 34, and Hay, who very opportunely towards the close added 49, a really plucky attempt, and were only beaten at the end by 21 runs. Yorkshire, following in the wake of her neighbour of Derby, has opened the season inauspiciously with two defeats at the hands of Cambridge University at Cambridge, and Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's. The weak spot in the Yorkshire Eleven last year seemed to be the batting, which was at times very uncertain, and in this respect there has not been as yet any marked improvement this season. The tail seem to have got out of the habit of making runs lately, and at Cambridge the defect was unpleasantly prominent. Ulyett (64 and 30), and Lockwood (12 and 45), set a good example against the University, but the Yorkshire totals of 161 and 184 were in no way sufficient for the task of winning, and the Hon. Ivo Bligh fully atoned for his ill-success in the two previous matches by two very finely hit scores of 70 and 57 not out. The victory of the University by ten wickets was perhaps less of a surprise than the defeat of the Yorkshiremen by precisely the same majority at Lord's on the following Tuesday. That this latter would be a bowler's match was evident from the first, but it was hardly expected that an eleven like that of Yorkshire would be got out for such totals as 84 and 44, as was the case. Fortunately for Marylebone, Messrs. Hornby and Pearson, Midwinter and Barnes, who were in reality the only four batsmen on the side, were the only ones able to get double figures, and it was chiefly due to their exertions that a very uninteresting match was won by M.C.C. with

as many as ten wickets to spare. Peate, the slow left-hand bowler of Yorkshire, took six wickets on ground more congenial to a bowler than that on which he had had to perform at Cambridge during the previous week ; but the honours of the match in the bowling department were borne away by Alfred Shaw, who was credited with the downfall of eleven Yorkshire wickets at a very small cost.

It is settled, after all, that the Australians shall not be allowed to play in London, even on the conditions they themselves proposed, to devote the whole proceeds to the 'Cricketers' Fund.' This is in reality the decision of the authorities of the two leading metropolitan clubs, however thinly it may be coated by the expression of a full match list, and we should be untrue to the opinions we have already expressed were we not to repeat our conviction that it would have been more liberal and worthy of the high position cricket holds as the national game of Englishmen, had some disposition been evinced to meet the Colonials according to the strict letter of the laws framed by the Marylebone Club.

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#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THUS far this year's yachting has been confined to opening cruises and a few matches amongst the small tonnages, but the present month will witness a host of important events, commencing on the 3rd with the New Thames Cutters, in three classes, the two bigger lots going round the Mouse. The Royal London and Royal Thames follow suit. A channel match to Harwich, as usual, precedes the regatta of the energetic local club, which concludes its programme with a race back to the Thames, where the Schooners and Yawls Matches, fixed on the 18th, 19th, and 21st, will no doubt attract an enormous contingent of spectators, these being the most popular events held in what sea-going yachtsmen disrespectfully style 'the ditch.' We have glanced at but a small percentage of the present month's engagements, and as more yachts are fitting out than has been the case recently, well-grounded hopes are entertained of an exceptionally brilliant season.

Hanlan and Trickett are at last definitely matched to row on the Thames in November, and Boyd, before starting for America, issued a cartel for a race on his return, so there is really some prospect of sport, and a solution of the question of supremacy between these rivals, unless the affair terminates, like so many of its predecessors, in letter-writing, recriminations, and fizzle, to use an expressive Americanism. Should the trio come together we anticipate Hanlan first, Boyd close up, and Trickett elsewhere. Recent advices from America announce an absolute meeting between Hanlan and Courtney, and that the Canadian won easily. As this was the result anticipated by every one, whether on the spot or elsewhere, the news need not create a profound sensation, remembering, moreover, that Courtney was reported anything but fit, while Hanlan's health and condition appeared perfection. Under these circumstances, that the latter should lead all the way, and the former retire after a couple of miles, was merely a natural result of the surroundings, and it is to be hoped we have heard the last of the bounceable carpenter, whose friends, if he have any, can, however, give him another chance of dis-

tinguishing (?) himself in the forthcoming Hop Bitters Co. Prize on the 17th inst., when Hanlan has to meet, amongst others, R. W. Boyd, the north-countryman, who is already *en route* for America, intending to try his luck at the numerous regattas where valuable sculling prizes are given. It is scarcely excessive to wish him better luck than most of his predecessors, who, apart from their merits, have, as a rule, been markedly unfortunate in essays on Transatlantic waters. William Elliott, Boyd's latest opponent, likewise purposed visiting the States for similar objects, but is compelled to abandon the notion, having made himself seriously ill, owing to incautious use of Turkish baths, to which he had recourse to reduce his weight, always a matter of great difficulty with Elliott at the commencement of training, and one naturally increasing with years.

While presumably crack oarsmen are bestirring themselves, stagnation is still the portion of the rank and file. The economically-managed Thames Regatta was snuffed out two or three seasons ago by the International, a fixture with a high-sounding title, got up by the steamboat and railway companies, who gave magnificent prizes to amateurs and professionals alike, but not finding the affair a financial success, abandoned the Thames watermen to inaction as far as a Putney Regatta goes. Remembering the bygone glories of the Thames National, it seems a vast pity that now, when rowing has increased tenfold during the last twenty years, nothing like a revival of a professional meeting on the Putney waters should be attempted. Amateurs are, if anything, overdone with opportunities of potting, and whereas years ago a prize probably meant something, nowadays he must be indeed a duffer who, possessing the will, cannot quickly accumulate a horde of incongruous trophies at the minor meetings. With watermen and tradesmen it is otherwise, and an attempt, even if only on a small scale like the Sons of the Thames Regatta, got up in 1861 by Mr. Herbert Playford, would doubtless be the means of bringing out many promising *débutants*.

The principal rowing clubs have brought off their trial eights, in some cases producing very close struggles, as well as bringing into notice good material. The Kingston Club's race was a very near thing, and the new Captain, Ross, has plenty of good stuff to work upon, so that Henley's prospects should be as bright as their colours, especially as Phillips, who has lately been surpassing himself on the cinder-path, will stroke the eight and four. His performance on the 22nd ultimo was a remarkable one, as being engaged in a 150 yards at Lillie Bridge, and a 120 yards at the rival ground, Stamford Bridge, he spent the afternoon going to and fro in time for the heats, and succeeded in winning both handicaps from scratch. At an oar's end he is, perhaps, not so *facile princeps*; but his presence will be a decided accession to the Kingston boat. In the Club's trials, A. C. Colledge, who also has been running this spring, won, though never clear of his opponents from start to finish. The Twickenham men, whose eight made so satisfactory a *début* at Henley last year, winning the Thames Cup, brought out two crews, of which L. Frere's soon showed itself the better, and held a lead throughout. The London Club started three boats, one of which soon fell astern; but between Ellis and Grove the match was a hot one throughout, the latter apparently losing through inability to raise a spurt when victory seemed within his grasp, though as the boats overlapped through the race there was not much in it. The Thames Club fixed a bad day, as at 7 p.m., when the men came out from the boatyard, there was but the commencement of a flood tide. Bashford won gallantly, Johnson taking second place from Dangerfield close to the top of Chiswick Eyot, where they finished. In spite of old hands being selected

for the rudder-lines the steering was curiously bad, but the best crew won notwithstanding.

To the past generation of oarsmen Robert Jewitt was probably the *beau-ideal* of a racing-boat builder, and notice of his recent death will remind many of bye-gone days. While Salter for many years monopolized Oxford, and at one time had so high a reputation for eights that both Universities went to him for their craft, Harry Clasper, Taylor, and Jewitt, up in the north, were more generally patronised by Londoners, and of the trio the last had by far the largest and most enduring connection. He was personally fond of aquatics, and experience enabled him to suit to a nicety the idiosyncrasies of his best-known customers, amongst whom may be counted most of the prominent oarsmen, professional or amateur, of from twenty years ago up to the present day, though recently, owing to failing health, his work was much restricted.

### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—'May Meetings.'

BUT not those of Exeter Hall. Ours, we fear, are meetings intended to do ourselves good, and other people harm, that is to say, if we can. *Our* charities most decidedly commence, and finish, at home; *our* loves are not for the heathen; *we* do not seek to make the Ethiopian change his skin or his creed; *we* know nothing of women's rights, and our faces are set both against shrieking sisters and total abstainers. Ours are not bad meetings, however, sometimes, when the weather and the fates have both been kind; when in addition the lying has been snug, the company fit, the liquor undeniable. Then do our meetings roll on greased wheels, then are the hues of the outer world roseate; then do leaden skies become those of Italy, and we even speak affectionately of the east wind. There is a reverse to the picture, when the face of nature changes from rose colour to sombre brown, when however snug the lying, our rose-leaves are crumpled, and the closing words of the meeting are not those of praise and benediction. But this is a painful theme. Let us turn to the bright side.

On the walls of Chester. The distant outline of the Welsh hills cuts clear and bold against a dull sky—the middle distance is a mingled mass of smoke and greenery—while close to our eyes the bright Dee 'babbles o'er its shallows,' and as we lean over the walls we try to scent the pink apple-blossom just bursting from the bud, and watch, in the trim gardens beneath, not without interest, the watering of asparagus beds and the picking of the early gooseberry. Interesting, too, are the fishers of the Dee hauling in their nets, for a slice of Dee salmon is no despicable thing, and something causes us to quicken our steps as we think of the breakfast hour and the chances of what may be on the table. We do not pause as we pass the Roodee. We shall see enough of that in the next three days, perchance more than is good for us, and so we hurry on past the old towers that overhang the railway, and unite a past and a present age in such a striking contrast, and so to breakfast (on the Dee salmon as we fondly believe) with what appetite we may. The morning walk round the walls is part of the tradition of Chester. We seem to know every stone, and yet, familiar as it is, age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the picturesqueness of the scene. But we must not dally longer either at the breakfast-table or on the walls. More important matters claim our attention.

There is no doubt that the fortunes of Chester have been for some few years on the wane, and there is a question in which the Grand Stand proprietors and the citizens generally are much interested, as to what are the chances of their revival. We confess to a great liking, as, perhaps, our readers have before this inferred, for the old city and the memories that cling around both its course and its walls, but it is impossible to conceal that the palmy days of the place, from a racing point of view, are gone, and we much question if they will ever return. For this there are many reasons. First and foremost, the tide of racing, as has been before remarked in these pages, has been for some time flowing southwards, and the northern centres of racing—what, indeed, were thirty or forty years ago, next to Newmarket, the headquarters of the Turf, as Yorkshire had been its cradle—are gradually but surely being deserted for fresher fields. We doubt much if another decade will see anything left but Doncaster of the old meetings that before the great spread of racing over the land were well-nigh monopolies in the way of sport. We do not mean that there will be no racing in the North of England in the future, but that the North will have to depend on its home produce, as it were, the horseflesh trained at Malton and Middleham, at Richmond and Hambleton, to supply its fields. Chester, occupying a sort of medium position not exactly due north, but close upon it, will share the fate of its neighbours, we believe. Rich as it is in racing recollections, its course has never been a popular one with owners and trainers of horses, and now it has a new danger brought almost close to its doors in the revival meeting at Manchester. There an impulse has been administered to racing from which we think Chester must suffer. The new course and stand formed at the great capital of cotton has simply proved a gold mine. It has been shown that the hardy sons of toil in that locality can keep going half-a-dozen meetings in the year, each meeting a source of large profit to the Race Course Company, and that without external aid. They don't want strangers or foreigners at Manchester. The shares in the Company pay already a fabulous dividend without their help. In fact, Manchester may be quoted as the one exception to that flowing of racing southwards to which we have alluded. But then, of course, Manchester is an exceptional place, and possesses an exceptional population. The new venture being such a monetary success, the authorities are able, by offering unprecedentedly rich stakes, to draw a very good class of horseflesh to their meeting. The Manchester Summer Cup, this year, a very rich stake, will in 1881 be even richer, we hear, and following as it does so close upon the old meeting on the Roodee, it takes, in common parlance, the wind out of the sails of the latter, and the betting on it is already a faint reflex of that on the Chester Cup fifteen or twenty years ago.

These, then, are some of the reasons why Chester no longer occupies the prominent position in the racing world it held for so many years. The Stand proprietors are doing what they can to improve its fortunes, and next year will see the old Cup course restored to its original length of a little over two miles, a step in the right direction. The sum added to the Cup is to be increased, we believe, but no definite determination on that point has yet been come to. We sincerely hope that we may meet next year on the Roodee under more favourable auspices than those of this and the last few years. Of the sport on this occasion we have not much to say. The first day was chiefly remarkable for the ill-luck of his Grace of Westminster, the yellow jacket running a succession of seconds and thirds, and both Maximilian and Dourance having to strike their colours to comparative outsiders. The latter carried a lot of weight in the Belgrave Welter, and though she pulled

Webb out of the saddle into the straight, there she was beaten, and Hellespont and Concord raced home, Lord Bradford's colt winning easily by a length. There was no great show in the Mostyn Stakes, for which Fugitive, second to Tristan at Epsom, was the favourite, Karoussel and Eyebright being the others backed. Fugitive ran, however, but badly, and Karoussel had the race in hand from the distance.

The Cup Day brought its usual crowd. Little did the rough revellers who poured down the narrow Watergate to the course, reck about Chester Cup not being the race it once was. To them it was, and will continue to be for years to come, unless the Roodee is ploughed up, 't'Coop,' a holiday of holidays, the excuse for great guzzling and much beer. As they have for years flocked to Chester, be the weather ever so wretched, now that it was unusually fine they came in, if possible, yet greater numbers. They were not troubled in their minds by bad fields or plating form, but lounged on the walls and spread themselves over the course after their wont, and kept the feast with the usual formalities. The race itself looked an open affair at the last, and seemed to lie between three or four. There was really no first favourite, for Fashion, Sword Dance, and Rhidorroch were all at one price, though if anything Rhidorroch had the call. He was much more fancied by the public than he was by his stable, and he looked a handy little horse to get round the turns. Fashion had undoubted credentials, for her running in all her races except the Newmarket Handicap had been first-rate. Her second in the Great Metropolitan might have been a much better one than it was if she had not run wide at the corner. Greaves had the mount on her, and of course that was all in her favour; while Sword Dance, albeit he did not look what is called a boy's horse, and a little too big to get round the turns, was believed by the Stanton people to be a certainty. Last year's winner, Reefer, looked and went well, but there was a suspicion that his then victory was somewhat of the fluke order. If danger was to come to either of the favourites, it was from Philammon, Lord Drogheda's horse, who had been taking all the Queen's Plates in Ireland this year. Philammon was a big, fine-striding horse, and, we may add here, ran very well indeed; still, the difficulty in guessing the Irish form made people afraid of backing him—though as the race was run, and if Philammon had had a better jockey on his back, it is quite on the cards he might have overhauled Fashion. Lord Drogheda, no doubt, did the best he could for his horse, but, with all due deference to him, we do not think he selected the flower of the Irish flock. He might have done better by trusting to the English market, we think, and it is possible he might have taken the Cup back to Ireland if he had. As it was, Philammon came when it was too late, as did Rhidorroch, and some of them never came at all. Fashion, when she pulled her way to the front at the Grosvenor turn, had her field safe, and won in the easiest of canters by three lengths. A very good mare indeed, and the only pity is that she is not in the Oaks; we should all be anxious to be 'on' if she were.

The last day would have been but a poor affair if it had not been for the two close finishes in the Dee Stakes and the Great Cheshire Handicap. Toastmaster has been a very fair two-year-old, and he opened favourite, but there was a commission in the market in favour of Teviotdale, who had once run second to Evasion, that brought Mr. Jordan's horse to 7 to 4 before the flag fell. It was a splendid race as they came up the straight, Toastmaster having just a little the best of it, an advantage which he held to the end. He was admirably ridden by Mr. Macdonald, and the Judge's fiat was a head. The

Che-hire Handicap resulted in something like a fiasco—and of a ludicrous character, at least to lookers-on. There were only five runners, and it looked such a very good thing for The Mandarin that odds of 6 to 4 was laid on him. Nothing else, except Rosalind, was backed for any money, and Humbert started at 20 to 1 offered in vain! When, therefore, within the distance Humbert was seen to challenge The Mandarin, who almost immediately succumbed, there was consternation in the camp. The outsider won easily by a head, without anyone connected with him having a sixpence on, and he was supposed to be as dead as Julius Cæsar. What terrible mistakes there are made by the very cleverest of people! Here on the Roodee, perhaps a Hunt Cup or a Steward's ditto was flung to the winds. Now, we fear, Humbert will be taken care of by the handicappers. For The Mandarin's defeat it is difficult to account, unless he was a little out of his distance. So ended Chester Races, a very quiet meeting, as our readers will perceive, but we will hope for better things in the future.

When a town, corporation, racing company, spirited lessees, or what not, add 7000*l.*, or something over that sum, to a meeting, it speaks well for its success from one point of view. The corporation, lessees, etc., etc., must have lighted on a very good thing, and there is no doubt that the corporation known as the Manchester Racecourse Company have 'struck ile.' We have hinted at this above in our remarks on Chester, and certainly the comparison between the two meetings was odious. What, over and above the 7000*l.*, the company got back in their four days' racing, it boots not to inquire. Sufficient to say that the attendance was enormous, as it always is at the Whitsun meeting, a time in which Lancashire keeps the highest of holidays. And not only was Lancashire there, but the Stewards' Stand was well filled with a turf aristocracy south of the Trent. Manchester is not 'a thing of beauty,' nor is its course 'a joy for ever,' though we should not mind a month at the Albion, if the hotel, the chef and the chambermaids, could be taken up bodily and transported, say to the back of the Isle of Wight, or up to our own Saltburn-by-the-Sea (no offence to the Zetland intended), or to some other quiet spot where the various institutions above mentioned might be enjoyed in peace and quietness. But we do not come to Manchester entirely for the sake of the Albion Hotel. We went to back the winner of the Manchester Cup, and to pick up other good things that may be lying about. There were not many on the opening day, with the exception of Hellespont for the Salford Cup, and a much improved horse is this son of Lacydes, who beat Reconciliation and his field very easily. The win of Sir Humphrey de Trafford in the Hartington Plate with his oddly-named 'Billycock,' roused local enthusiasm. A very good sportsman is Sir Humphrey, and we congratulate him sincerely on his win: and if he would only kindly tell us why he called the son of Vanderdecken and Grecian Bend, Billycock, we should be much obliged. The second day, Wednesday, saw another win of Hellespont in the Duchy Welter Handicap, with Archer in the saddle, who rode his second winning mount on him since his accident, the first being in the previous race on Havoc. But all this was so much child's play, and, truth to say, the racing was not very much, the 7000*l.* being taken into consideration. What we all wanted to find out from the Albion, and the chambermaids thereof downwards, was what was to win the cup. Our thoughts much inclined towards The Abbott, though those of our 'pals' to whom we look for guidance and direction, told us Blue Blood could not well lose. We had no opinion of King Sheppard, heavy as was the money behind him, nor of Moorfoot, nor of that hope of the north, Horizon.



Of Isonomy, however, we had a wholesome dread, for, knowing him to be a wonderful horse, we did not, at the same time, quite know how very wonderful he was. It seemed asking him to do an unprecedented thing, with the ground in the state it was, though be the ground hard or soft seems all the same to this son of Sterling. He looked well, almost too well, in the paddock, as if he wanted a little more work. Porter had probably been afraid to send him along, and indeed it was no secret that the trainer was opposed to his running him, and Mr. Gretton came in for some round abuse, which reads very ludicrous now, from a contemporary, for having the extreme folly to think he could win with such a weight, etc. But Mr. Gretton knew his own business best, and knew Isonomy's business also. What we none of us perhaps realized was how very moderate our three-year-olds, at least those we have seen this season, are. It did not look as if Isonomy could give over three stone to such a game horse as The Abbot, an undoubted stayer, and always running honest and true. Blue Blood, if he was all his stable fancied him, would beat Isonomy, to say nothing of the strong tips there were about Horizon, King Sheppard, and Moorfoot. The last-named was about last throughout; King Sheppard also ran very badly, but Blue Blood, while going well at the last turn into the straight, stumbled, and was bumped against as well, his chance being seriously interfered with. It was at the distance that the race resolved itself into a match between The Abbot and Isonomy, the former with slightly the best of it up to within half a dozen strides of home, when Mr. Naylor's horse 'pecked,' and Isonomy instantly secured the advantage, and won a most exciting race by a neck, and cleverly. There was tremendous cheering, both horse and jockey coming in for an ovation as they returned to the paddock, and the great horse looked as fresh as if he had only done an exercise canter, instead of the most wonderful feat of modern, or indeed any time. The hard ground had not hurt him a bit, and he walked away jauntily, a well-known racing man looking after him and muttering with a sigh, 'Well, I shall never be able to back him again.'

It does, indeed, appear as if all the cups were at his mercy, and that he would start with odds on him for everything he went for. A good deal has been said of the improvement Rayon d'Or had made, and the Ascot Cup was looked forward to with much interest from the meeting therein of a goodly trio, the big chesnut, Chippendale and Isonomy. But now it would seem as if both these must strike their colours to the wonder of modern times, unless anything should befall the latter, which is unlikely, as he is the soundest horse in training, as well as the best. The other racing at Manchester does not call for much comment, and was hardly of the class expected from the added money so liberally given by the committee. The attendance on the cup day was simply enormous, and that, too, in spite of the price of admission to the course being raised from sixpence to a shilling. The aspect of the city, too, was very curious, closed shops, silent warehouses, empty thoroughfares, as if desolation had fallen upon it. There is no fear, truly, about the future of racing Manchester.

When the hunting season comes to the bitter end in grass countries and agricultural districts, there is still good sport to be enjoyed with horse and hound in the New Forest, where the sound of horn and merry cry of hounds may be heard echoing through its beautiful glades during the month of May. Perhaps sportsmen from the shires, accustomed as they are to flying gallops and quick bursts over strong fences, might think it tame work riding to hounds in a country where it is hard to tell which are enclosures and which open country, so called, and where the principal excitement consists in the avoidance of bogs and branches of trees, under which they are obliged to

gallop; nor would they care to be exiled to such a country throughout the season; but to a sportsman fond of hounds and true hunting, there is thorough enjoyment to be found with foxhounds in the New Forest. In this favoured country, where in many parts the cry of 'Ware wheat' is unknown, Mr. Meyrick is able to begin cubhunting in July, and keep on through the season until May, and it is not in every country that a May fox can be killed. The most charming sport is to be found, too, hunting the wild bucks with Captain Lovel's buckhounds during March, April and May. Sportsmen will find good quarters for horse and man at the Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst, from which all meets are within reach. Fancy riding out on a fresh spring morning through those beautiful glades and thickets, where birds are singing and the air fresh with the scent of gorse and wild flowers. As a well-bred hack (for anything that is quick on his legs and able to gallop will do here, where there is no jumping) saunters quietly along, one almost forgets, and it seems too good to be true, that hunting is the object of your ride at this time of year, till he pricks his ears, quickens his pace, and you are aware that others are on the road. Arrived at the meet, say Bolder Wood, about a hundred horsemen, a few carriages and foot people are collected on a hill from which grand views of the forest can be seen stretching away on all sides. It is a pretty sight as Captain Lovel sits there surrounded by eleven couple of his hounds, the master, who hunts them himself, and his whip dressed in orthodox green velvet, while the two Misses Lovel, each carrying spare couples and leashes buckled over their shoulders in a business-like manner, can cheer hounds or turn them to their father's horn, when necessary, with easy lady-like grace, yet as quickly as many professionals could do. Strangers are much struck with this, and a visitor who takes great interest in, and does his best in his own country, notorious for the niggardliness of its inhabitants, to collect money for the Hunt Servants Benefit Society, was heard to say, 'That is the prettiest style of hunting I ever saw in my life; and if all whips' benefit members for whom we had to appeal, were like that, it would soften the heart of the meanest ever deserving the designation "patent screws."' Amongst the field well-known sportsmen from distant countries may be recognised, and some very good-looking horses are to be seen. Certainly in appearance they may be said to have the best of it, for their riders are all clad in sober mufti, and some of the costumes are peculiar. Leaving the pack coupled-up in charge of men on foot, Captain Lovel trots away with a couple of steady old hounds, to whose collars long leather bands are attached, so as to stop them when necessary, and tufting begins where bucks have been harboured by foresters early in the morning. It requires a thorough knowledge of woodcraft and great patience to separate a buck from its companions before hounds can be laid on. Often the master and whip work hard for hours before a single buck can be forced to leave cover. Then no time is lost; second horses that have been waiting with the pack are mounted, hounds uncoupled and laid on, and a gallop of an hour or two is enjoyed. If, however, the buck joins his companions, hounds are coupled-up, and tufting has to be done again. They have had some capital gallops this season, and killed several bucks.

Nothing startling in the way of novelty was witnessed at any of our theatres. We must presume, then, that the tide of prosperity still flows bounteously; that Rosalind still draws crowds to the Forest of Arden; that in 'The Upper Crust' Mr. Toole has found good provision; that those Cornish pirates carry on their nefarious occupation with success, and that the Hanlon Lees, with their grimaces and pantomime tricks, are still popular; and that,

in fact, the various attractions are so attractive that the free list is entirely suspended, and no needy dramatists need apply. Thrice happy state of things—for managers, if a trifle wearisome to playgoers. One novelty there is, however, and a startling one; the *début* and success of the Polish actress, Madame Modjeska. For once in a way, rumour with its thousand tongues has not lied, and the flourish of trumpets that heralded her appearance was no brazen or deceiving sound; and the success of the artiste is the more genuine, because the piece in which she played was an emasculated edition of a work repulsive in its tone and sentiment, and the actress herself was a foreigner with a decided accent, and wanting here and there in command of our language. Over these difficulties Madame Modjeska has triumphed, and universal acclaim has hailed her, if not a genius, at least an artist possessed of something approaching its fire.

As to 'La Dame aux Camélias' being a bad play, with its false and sickly sentiment and somewhat nasty details, there is little doubt. Mr. Mortimer has endeavoured in 'Heartsease' to purify the subject, with indifferent success. It was a risky undertaking for a lady, a stranger and foreigner, to woo the suffrages of an English audience on her first appearance in such a piece. Rather coldly received at first; listened to with a respectful silence, Madame Modjeska grew upon her audience; and it was when she showed the first dawn of love in a heart callous to the passion—when over the face of the hard, reckless woman stole a look of modesty and shame—then the audience rose to her, as it were, and loud and enthusiastic plaudits were the tributes to her talent. Her accent was unheeded. Inclined to be critical on it in the early scenes, we had forgotten all about it when the curtain fell on the death of the heroine; an admirable—we were almost about writing a grand conception, in which the details, managed with great art, do not harrow the spectators, faithful as is the picture of dissolution. It might, and did produce tears, but it could not excite horror. A very great triumph indeed has been Madame Modjeska's, and we trust to see her ere long in something more worthy of her great talents.

The revival of 'School' has been filling the Haymarket, as it did the little house near the Tottenham Court Road on its first production. The critics may abuse, sneer at, or damn with faint praise the Robertsonian comedies, but there they are still, with a vitality about them as great as in the days when they came fresh from the pen of their author. And this is not entirely owing to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and the talented artists who assist at their revival. It is our fortune to see something of the drama in the provinces in the course of our travels, and there Robertson's plays, given under more or less favourable circumstances, attract generally good audiences, and of the most varied character. We have seen the grimy hardened sons of toil in the north of England enjoy 'Caste' and 'Ours,' and appreciate the sparkling dialogue apparently as keenly as did the stalls at the Prince of Wales's. Occasionally we have seen these plays wholly burlesqued, at least to educated eyes, but the houses were full, and the effect on the audience the same. Now this is somewhat remarkable, we think, for assuredly Robertson did not write his plays for such as these. It would not be at all surprising that, with the present Haymarket company, if Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft went through the whole *répertoire*, they would have a great success. 'School,' not one, we think, of the best of these plays, has been so admirably cast and put upon the stage, that it will probably draw for some time to come. There will never be another Naomi Tighe, therefore let every one go and see her before (alas!) she withdraws. There may be other Beau Farintoshes, and, clever as is Mr. Arthur Cecil's rendering of the old man, we confess we have seen the actor

to greater advantage. Mr. Bancroft is still an unapproachable Jack Poyntz; and the Bella of Miss Marian Terry, and the Lord Beaufof of Mr. Conway, are simply delicious—we have no other word for them. The love-scene between the two, with the episode of the mill, is one of the most taking things we have lately seen. Rarely has Mr. Conway exhibited himself to more advantage. But the whole revival is admirable, and the scenery, especially the glade in the first act, is exquisite.

If now and then we hear a wail over the departed glories of the legitimate drama, at all events we can point to a good many plays, both good and wholesome of their kind, that even now succeed in pleasing the British public. For instance there is 'The Upper Crust' at the Folly, with our dear old friend Toole once more restored to the footlights, and a more enjoyable performance it would be almost impossible to find. The story perhaps is as old as the hills, but it is thoroughly English and natural, and the author has dished it up with such a liberal supply of his own *sauce piquante* that the piece is a genuine success. As Barnaby Doublechick Mr. Toole has once more achieved a triumph, and it is only fair to add that he is ably seconded by the gallant little company he has gathered round him in his new home. The mirth-moving powers of this popular comedian are well known, therefore if any of our readers want to enjoy a hearty laugh, all we need say is, Go and see 'The Upper Crust.' Next, if not quite in order of merit, at least in point of novelty, may be mentioned the new ballet produced at Drury Lane, with the highly seductive title of 'Les Sirènes.' Hitherto the palm for brilliancy and effect in this line has been carried off by the Alhambra, but Mr. Augustus Harris has soared even higher, and given us a *spectacle* that for splendour is worthy the reputation of his father. The sirens are of course as bewitching as sirens should be, and the poetry of movement by a well selected *corps de ballet* is realised to the fullest extent. Mdlle. Palladino, the principal *danseuse*, is, we believe, a fresh arrival in this country, but she has already carried the audiences of Old Drury by storm, and enthusiasts say that nothing like her has been seen since Taglioni. Mr. D'Auban has arranged the dances, and Mr. Wallerstein is responsible for the music, which admirably unites with the action and enhances the attractions of the entertainment.

The Royal Academy Exhibition is hardly, we will not say so rich, for that would be a term likely to mislead, but is hardly so pronounced as it generally is in favour of sporting subjects, the 'Full Crys,' the 'Gone Aways,' the 'In Covers,' &c. Neither does the popular Master of the United Muggletons, a wooden gentleman on a wooden horse, figure in the show. At least, we did not see him. If there, he has been mercifully 'skied.' Sorry are we, however, to miss Mr. S. Carter, or rather to see he has abandoned for the nonce the subjects in which he has gained himself a name. This year—

'No stag must die,  
On Exmoor not ingloriously,'

as far as he is concerned. He leaves 'The Ancient Sport of Kings' in other and we must say not unworthy hands; but still do we miss him. His mantle—we trust he has not cast it off for ever—has fallen for the present to Mr. John Charlton, who, with 'The Stag at Bay,' recalls something of Mr. Carter's picture of two or three years ago. This is the best painting we have seen from Mr. Charlton's studio since his 'Find with the Pythchley' of the year before last. Exception has been taken to the attitude of the stag, but as we were never fortunate to see one at bay, we cannot give an opinion.

The hounds are admirably painted, but are hardly big enough for what we remember of the Devon and Somerset, supposing that Mr. Charlton intended this for an Exmoor scene. The horsemen are well massed, and the whole grouping is well designed. His 'Full Cry' is very like something we have seen before, but there is a good deal of spirit in the composition. Mr. Philip Morris, who probably would prefer to be remembered by his large painting of 'The Sons of the Brave,' has yet, to our thinking, sent one of the best, if not *the* best, sporting picture to Burlington House in 'Fording the Stream.' We believe this is Mr. P. Morris's first essay at sporting subjects, and we trust he will follow up his success. In the first place there is a novelty about the conception which is in itself a pleasure. Then the action of the horses wading against the current is very well rendered, the light is skilfully managed, and the whole effect out of simple materials is excellent. The 'Foxhounds 'in Covert' of Mr. E. A. S. Douglas is a common-place theme well treated. They are really foxhounds, which cannot be said of all the representations of foxhound life on the Academy walls. The 'Hounds at Rest' of Mr. John Emms is another of those terribly worn-out subjects, the repetition of which shows such poverty of invention in the artist, but Mr. J. S. Noble has given us two fine effects of his brush which, though dealing with animal life more than sporting, we will yet notice under the latter head. 'Love and War' is the picture of two magnificent bloodhounds lying in the midst of some dented armour, off which one of them licks the blood of his dead master; and in an 'Untimely End' a stag is depicted as having fallen down a precipice among some rocks, while two colleys are standing by the carcass. Both are fine pictures worthy of the artist's renown. There is much humour in 'The 'New Whip' of Mr. B. Barber, a little girl in her father's pink and cap, and holding the whip, standing among the hounds, who fondle about her. Here, too, the hounds are well rendered, with a due regard to their points, and we cannot say this of the 'Ware Hare Challenger' of Mr. Jay, or the 'Hark to Rattler' of Mr. T. G. Cooper.

It is in some of the delineations of country life, however, that we think this Exhibition shines. Among these certainly first and foremost stands Mr. Briton Rivière's principal work of the year, 'The Last Spoonful.' We are not sure, indeed, if this is not the best picture in the Academy. Around a little girl lying on a bench, with cup and spoon in her hand, is grouped an assemblage of highly-interested ducks, cocks and hens, watching with expressive earnestness the last spoonful of sop being scooped out by their entertainer. By her side are two wonderful dogs, hungry curs, with an intensity of face highly ludicrous, and at the same time possessing a comic ferocity that has something startling in it. It is in the grouping and the physiognomy of the ducks, drakes, and hens that lies the chief charm of the picture. With all Mr. Briton Rivière's wonderful power of depicting animal life (witness his 'Anxious Moment' of two years back), we do not think he has ever painted such a wonderful picture as this. We stood before it for a long time in silent enjoyment, and we shall be much surprised if our readers, when they see it, do not also. Mr. Davis has the pictures 'Family Affection,' and 'Returning 'to the Fold,' both of them of a touching beauty difficult to describe, and if we have a preference we should give it the former. Mr. F. G. Cotman, in his 'One of the Family,' shows us a lot of homely life, a trifle exaggerated, perhaps, but still appealing successfully to the feelings. Mr. Sidney Cooper is still to the fore, of course, with his Cuypp pictures, and Mr. Peter Graham is one of his most successful followers. The latter's 'Highland Drove' is a good bit of painting, the rough coats, the fierce eyes of the cattle, and the equally wild features of the landscape, all help to make a very striking painting.

There was no falling off in numbers at the Manchester Horse Show, held early in May, and a decided improvement, we are glad to say, in the quality of horses compared with last year. That excellent manager, Mr. Douglas, had adopted our suggestion and done away with the class for brood mares (hunters), which somehow never filled at Manchester; he had likewise inserted a very stringent rule as to entries for the especial benefit, no doubt, of one Andrew. It was a pity that Star of the East, having won last year, could not compete in the roadster stallion class, as when shown in the ring (not for competition, of course), he appeared to be superior to both Dorrington and Star of the Garter. Mr. Wilson, of course, won the pony stallion prize with Little Wonder. We now come to the hunter classes, four in number. In that for horses equal to 15 stone Mr. Harvey Bayly was easily first with Whitebait, a very handsome grey horse, up to any weight, with beautiful shoulders, quality and manners, and a fine goer into the bargain. This horse had never, as far as we know, been previously shown. Second to him was Mr. C. Hayward's Sir Garnet, who won first prize at the East of England Show last year, a very useful horse that has been carrying his owner in Herts and Beds all the season. Mr. Cattle was third with a chestnut horse we do not remember ever to have seen before called Cockey. In the next class, without condition as to weight, the judges, Mr. G. Boltams and Mr. Paddison, were a long time making up their minds between Mr. Ford's Waverley and Mr. Harvey Bayly's Black Jack, the premier four-year-old of last season. At last they decided in favour of Waverley, who is somewhat back in his knees, has his hind legs away from him, and looks as if he would work very light. We almost preferred the third horse, Silverdale, a great, fine, slashing son of Dalesman's, who did not carry his head very well, to the winner. Next came the four-year-olds. Andrew Brown, who had been out of it hitherto, landed first prize with Victor (a son of King Victor's), up to weight. A very beautiful mover, Flower Girl, got by Highthorn (they all move by the sire), who perhaps went a bit better before than behind, was second, and Mr. C. Hayward was third with Fritz. In the class for three-year-olds there was not much competition, and Cyprian, for whom we had a great fancy last year at Leeds, was beaten by Durham, a nice colt, the property of Mr. W. Dunn of Lowthorpe. Mr. Wilson was to the fore with Lady Walton and Lady Silvertail in the hackney class exceeding 15 hands, and both mares are so well known that nothing more can be said of them, except that they appeared to have wintered well. For hackneys under 15 hands Mr. Matthews, who won so many prizes with Ozone, now defeated two very formidable opponents in Robinson of Hull, and the Stand Company with Zephyr, a nice brown mare with good manners. Lord Ellesmere was the winner of the chief prizes in the agricultural classes, in one of which he was beaten by his agent, Captain Heaton.

June is the month *par excellence* of those pleasant reunions when the yearling strength of the country is paraded before critical audiences *sub Jove*, and judgment on each claimant for racing honours is passed round with the wine cup, an indispensable incentive to cautious or wavering bidders. On the first Saturday in the leafy month, the rendezvous is beneath the beechen shade in the Caterham valley, the grassy undulations of which see Marden nestling at their feet. Mr. Hume Webster has wisely varied the home menu with certain dishes of foreign flavour, the result being a choice of many delicacies to intending bidders. The See-Saws are especially to be commended, and a glance at their stalwart sire in his box and thence to his progeny in the yard below will show each of them duly stamped with his 'trade mark.' For his best specimen commend us to the Carine colt, for

though Lady Augusta and Rufford Maid have each repaid the brown's attentions with interest, the first-named must bear away the belt; and his colts are well backed up by fillies from Inch and Mrs. Waller, the latter own sister to a recent good winner. A handsome Flageolet is almost as rare as the Dodo, but North Star (whose first foal is a winner) has thrown to the fashionable French sire a deep, level, square-built filly; and Springfield shows a chesnut from John Day's dam quite of the sensational order as regards colour and markings, which will make him good to know anywhere. Tragedy's filly is less like Blair Athol than the 'dam of many winners' who bore her, nor can the blaze-faced king of Cobham be said to have stamped an image of himself in the Terre de Feu colt; but both are fine commanding yearlings, and one of the shapeliest Speculums we have ever set eyes on is out of Hedge Rose, and we specially commend this sweet sister to Bryonia to the notice of our readers. Of the brace of Albert Victors we prefer his Cowslip colt to the Tilt filly, though both show plenty of fashion; and there are a couple of colts by The Rake, from Thriftless and Glee Maiden, both claiming to rank as useful, if they do not succeed in reaching the top of the tree. Those anxious to take stock of Craig Millar's first efforts will be pleased with his neat, level, and finished filly out of Lizzie Greystock; and perhaps there may be more use than beauty about the Poor Lassie and Schechallion fillies, which would shine better later on in the sale ring at Doncaster. The corner-box of the big yard holds one of the 'swells' in a charming colt by Carnival out of Agnes de Mansfeldt, and perhaps the dash of Weatherbit blood may be instrumental in conferring upon this youngster the staying powers for which the descendants of Carnival have not been too conspicuous as yet, though probably no stallion has begotten a larger proportion of winners to runners. The cynosure of all eyes, however, will probably be a new edition, considerably improved and enlarged, of The Abbot, bought at Mr. Chaplin's sale last year, and we may describe him as a folio instead of a duodecimo, in which category both The Abbot and Charon must be placed. A strapping youngster, something in the style of Hackthorpe, is Strafford's colt out of Venice, and there is a neatish chesnut by Strathconan out of Bonnie Roe, and a couple of blacks by Roscicrucian, a strong but rather plain one, from sister to Musket, and a more backward one out of Slumber, the dam of a whole host of little winners. The Slice colt is a first foal, and, notwithstanding the double cross of Weatherbit, not overdone in respect of length; and the Sweetmeat blood is represented by daughters of Macaroni and Flicker, and Cremorne and Mayfair, both handsome and shapely, and the latter a first foal, of which (by the way) no less than six figure in the catalogue. For the rest of the batch, Soapstone, Vedette and Monseigneur are responsible, and we are pleased to note a decided advance upon last year's exhibits at Marden Deer Park.

After the Mardenites have made their bow in the ring, two more batches will be paraded therein, and we shall be surprised if a bay colt by Henry out of Gold Dust does not excite some spirited competition, for he is Alchemist on a larger scale, and full of good points; fairly casting into the shade two which might shine in any other company, a Cardinal York filly from St. Agnes, and colt by Kingcraft out of that well-bred mare Décollée. Then follows a leash of yearlings by that 'mighty monster' Soapstone, who should be thinking about showing us a winner or two; and the rear of the sale is brought up by a filly by Orest out of Molly Cobroy, a well-known performer in her day, and likely to be well suited by the alliance selected for her.

On the Ascot Saturday Mr. Tattersall pitches his roving pulpit in the meadow by the Mole, as in former years, and besides the 'Cobham Stud,

'Limited,' Messrs. Waring and Combe are also contributors to the catalogue, both breeders having tried their luck in the same place before. Mr. Manager Bell has materially strengthened the hand of his proprietors by the addition of a batch of yearlings purchased from the late W. S. Cartwright, and consequently representatives of some of the most fashionable and successful blood in the kingdom. Unfortunately, the Princess of Wales filly has been obliged to be withdrawn until Doncaster comes round, but we fancy buyers will linger long and fondly over the very best Blue Gown yet foaled, a filly dam by Lord Clifden out of Princess of Wales, and only needing to be seen to be appreciated. Cast in more solid mould, but hardly less symmetrical, is the daughter of Cathedral and Stockwater, a very grand stamp of mare; while a Bay of Naples filly, dam by Teddington, is a real credit to her defunct sire, who was by Macaroni from the famous Fairwater. There are a couple other daughters of the same sire, but of less pronounced merits, and one each by Blue Gown and Albert Victor; and another stranger, and she of the most desirable description, is the lengthy, raking, yet bloodlike and handsome descendant of Springfield and The Belle, the latter a young Lord Clifden mare out of old Dulcibella, which her grand-daughter resembles in colour, as well as in other characteristics of Voltigeur. Of the Cobham lot proper, it is somewhat difficult to designate the probable 'crack' lots, but others besides Mr. Bell are rightly 'monstrous sweet' upon a beautiful chesnut colt by Mortemer out of Jocosa, quite the gentleman of the party; and there is another 'foreigner,' by Flageolet from Miss Ida, which should set many heads nodding, if they are not already tired of doing so in the efforts of their owners to secure the Blue Gown—Curaçoa colt, quite one of the gems of the collection, and a huge favourite with all who have looked him over. This trio will speak 'trumpet-tongued' for themselves, and as *proxime accessits* we may righteously place the thickset colt by Mortemer from Armada, a marvel of muscle and bone, a chesnut by Blue Gown out of Reine Sauvage, and the Carnival—Fricandeu colt, all well-grown, honest-looking, sturdy youngsters, in the full bloom of health, and ready for the breaking tackle as soon as they arrive at their new quarters. There is no finer-topped yearling in the lot than Steppe's young Doncaster, but Albatross's colt shows little of Blair Athol, being long in the shanks; and brother to Altyre is the same neat little, well-turned dandy as Lovelace's previous contributions to Cobham sale lists. The See-Saw colt from Violet has hardly come on so well as he promised to do, while Truefit's young Springfield is rather of the 'legs and wings' order at present, and brother to Tulach Ard is in reserve for disposal later on in the season. Quite a queen among the fillies is a square-built, powerful, yet 'quality' chesnut by Carnival out of Lady Bountiful, strong as a castle, and with capital limbs to work upon; but she is hardly well backed up by her companions in point of size, albeit symmetry is well represented by a likely-looking little beauty by Wild Oats out of Queen of the Chase (herself one of the small sort), and a lengthy, wiry, but not very thick chesnut, boasting descent from Adventurer and May Queen. Another useful-looking Carnival is out of Miss Mannerling; and there is a sister to Landrail, which looks like skimming the ground as quickly as the bird after which her relative is named. Want of space forbids us going further into detail than as regards general appearances; but, as may be imagined by the policy pursued by the new company at the sale in September last, there are very few weeds among the lot, and the majority will bear critical professional examination as regards the capabilities of legs and feet for carrying them through what we trust may, in most instances, be highly successful racing careers.



Following upon the company's yearling team come five, 'the property of a lady,' three colts and a couple of fillies, of which two are by Carnival, and one each by George Frederick, Wild Oats, and a 'great unknown,' Mirmillo. The latter was, if we mistake not, one of Mr. Waring's lot some years since, and is by Gladiateur out of Lady Chesterfield; but at any rate his alliance with Benefactress (another of the 'unfashionables') has resulted in the production of a very presentable youngster, worthy to rank with many more grandly derived. The Carnival colts are both out of St. Albans' mares, Lady Highborn and Tapestry; while George Frederick's filly is out of Harmony, and that by Wild Oats from Benares.

Mr. R. H. Combe will, we believe, also offer some yearlings for sale, but we have not yet heard how many they are in number, or how they are bred; though the name of their breeder is a sufficient recommendation as regards their desirability in point of blood, which is invariably selected by him with an eye to public taste as well as to orthodoxy as regards precedent.

Mr. Henry Waring will send up four-and-twenty from his haras at Beenham, reserving some half-dozen of his backward ones, late foals, etc., for Newmarket July, or perhaps the Doncaster week. This year's lot is the best by far, as well as the most numerous, hailing from the newly established Berkshire stud as yet; and both Cymbal and King of the Forest show that they are worthy to figure among sires of greater pretensions as regards the prices asked for their services. The King's yearlings are bigger, lengthier, and generally better 'set up' than any which he has shown before, his chesnut colt out of Acropolis being a caution for size, to which excellent qualification, however, neither symmetry nor shape is sacrificed; and good judges are specially taken with a clipping bay colt out of Narino, with fine action, and there is a deal of wear and tear about the chesnut from old Crucifixion. Among the fillies, too, His Majesty carries off the honours with his chesnut daughter of Christmas-Box, a thickset, deep-bodied, well-proportioned young lady, quite of the massive type; to which the grey-ticked chesnut out of Suzette (a grand young Mortemer mare) forms a capital foil, the latter being one of the handy, early sort, sharp as a needle, and full of go. Turning now to the Cymbals, opinions are divided between the merits of his colts from Rose of Sutherland (a first foal) and Maid of the Mist, the former a breathing image of Phœnix, and the latter a brown with a deal of the length and elasticity characteristic of his sire's stock. Among his fillies, commend us to Princess Alice's yearling, with flaxen mane and tail, very clever looking, with racing shapes; while Outcry's is a first foal, with a deal of good about her, and now rapidly improving, though not built on truer lines than the lengthy, handsome, little daughter of Athelney, quite a racing model, but surely too small to compass any of the great events of the Turf. Fright (dam of Erbkœnig) is represented by a very level, well-balanced Mortemer colt—generally regarded as the pick of the basket—so we need say no more in his favour; but La Rosarie's yearling by the same sire is not nearly so forward, though his dam's firstling by Knight of the Garter shows she is likely enough to throw bigger winners to better horses. The General Peel filly is half sister to Wentworth, one of our champion hunters, and of the true Melbourne stamp; and the same may be said of a lengthy, square-built, yet well-proportioned scion of Plebeian and Sonata, reminding us strongly of West Australian, and he is a bold, vigorous galloper. A comely demoiselle, too, is the daughter of Queen of Diamonds by Doncaster, with plenty of style and quality, and one of the best movers in the team. There are two by Adventurer, one a raking chesnut filly out of an own sister to Ethus,

long a a street, and the other a sturdy colt from Atonement, very quick on his legs, a sharp, handy horse, and one which looks like turning into an an early bread-winner for his stable. Of the two by Boiard, the Pommelo colt is plain all over, and not so good-looking as his blood would indicate; but the Attempt colt is quite another sort, one of the grandest-topped animals in the team, with a superlative back and loins and limbs like iron. The Symmetrical colt is a real credit to Salvator, and in no way belies his name, having come on more rapidly than any of his companions of late, and will take a deal of picking to pieces; while the solitary Cremorne is a real little gentleman, the very spit of his grandsire Parmesan, and among the most forward and precocious in Mr. Waring's collection. One of the sturdy, 'bull-dog' order is the chesnut son of Dutch Skater and Jeannie Deans; while sister to Strafford's Orest colt is quite her happiest effort, full of good points, perhaps the best furnished for his age that will be seen this season, and a colt that seems bound to repay his purchaser with good interest at an early date.

On Saturday, June 19th, the venue will be changed to Hampton Court, where five-and-twenty Royalists await dispersion; and these we ran through some short time since, though our present remarks must be accepted as resulting from a flying visit, not from a critical inspection. After Petronel's success in the Two Thousand Guineas, people will be on the look out for youngsters by Musket, a sire rather summarily sent to the right about, for the absurd reason that he did not set the Thames on fire during his first season or two at the stud. Colonel Maude, however, dipped pretty deeply into this fine blood before it became finally lost to the country, and can show colts by him out of Land's End and Orchestra, and fillies from Ohio, Liaison, and Dahlia, a batch of not very distinguished matrons perhaps, but as a rule well suited in shape and breeding to the sterling stayer to which they are related. Winslow, too, makes a very fair show, which would doubtless fetch average prices, did the stock of their sire show any signs of making headway; but something with more class and prestige about it is required at the Royal Paddocks, and the public have hitherto declined to patronise handicap horses, even of the highest class, though things may take a turn in the opposite direction before long. A brace of Pero Gomez colts from Gunga Jee and Furiosa, are well worth the attention of buyers, and Blue Gown has a colt out of old Lady of the Manor, and a filly from Wimmera; while there are some comely memorials of the mighty Prince Charlie's reign at Hampton Court in fillies from Biretta, sister to Little Lady, and Periwig, his colts being the produce of Cybele and Catawba. By no means the worst of the lot is La Muta's Adventurer filly, and one of the biggest and best-looking Cremornes yet led into a sale ring is out of the speedy Crann Tairht; Pell Mell, Vanderdecken, Wenlock, and Brother to Strafford being the other contributories to the Royalist roll call three weeks hence.

The week before the Derby—what a time it is. The air is full of rumours and wonderments. Men button-hole each other in St. James's Street, and he who has the wit to speak first says 'Well?' it being then incumbent on the part of the other man to open the gates of his knowledge, and tell what he knows and what he does not. He generally knows very little, but that does not much matter. The flood-gates once opened, there is a rush of what we may call, without irreverence in treating of such a solemn subject, Derby twaddle. The same old arguments; the reasonings as stale as a stockfish: the story that we all know by heart, and are weary of hearing and repeating—all this we are, so to speak, flooded with. We want novelty: and here, like William of Deloraine, 'good at need,' is the Great Panjandrum who

had been down at Russley and is intimately acquainted with Bend Or, his hocks, and his heels, and everything that is his. For we need not tell our readers that it is round Russley and 'Robert' that the interest circled. The disappearance of Beaudesert from the scene had brought Russley to the front in a more prominent way than before that event, and the Great Panjandrum rejoiced thereat. His creed is a simple profession of faith in the favourite, and we listen to him with the respect that comes of knowledge. The Little Squash, who had been going for impossible outsiders all the winter, is temporarily subdued by the firmness of Bend Or, and, beyond some half-articulate utterances to the effect that the favourite will not be in the first three, his voice is not heard in the streets. Those who have not backed either of the Russley horses, worry every one they meet as to which is the most promising outsider, and get all sorts of tips for their pains, the majority dividing their favours at last between Valentino and Von der Tann. It is curious the prejudice there was in many quarters against Bend Or—the more because his opponents are unable to give any satisfactory reason for the same—but that it existed there was no doubt. This, and the chorus of 'I-told-you-so's' which arose when Beaudesert broke down, were the most notable features of the pre-Derby days. About Beaudesert, the unanimity of people who had always known that he 'would go in that leg,' was wonderful. We don't for a moment believe that they knew anything about it, but what did that matter? And so the twaddle went on until that supreme moment when Mr. McGeorge has them under his charge 'pawing in the valley,' and the great shout, the cloud of dust, the final roar, and all is over.

And as the time approaches our somewhat stagnant interest revives, and we ask every man his brother the interpretation of his dream. We have done with twaddle now, and are in sober earnest. Forty-eight hours before the Derby the situation is grave, and was graver than usual this year. For we had a favourite, a horse with every credential for the post, who was declared when he was first seen in the July Meeting last year to be a worthy son of a worthy sire, to look all over a Derby horse, and to be every inch a king. The one most capable of taking the measure of his foot had disappeared from the scene, and the next best had run badly and was under grave suspicion as regarded staying power. What was there, with Beaudesert gone and Robert the Devil beaten, to defeat Bend Or? Nobody could tell. Certainly there were people who professed to think that Von der Tann or Valentino, Mask or Mariner, might do it,—but we don't fancy their belief was very strong. And yet with all this Bend Or was not the favourite he should have been—why, it was difficult to explain. He was described as having done well through the winter and early spring, bar the slight stoppage in his work which, however, had had no ill effect, and special correspondents and others who had seen him were loud in their praise of his style of going. And yet the market was hostile. 'Undertakers' were abroad, and the birds of evil omen, who only come to the front when carrion is scented on the wind, were hovering like so many winged ghouls over a supposed grave. What did it all mean? True, there were other horses in the stable, and it was known that the Duke of Westminster would run Muncaster, and that Ercildoune had won what his trainer considered a good trial. But the racing public, good judges as a body they are, are fond of trials, and as a rule do not believe in horses who run without these certificates, and Bend Or was to run—so it was said—untried. Moreover, his noble owner would make no declaration, and the best horse would win. Now this, noble and sportsmanlike as it is, is a proceeding viewed with much disfavour by the racing world in general. That a trainer should have three horses in his

stable, and that it should be a matter of doubt as to which he would win with, is a state of things calling, in their eyes, for severe reprehension. We really believe that the hostility to Bend Or arose from this cause, and this alone. There is, we are sorry to have to put it on record, such an atmosphere of suspicion enveloping the Turf, that credit for straightforward conduct and honesty of purpose is rarely, if ever, given. We are always scenting out some hidden mystery, always supposing that everybody is double-faced, always imagining a robbery of some sort or kind. We all knew Bend Or's form last year; we all knew how much, untried though he was, his owner and trainer fancied him; but still we shook our heads over his name, and were inclined to believe that 'something was wrong.' An excuse there was to be found for us, we own, in the tone of the market. 'There is no smoke without a fire,' said timid backers, and so all sorts of wonderful stories were believed about Bend Or. There were men to be found quite ready to assert that he would not see the post, and to back their assertion in the way common to Englishmen. That if he started, which was doubtful, he would not be in the first three, was another article of belief, and so the idle and mischievous talk went on.

All of which must have been pleasant reading and hearing to Robert Peck on his Berkshire downs, where he was having quite anxiety enough in the state of the ground, without the addition of sneering remarks and covert innuendoes upon his management of Bend Or. But he possessed his soul in patience; and though he was seriously alarmed by the cracked heels on the Saturday before the race, that mishap was got over, and the horse delivered at Epsom safe and sound. But the *quidnuncs* had not done with him yet, and were astonished, not to say disquieted, that he had not been brought there on Monday and had a good gallop over the adamantine ground on Tuesday morning. 'Why this mystery?' they said; 'mystery' being a very favourite term in our Turf vocabulary. But the 'mystery' was soon to be over, much to the discomfort of the mystery-mongers. How the Derby was won, how Archer was disappointed at Tattenham Corner, and had to come round his horses, how he looked out of it in the straight, how he came, and how Bend Or's fine speed enabled him to overhaul Robert the Devil, all this is history. It was a grand race, about the grandest Derby finish we ever saw, and a proud man must have been Robert Peck when he returned to the weighing-room enclosure. He had triumphed over the 'mystery' men and the 'undertakers.' Above all, he had won his first Derby for a noble gentleman, who, unless we are greatly deceived, will appreciate and value the sound judgment and the faithful service which had contributed to this end. We have been reminded by many pens that it is ninety years since the yellow jacket of the Grosvenors was seen on the winner of the Derby. Prophecy is out of our line, but it does not require a great gift of that faculty to foretell that such a lapse of time will not occur again. Yellow has been a good colour to Russley, and we can only hope that the sons and daughters of Doncaster yet unborn will bring back the old luck with the new master.

# B A I L Y ' S

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF SIR HENRY MEYSEY-THOMPSON,  
BART., M.P.

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1880.

# DIARY FOR JULY, 1880.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TH	Halifax and Southampton Races. Bar v. Army at Lord's.
2	F	Halifax Races.
3	S	Dog Days begin.
4	S	SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
5	M	Alexandra Park Races. Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's.
6	TU	Newmarket July, Carlisle, and Alexandra Park Races.
7	W	Newmarket July Meeting. Barnstable Horse and Hound Show.
8	TH	Newmarket July Meeting and Hereford Races.
9	F	Eton v. Harrow at Lord's.
10	S	Eton v. Harrow at Lord's.
11	S	SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. [cultural Meeting at Carlisle.
12	M	Worcester Races. Middlesex v. Notts at Lord's. Royal Agri-
13	TU	Worcester and Great Yarmouth Races.
14	W	Great Yarmouth and Liverpool Races. [at Lord's.
15	TH	Kempton Park and Manchester Races. M.C.C. v. Hampshire
16	F	Kempton Park and Manchester Races.
17	S	Kempton Park Races.
18	S	EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
19	M	Over Thirty and Under Thirty at Lord's.
20	TU	Huntingdon Races. Northumberland Agricultural Show.
21	W	Huntingdon Races. [Gentlemen of Scotland at Lord's.
22	TH	Pontefract and Sandown Races. Gentlemen of England v.
23	F	Sandown Races.
24	S	Aldershot Divisional Races.
25	S	NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
26	M	
27	TU	Goodwood Races. Stewards' Cup.
28	W	Goodwood Stakes. Rugby v. Marlborough at Lord's.
29	TH	Goodwood Cup Day. M.C.C. v. Rugby School at Lord's.
30	F	Goodwood Races. Darlington Horse and Dog Show.
31	S	

\* \* Sale of Horses and Carriages at Aldridge's every Wednesday  
\* and Saturday.





*A. R. Heysey-Thompson*

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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SIR HENRY MEYSEY-THOMPSON, BART., M.P.

THE descendant of an old Yorkshire family, who in the latter part of the last century married the heiress of the Meyseys, Norman blood, that had been seated in Gloucestershire from the time of the Conquest, Sir Henry Thompson, second baronet of that name, was born and brought up in his native Yorkshire, in the midst of the York and Ainsty, and within easy reach of the Bramham Moor. Small wonder then that he took to the hunting field from the time that he could cross a pony, or that when his first impressions were formed under two such men as Mr. George Lane Fox and the late Sir Charles Slingsby, that he now rides with judgment, as well as courage, to hounds. At Eton he was able to gratify his sporting tastes by being for two years Whip, and subsequently Master, of the College beagles—a position for which he was well qualified; and the same year of his Mastership he won the steeplechase and hurdle race. At Cambridge he was a constant supporter of the drag, and an ardent athlete as well, winning long and high jumps, and representing his University in the hurdle race against Oxford.

After leaving Cambridge Sir Henry Thompson took a house at Melton, and his fine stud of hunters was soon well known with the Quorn, Mr. Tailby, and the Cottesmore; and its owner earned the reputation of being a good horseman and a bold and forward rider to hounds. Most of our readers will not require to be told that he is a good coachman and a member of both Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, though we do not think he has been out this season. Sir Henry was a constant Hurlingham man a few years ago, and in 1873 took a large stake and one of the finest works of art that Lenaco ever offered. He is a good game-shot too, and is generally to be found going North about the 12th of August. A practical skater and a member of the Skating Club, Sir Henry is often to be seen during the frost taking part in the combined figures of four and six skaters at the club grounds in Regent's Park. So we think we have

said enough to show that the subject of our brief memoir is a great all-round sportsman.

For the rest, Sir Henry, who was born in 1845, is a Captain in the Yorkshire Hussars, and was elected member for Knaresborough at the last general election.

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## A TIMELY CONCESSION.

BREEDERS for sale of blood stock are rather, to borrow an expression of the Laureate's, 'an ill-used race of men,' whose many failures, drawbacks, and mishaps are rather lost sight of in the popular estimate of their *status* as traders, public opinion highly favouring the notion that their business or hobby (call it what you will) is one of those easy-going, pleasant, and lucrative undertakings which a superficial glance at results might perhaps not unreasonably lead them to imagine. Some, however, who can lay claim to personal experience as having tried their hands at the game, as well as others to whom peeps behind the curtain have been vouchsafed by the initiated, have a vastly different tale to tell, which we certainly shall not reproduce here, now that low prices for yearlings seem to be the order of the day for a while, and a piling up of the agony in this direction is therefore sedulously to be avoided. We merely made allusion to the grievances of the breeding fraternity in order to place upon record the partial abatement of one of them, and to chronicle the insertion of the thin end of the wedge into the stumbling-block, which may or may not be followed by subsequent attempts to put an entirely new complexion upon the *vexata questio* of nominations, in one at least of its aspects. The hardship complained of was an awkwardly substantial one, and we purpose to devote a few pages to the consideration of the probable effects and scope of the remedy proposed by the northern breeders, and adopted by the Race Committee at Doncaster, to take effect for the first time this autumn. On a subsequent occasion we may undertake the ungrateful, but nevertheless necessary task of disillusioning the sporting public on the subject of profit and loss as regards the production of blood stock; but present efforts lie rather in the direction of discussing a partial removal of the burthens placed upon the shoulders of those who have hitherto been forced to become responsible for the nomination of these young hopefuls in what have not inaptly been termed the 'classic races' of the year. It must be matter of common knowledge to the readers of 'Baily' that the entries for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger formerly closed about the second Tuesday in July of each year, and, as a natural consequence, vendors of yearling blood stock after that date were driven either to nominate what they considered their most promising saplings for the three great events, or to submit to have them left out in the cold along with the presumed ragtag and bobtail of

thoroughbred equine society. This manifestly placed almost at a double disadvantage such gentlemen as Mr. Carew Gibson, and the legion of Norsemen who bring their produce to market still later on in the season to Doncaster or elsewhere; for not only did yearlings, which happened to have deteriorated since the day of nomination, fetch less money by reason of the extra burden of forfeits incurred for them, but the omission to enter a colt or filly not deemed worthy of such a distinction in July, told against its value in the eyes of purchasers in September. It is obvious that the existing order of things as regards yearling sales must be maintained, for they could not by any possibility all be crowded into the two months or so preceding 'nomination day' in July, partly for the reason that the market would be glutted, business overdone, and much hurry and confusion prevail, but chiefly because young stock in the various latitudes even of this 'tight little island' could not be expected to ripen for the hammer at the same season. Many yearlings from Northern studs would show to marked disadvantage against their more precocious and forward brethren of the South thus early in the year; so that the Goodwood Saturday afternoon at Sandgate, and mornings devoted to the inspection of the young idea in the Doncaster sale paddocks, are never likely to fade into memories, though 'old Ebor' has long ceased to rally the clans round its once familiar ring, in which so many racing cracks, seasoned as well as tyros, have started at the sounding of their own fate in the fall of the ivory hammer. These things being so, without a reasonable prospect of change, it was inevitable that complaints and dissatisfaction should arise on the part of those who not unnaturally entered their protests against a system which dealt inequitably with them through no fault of their own; and reforms have from time to time been demanded or projected in the shape of a postponement of the day of entry for the great events of Epsom and Doncaster, at least until after the week of sales at the latter place. It must be admitted that the arguments adduced in favour of the change were most reasonably put and temperately urged; but for a long time the authorities were obdurate, and *quieta non movere* was the maxim adopted in quarters which had prospered well enough under the old *régime*, and hesitated to venture upon equivocal experiments. Still the agitation went on, the authors of it determining not to let the matter drop, but to work steadily and temperately with the object in view of having themselves placed on a similar footing with their brethren of the South. It was wisely considered that half a loaf was better than no bread, and that one small but substantial advantage gained might ultimately lead to the triumphant occupation of ground which they had in vain attempted to carry by storm. A most formidable argument was rightly placed in the very forefront of the attack, which at once decided the fortunes of the day, and took them as far as they cared to go for the present against the position they ultimately hoped to occupy. Their primary contention was, that whereas entries for the Derby and Oaks (run for late in May or early in June) were due

in the following month of the year, it was only in accordance with common sense, if not of precedent, that St. Leger nominations should close in October, for the race invariably contested in September. The request to the Doncaster authorities that this should be done was backed up by the intimation on the part of their memorialists (comprising nearly every one of the breeders for sale at Doncaster), that in the event of non-compliance with the suggestion, no more St. Leger entries should be forthcoming on their part, which would involve a falling off of at least one-fifth of its subscribers, to say nothing of loss of caste in the great race of the North, which would thus become subordinated in importance to its former rivals and equals, the Derby and the Oaks. The case of the petitioners was further strengthened by arguments applying generally to the system of entries made by breeders with a view to disposing of the same along with their yearlings, by admitting the soundness of which the partial concession was ultimately granted; and some of these we may cite by way of treating the subject exhaustively, and as bearing upon the demand for further indulgences which may be applied for hereafter. It was contended that extra hardship was involved in the obligation of breeder-nominators to pay the forfeit of an entry dying before the day of sale, and we are fully prepared to admit the force of this argument, which must be apparent to all who will take the trouble to realise the 'situation' of the unfortunate producer at such an untoward juncture. The loss of a valuable yearling is bad enough in all conscience, but when in addition a penalty of 25% or 50% has to be paid, the injustice done is palpable, and breeders in a small way of business may well recoil from the bare possibility of having to suffer so disastrous a fate, the effects of which have, however, now been reduced by the 'timely concession' to which allusion has been made. Furthermore, it is asserted on the part of a section of reformers, whose efforts have been partly crowned with success, that the necessity of making, as it were, a selection of their goods before offering them for sale operates to their disadvantage, and this we can readily conceive; but the hardship is intensified in cases where the invidious task has to be undertaken a couple of months before the appearance of yearlings in the sale ring. During that period the judgment shown in discriminating the 'pick of the basket' may signally fail to be vindicated; the forward and precocious youngsters having suffered a 'backwardation,' and the late foals and those hitherto unthrifty having made a corresponding advance, so that the schemes of their hapless nominators 'gang 'aglee' with a vengeance. Men who race in a small way fight shy of even cheap bargains with a 'pyramid of forfeits' on their devoted heads; whereas a supposed stigma or drawback attaches to those omitted to be entered for the principal races, though good-looking and promising enough, intending purchasers suspecting the existence of some serious obstacle to their chance of future distinction, and giving the breeder credit for knowing something to their disadvantage. There is also something to be said for the argu-

ment that the important races are entirely sustained by subscribers, nothing in the shape of added money being given, and that of these a goodly proportion are breeders, who render substantial aid in keeping up the prestige of the race, and should therefore be consulted ; but it must not be forgotten that the producers of a Derby, Oaks or St. Leger winner reap additional prestige for their stud and lining for their pockets by the system, unsatisfactory as it may be in many particulars, of making their own nominations. Their contention, in fact, cuts both ways ; therefore we pass on to the consideration of certain other fortifying deductions, being desirous of thoroughly probing and laying bare to the bone a manifest grievance while the subject is on the dissecting table.

By way of supplementary support to the general structure of argument in favour of the system of entries by buyers as against nominations by breeders in the three great races of the year, we may adduce the important facts that the purchaser infinitely prefers making engagements of his own to taking upon himself newly made liabilities ; and that a breeder for his own use would enter just as freely in September as in July. Again, the supposition is not altogether an unreasonable one, that, by means of an extension of time, the numerical falling off in entries not unlikely to ensue would be amply counterbalanced by the *quality* of the fewer competitors deemed worthy of contesting so important a prize. To proceed a step further in the same direction, it might be held capable of proof that interest in the race would thereby be enhanced, starters being likely to muster in greater force, and betting on the result consequently being certain to take a wider range, to the manifest advantage of speculators. These last may all be regarded as comparatively minor considerations, but we have deemed it only fair to state them for what they are worth ; for we must not lose sight of the fact that, in some particulars, racing is just as much a matter of sentiment, usage and tradition as other human institutions, and it will not do altogether to adopt the bare matter-of-fact, business-like aspect in which some seem inclined to regard it. Allowances must be made for the little fads and fancies of all, and a thorough airing of the entire question occasionally can do no harm, especially at junctures like the present, when the thoughts of men are much exercised with regard to the late 'timely concession.' This has been so quietly and unostentatiously brought about that we have had little time to analyse its probable effects ; but they will doubtless be highly salutary, and the opportunity is a good one for duly weighing all the pros and cons contributing to the end achieved.

The weak point underlying the edifice of reform which the Northern breeders have succeeded in rearing, and which haply may preclude further attempts to alter the existing state of things, is one which will be as readily admitted by themselves, as it is apparent to any one who will give his serious consideration to the matter for a moment. The prestige and popularity of the great races, though

owing much to antiquity of foundation and traditional glamour, are nevertheless mainly sustained by the large number of annual subscribers to the same; and we would therefore earnestly deprecate any line of action having a tendency to curtail the patronage at present accorded to them. No amount of added money, however liberal and munificent, can make up for diminution of public interest in the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger; and it must not be forgotten that the positions, from a money value point of view, of these classic contests are annually increasingly threatened by the foundation of stakes and plates on a scale of liberality undreamt of in the philosophy of a former generation of turfites. It may be accepted as an axiom, in estimating the likelihood of this or that race attracting a numerous entry, that the earlier the day of nomination is fixed, the larger will be the number anxious to make engagements therein for their horses. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is a maxim which strongly obtains with the public, especially among those of a speculative turn of mind; and though of course we should be anxious to secure the cream of the equine population as competitors for the highest honours of the turf, it is desirable that the challenge should be taken up by owners before they know too much about the animals intended to represent them. In fact, ignorance of the capabilities of competitors is the very soul and essence of an entry such as that which it is desirable to obtain for the leading events at Epsom and Doncaster, as well as elsewhere; and it would not do to allow too ample an opportunity of sifting the chaff from the wheat previous to sending in names and descriptions to Messrs. Weatherby. We must have a spice of speculation, a vision of the lucky bag, a glimpse of numbers in the lottery, in order to encourage owners and breeders to come forward; and it is obvious that the more time for reflection, if not for absolute trial, is afforded, the less satisfactory will be the result in point of numbers of subscribers. But the concession just made is hardly likely to affect thus injuriously St. Leger prospects, the chances being that owners will come forward quite as liberally in October as in July, for while some of the supposed cracks may have lost caste, not a few of the once despised and rejected will be found admirable substitutes, and thus losses will be balanced by gains, and there will be less excuse for those 'culpable omissions' of promising youngsters from the great race of the North at least. But we most earnestly deprecate any further attempt to put pressure upon racing authorities, in order to obtain additional extension of time for entries in the races to which we have more particularly alluded. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* may be a most excellent motto, especially in these go-ahead days, but rather than yield a step further towards enlarging the period between the birth and entry of yearlings, we would advocate a retrograde movement, and return to the pristine simplicity of a *foal* stake in the cases of Derby, Oaks and St. Leger. But the very mention of such an idea is perhaps rather premature on our part, seeing that no harm has yet been done by the action of the Doncaster committee; though we are strong in the belief that

'thus far and no farther' should be the decision of any in authority hereafter memorialised with a view to relax the present wholesome conditions in respect of entries.

These and other such arguments of minor import have from time to time been urged by and on behalf of those who felt most acutely where the shoe pinched; but it soon came to be recognised that nothing but organisation and well-concerted action could avail in the case of the Northern breeders, and others who have made it their annual custom to contribute to the Doncaster catalogues. At the last-named place, therefore, a meeting of all those interested in this burning question was held in the early part of this year, Mr. Taylor Sharpe being its convener, and the appeal of the Baumber Park breeder to his 'brethren in adversity' was so amply responded to, and the protest agreed upon so thoroughly satisfactory to the general body of memorialists, that when the veteran William I'Anson was asked to the chair (in the absence of Mr. Cookson, prevented by accident from being present), their unanimity speedily became apparent; and it is only right to add, that the sympathy of many large breeders in the Midlands and the South was accorded to the movement in favour of postponing the date of entries for the St. Leger until October in each year. The stewards of the meeting were found to be in full accord with the memorialists, and Messrs. Weatherby favoured the idea to the extent of recommending the powers that be at Doncaster to accede to such a reasonable and influentially supported requisition on the part of those whose sales formed such an interesting portion of the race-week. Thus it is 'all's well that ends well,' and negotiations having resulted to the evident satisfaction of both parties, we cannot but think that Mr. Taylor Sharpe deserves well of his colleagues for his action in a matter so important to breeding interests in the North. Somebody was required to 'bell the cat,' and that thankless office was cheerfully and successfully undertaken by and carried through to a consummation devoutly to be desired.

AMPHION.

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## BIRDS AND BEASTS OF SPORT.

### NO. VI.—OTTERS AND SALMON.

'Is the otter a poacher, papa?' once asked a little boy of his father, who was in his day an adept in all sports, as well as something of a naturalist into the bargain, so far at any rate as being able to utilise his powers of observation in noting the habits of all kinds of animals.

'Yes, my son, the otter *is* a poacher, but you must excuse him, 'for he knows no better,' was the somewhat contradictory reply of the pater, who could have explained, had he taken the trouble—only at the moment he was too busy examining the mechanism of a newly-acquired rat-trap to do so—who, as I say, might have ex-

plained, that poaching is not poaching, but, on the contrary, legitimate warfare in the circumstances of an otter capturing and taking a bite from the shoulder of a shapely salmon, because in so doing the beast is only fulfilling one of the chief instincts of its nature—the governing laws of the brute creation being universally love and hunger.

The writer of the present series of sketches was the boy referred to, but he has long since arrived at man's estate, and now asks permission of the editor to give, in the pages of 'Baily,' a few random recollections and observations of the otter's life and work, and, incidentally, of the salmon, as our greatest fish of sport. In essaying this and similar work the writer makes no pretensions to be exact in his natural history, and will therefore only relate, in a simple manner, what he has himself seen or been told about the otter on good authority.

My first ideas of the otter, then, were derived from a character who was known throughout East Lothian (N.B.), where I then lived, as 'Otter John'; he was employed in the great distillery situated on the banks of the river Tyne, about one mile from the town of Haddington, and assisted in some very humble capacity in brewing, or, as I should rather say, in distilling, a famous and most potent whisky, which in those days was known as 'the real Archie Dunlop.' The young gentlemen of the distillery, the Messrs. Dunlop, were keen votaries of sport, riding to hounds and taking a most active part in the local coursing meetings. One of the sons, too, was a really clever angler, able to lure from the Tyne dozens upon dozens of the finest trout; all of which that weighed under a quarter of a pound he used, with great kindness, to present to me, to whom they were quite a prize. At the distillery there were a great many workmen of various grades constantly employed, and, 'like master like man,' not a few of them had acquired a taste for sport of a kind; many of them, at any rate, enjoyed a high reputation as daring poachers 'by land and water.'

'Otter John,' who at the period acted to me as a kind of sporting dry-nurse, was a poacher of rare ability, and, as I afterwards learned, had formed a profitable connection with an Edinburgh dealer for the sale of his game; getting it conveyed to the city, about seventeen miles distant, by the whisky carts, John's brother being the chief carter, and an adept at 'sucking the monkey.\*' When I first visited the distillery I was taken by Mr. Dunlop's butler, Robbie Baillie, to see John's tame otters, which were *the sight par excellence* of the village. There were not wanting other sights, however; Peggy Spiers'

\* The Dunlops were terribly robbed by their carters, some of whom had the most ingenious ways of breaking into the puncheons and extracting the whisky. The carter I have alluded to carried on for years a practice of running out a pailful at an inn at which he changed horses, the deficit being made up by water. The robbery was however ultimately detected by a crafty gauger, who hid himself in the stableyard, and earned a ten-pound note for his pains; but the carter could not be punished because 'he knew too much.' There are queer things done in distilleries, the servants being sometimes in 'the know.'



husband, as John Spiers, the distillery blacksmith, was always called, the grey mare in that stable being the better horse, had formed a fine collection of speaking starlings; whilst another of the distillery *employés* was famed for his breed of canaries and fancy pigeons, one of the distillery maltmen was of an inventive turn, and used to make wonderfully fine toys of all kinds for the children, as well as miniature ships of war; another of the men in the malt-barn 'played' the fiddle like an angel; the coachman of the firm was noted for his skill as a horticulturist, while his wife was celebrated for her curative powers as a homely doctor, and particularly for her discovery of the virtues of celery as a cure for rheumatism.\* But John's tame otters were, as I have said, the pride of the place, and so much of a novelty, as it was thought such animals could not be tamed, that persons came from afar to see them. John used his otters to catch fish for him in the dam which flowed at the back of the village, an artificial stream composed of water brought from one part of the Tyne and restored again to the larger water; it was used for driving a flour-mill wheel, as also for a waulk mill. Many fine trout were got from the dam, and John, with his pair of otters, had far the best of the supply, and earned a little money by the sale of his trout, not to speak of the occasional salmon, which he was able to forward to Edinburgh by old Peter Fairgrieve, the carrier. Fish, chiefly trout, in large quantities, were also caught by means of these tame otters in the main stream; and once a week, in the evenings,

\* *Apropos* of this dire disease, 'rheumatism,' few persons who stick to otter hunting for two or three seasons escape a touch of it. I can give a real good cure, or rather I am able to retail the cure referred to, namely, that of the Haddington coachman's wife; and there are so many sportsmen afflicted with this particular bodily grievance that a specific will, I am quite sure, be welcomed. The first shape in which the cure was made known was as 'celery tea,' the seed of the plant being infused in boiling water, and allowed to remain till it becomes quite cold, or nearly so. Then drink, say a breakfast-cupful, twice or three times every day. Begin by taking the tea in a very weak infusion, and then gradually strengthen the dose till it is very strong. The tea is all very well in its way, and as the seed can be procured when the vegetable itself is out of date, it helps to purify the blood, and keep the body cool in the summer and autumn months. But when the green celery in the stick can be obtained, from September to April that is, it is greatly to be preferred to the tea. Eat the celery dry, with as little salt as possible, and as often as possible to luncheon and dinner especially, and I also recommend to those whose pains are acute to eat it nicely stewed with milk for breakfast, breaking a toast in the basin. Clean and prepare a stalk or two, then cut it down in half-ounce bits, stew these pieces in plenty of water till they are tender, pour off the water, and keep it for drinking, then pour into the pan a pint of milk, and simmer the whole for twenty minutes, pouring the contents of the pan over a slice or two of toasted bread, cut into minute dice. This is really and truly a good cure, and preventive as well; but a cure will not be effected in a day, and it will be as well for those afflicted to study an entire change of food, avoiding flesh meats as much as possible. An effort of self-denial is well worth while to get rid of such a torment. *Notice.*—As little 'drink' to be consumed as possible during the period of probation. Now I can vouch for it that a celery diet of the kind indicated has cured a large number of persons, but the dietary must be adhered to with some amount of perseverance. Having tried the celery cure myself, I speak from experience.

John used to be found with his 'brutes' at the Nungate Bridge, or on a stretch of water known locally as 'the lang cram,' plying his avocation most successfully, hundreds of people looking on with admiration at the skill displayed by the otters and the clever way in which John handled them; he seemed to have far more control over them than some shepherds have over their dogs—they were as obedient to John as the collie is to its master.

John's chief delight, however, was an otter hunt; then he was seen to perfection. Nothing could stop him, and cold as the water might be, mixed as it generally was with 'sna brew' in March and April, 'Otter John' was all there, and hour after hour might be seen, up to his hips in the stream, hunting the dexterous creature, the killing of which was the object of the gathering. Strange to say, John never became rheumatic, a few drops of the real old 'Archie Dunlop' kept him all right; and but a few years ago I was surprised to meet him, when he was probably eighty years of age, looking hale and fresh, on the streets of Edinburgh, in charge of half a dozen of the finest 'Dandie Dinmonts' that I ever looked upon.

'Otter John's' natural history was rather of a 'mixed' kind; his idea being that otters and beavers were just as near brothers and sisters as possible, certainly of the same parentage, with 'just a bit 'cross or twa, ye ken.' Of course I now know better, and as I have seen one or two good otter hunts and not a few otters, I can speak on the subject with a little confidence. Meantime, let me say of John's otters that he kept them constantly at work, and made them once or twice a week hunt the river Tyne for their own food, as well as for a share of John's. He had so taught them as to keep them in perfect command; they 'fetched and carried' in an extraordinary manner, bringing out the fish from the stream just as they caught them, which they did with marvellous dexterity for some two or three years, after which they were carried about the country as part of the show in a small travelling menagerie, which in my young days (*temp.* 1826 to 1836) used to travel round Scotland, making a profitable pitch at the several fairs, along with Ord's well-known travelling circus. John, I was told at the time, received a five-pound note for his treasures, which, I regret to say, were ultimately worried by a savage dog, and so injured that they died.

By way of putting those readers of 'Baily' who are not 'up' in the natural history of the otter on a par with readers who are familiar with the animal and the sport in which it plays the chief part, I have referred to my old dictionary, which, under the proper heading, tells us 'some are of opinion that the otter is of the beaver kind, 'being an amphibious creature, living both in the water and on the 'land; besides, the outward form of the parts bears a likeness of 'the beaver: some say were his tail cut off he were in parts like the 'beaver, differing in nothing but habitation, for the beaver frequents 'the salt water as well as the fresh, *but the otter never goes to the 'salt,*' which is nonsense, because he has been, I believe, known to

capture and eat sea-fish. Again, in another part of the dictionary, we are told these animals are great devourers of fish, and travel ten or twelve miles of a night in quest of prey, their chief haunts being under the roots of trees near the water. 'Some capture the otter with hunting dogs, some by means of snares, and others with a spear.' There are even now occasional otter hunts in Scotland, one or two having taken place lately on the river Ayr, and also on the Annan; but in the days of 'Otter John' these beasts were plentiful, and hunts took place frequently, both on the Tyne, near Haddington, and on the upper reaches of the Tweed. An otter hunt in the olden time would be resolved upon at night and take place early next day; the news of such an occurrence being fixed was passed on with as great rapidity as if it had been the fiery cross of a highland alarm. The renowned Sir Walter Scott has before now taken part in hunting the otter, and well describes the exciting sport in the pages of one of his novels, 'Guy Mannering,' if I mistake not. An otter hunt of these long-past times, or even to-day, was no feather-bed sport; it involved the tramping of a score of miles and more, and a crossing and recrossing of the stream as often as was necessary, mayhap a dozen times, and even then no game might be seen, or, if seen, might escape. Nowadays, as a rule, there is no spearing or foreign ways of killing, even 'tailing' is not looked upon as being the right thing—the kill is left to the dogs, as it should be. I would recommend all who have not seen an otter hunt to take the earliest chance they can obtain of being present at one. It is an entirely different matter from a fox-chase or a greyhound meeting, and calls into active exercise the whole man, demanding of him five or six hours' labour of a really exciting kind, whether an otter be killed or not; indeed, on one occasion that I can remember, my father took part in a hunt which lasted from dawn to dark, and extended for a distance of thirty miles! To my idea the otter hounds in the water are a fine sight for a sportsman; to feel that they have nosed the drag, and may show a fine dash of work, is a reward for all the exertion that is necessary. It is never my cue at any time to go into a frenzy over any kind of sport, but were I to do so I should choose an otter hunt as the medium for a long chapter of extatics.

The poet of the chase says of the Otter Hunt :—

' Huntsman, bring  
Thy eager pack and trail him to his couch.  
Hark! the loud peal begins; how greedily  
They snuff the fishy stream, that to each blade  
Rank scenting clings!  
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood  
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools  
Rustling they work their way.'

A good sporting writer could no doubt 'work up' the scene with some effect. Painting vividly the stillness of early morning, broken by the splash of the otter as he takes the water in search of prey or

to escape the hunters; then would come the gallant dogs and the shouts of the lookers-on, the excitement of the scent, and the pleasure of the kill. Well told, these incidents would form as good a subject for the sporting *littérateur* as a fox-hunt.

The recent visit of the far-famed Carlisle otter hounds to Ayrshire was productive of a good deal of excitement, but not of any sport in the shape of a visible find or a kill. I was not myself present, but obtained a slight sketch of what took place from a friend, besides a lively account of the meet was contributed to one of the Glasgow newspapers. The meeting took place at the princely seat of the Earl of Eglinton, there being a numerous attendance, at which many ladies were present to grace the scene, one or two of them, mounted on ponies, keeping up with the sportsmen during the whole day. 'Sandy' is still a great man with the Carlisle otter pack. He is an old disciple of otter hunting, having been, when he was a younger man, connected with the Teviotdale otter hunt; so that his experience is varied and valuable; but as 'Sandy' has been immortalized by the 'Druid,' it is unnecessary for me to sing his praises.

The otter may be described as being an immense water rat; a full-sized animal is over twenty-six inches in length, with a tail which is fully half as long. No animal can be imagined that is so active in the water as the otter; it moves with a dash and rapidity which is difficult to follow, and which I will not try to describe. Here is a description of it that I have found in an old note-book, but I cannot say by whom it was written, although it is most apt: 'This creature is exquisitely organized, both for rapid motion through the lambent waters of a rolling stream and for overtaking and seizing the swiftest of its finny prey. The spindle-shaped body, elastic to a high degree and bounded by harmonious curves, the projecting eyeballs, the smooth, close, glossy fur, the broad rudder forming tail, and the short web-footed fin-like limbs, all combine to show its singular adaptiveness to the fluvial and lacustrine haunts, where in ceaseless activity it despoils the waters of their abounding piscine treasure.' As 'Otter John' used to say: 'The animal is a devil among the fish; one beast will drive before it a shoal of smolts and bolt them at his leisure as he goes along.' Hiding all day in his den or burrow, the otter—unless he is driven out, and I have seen that feat accomplished by smoking the hole with tow soaked in whisky—will not go to work till night, his habits being nocturnal. The living place of the animal is very deftly contrived, and none but those accustomed to its haunts are able to find it. The female produces four or five young ones at a litter, usually in the springtime. In the north of Scotland, on some of the salmon streams, otters still abound, although, so far as I know, there is no organized system of dealing with them. The flesh of this animal is rank in the extreme, and I know of no way of cooking it that would render it palatable; the skin has been utilised for carriage-rugs and other fancy articles, and foreign otter skins have a distinct commercial value.

Some readers will wonder, no doubt, why I have coupled the otter with the salmon ; I have done so because 'the monarch of the 'brook,' is that animal's favourite dish. In fact, the otter is an epicure. A friend of mine with whom I used at one time to reside for an occasional four or five days' angling in Perthshire, on the banks of the Isla, showed me on two or three occasions a prime 'fish'—with my friend a trout is a trout, but a salmon is a 'fish,'—with a big bit neatly excised from its shoulder. 'How came that ?' I asked. 'Oh, that is done by an otter,' he replied ; 'the fish is 'seized and landed upon yonder boulder, and then Mr. Otter de-liberately helps himself to his tid-bit, just as you see.' I was told, moreover, that on some mornings as many as five salmon would be discovered so mutilated, fine handsome fish, weighing from four to eleven pounds, the wonder being, in the case of the larger ones, how the otter was able to carry the salmon from the water to the boulder stone on which it was found.

'This subtle plunderer of the beaver kind,  
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade  
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk  
Contrives his wicker couch ; where he surveys  
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all  
The finny shoals his own ; and on that bank  
Behold the glittering spoils ! Half-eaten fish,  
Scales, fins and bones, the leavings of his feast,  
His seal I view.'

It is a curious fact that the otter never does more than eat a portion of the fish it catches ; and one of these vermin will, in the course of a season, capture probably a hundred salmon, young and old, being quite satisfied with a good big bite out of each. Otters cannot always, of course, feast on salmon ; in that case they take to trout, or any other fish that comes handy. A couple of otters will speedily fish a stream quite barren, capturing all the finny denizens that inhabit it, or so frightening those not captured as to kill them. I have seen two or three trout jump clean on to the banks of the Whittader, in Berwickshire, in fear of an otter ! Given a populous piece of good water, say a hundred yards in length by about forty feet in breadth, and place a couple of otters in it, and I will take small odds that in three or four days not a fish will be found in that stretch of water.

And now I have come to the salmon as a beast of sport ; but I fear that the subject has been pretty well exhausted in 'Baily' during the last two years. I shall not, however, go over the ground except in so far as to say that, despite of what is being told us by alarmists, the salmon is *not* in danger of being exterminated. I made my usual pilgrimage to several well-known fishing places on the river Tay about the beginning of the season, and found sport going on just as in previous years, and with much the same results. Loch Tay was as attractive as ever it was, and the disciples of Old Izaak as industriously at work as usual ; and even early as it was (February)

the scenery was charming, especially to those who were lucky enough to be able to embrace a couple of sixteen pounders.\* How beautifully success embellishes everything! The hotels even thus early are all tenanted, most of them by old stagers, one or two of whom will be accompanied, perhaps, by a novice just beginning to feel that it is possible the salmon may land him in the water, instead of his landing the mighty fish in the boat. The angling gossip of the evening over the flowing bowl; the tales of old triumphs, and the hopes of continued sport which are expressed, as well as the kindly feeling which prevails among the fraternity, coupled with the consciousness of having been equal to all the occasions of the day as they arose, put one in love with all around; and after the fourth (and in some cases the fifth) 'tumbler,' bed is welcomed, while dreams of mighty fish keep the angler at work, in the spirit if not the reality, till he is roused from his slumber to the consciousness of a new day's sport along with his staunch henchman, Donald Mhor, who is great in council when a salmon is 'on,' and never a-wanting in practical resource when there is a danger of the giant being lost.

To all whom it may concern, I say it is no boy's darg to successfully capture a Tay fish which pulls the scale down at three-and-twenty pounds weight. It is sometimes an exhausting day's work—

\* LOCH TAY.—For the benefit of those readers of 'Baily' who have never yet been at this far-famed stretch of salmon water, but who intend to visit it before they are much older, I have obtained from a friend the following notes, which may be found useful. The season begins at once on the day fixed by Act of Parliament, which is the 5th of February, and at that early date fish, beautiful, clean and large salmon, are to be had. A really good fisher may almost feel assured before he begins of taking a couple of tolerably large fish at the least. Salmon ranging from 14 to 28 lbs. often fall to the lot of the angler, and some of 40 and 50 lbs. have been captured by means of the rod. As a rule, the average of our Loch Tay salmon may be set down as being about 21 lbs. per fish, and in some seasons pretty well on, for 1000 have been taken in the first four months of the season. During the present year and its predecessor, not half of that number, however, have been captured. A forty-nine pounder has been one of the prizes of the season, and a proud man must have been he who landed that same monster of the deep! It was a Mr. Haynes, of Leamington, who did the deed, and it is the heaviest salmon that I know of in the recent annals of Loch Tay. It is the rule here to fish with an artificial minnow. I may state that no nets are allowed on Loch Tay, which renders the prospects of anglers all the more rosy. The loch is bordered with good hotels, but I shall not recommend one more than another. My own favourite place is Bridge of Lochy, where I can fish on the Killin Water, which greatly improves as the season advances, and is at its best about the second week of April. There are about a dozen boats on the loch, each of which is good for two men, the terms being for two anglers 30s. per day and *keep your fish*. Two boatmen, with luncheon, &c., may be said to cost 10s. A bargain can be struck for the week at a somewhat cheaper rate, I think. As a 'matter of fact' if a man captures ten salmon each of the average weight of 16 lbs. the business may be reckoned a paying one, the fish at the opening of the season being worth fully half-a-crown per lb. weight. This is perhaps a rather mercenary view of the matter, but money considerations are unavoidably present to us all in these hard times. Before coming North intending visitors should write and secure accommodation. The best plan is to consult Watson Lyall's 'Sportsman's Guide,' a most reliable authority on the subject of salmon fishing, as also on grouse shooting.

and, after all, as I have seen on many occasions, the fish may escape, although on Loch Tay—a very fine expanse of water, as all who have visited it will testify—there is room and verge enough for even our most dashing anglers. To the novice, the finding of his first salmon at the one end of his line and himself at the other, is a moment of thrilling anxiety; as the saying goes, ‘it brings his heart ‘into his mouth,’ and tries his mettle as it was never tried before. He is trolling, of course, it is *la mode* on Loch Tay, and speedily his minnow is seized by a monster of the deep, in such a way as betokens a fish of some power.

Then speaks out observant Donald and ready Sandy with all their might to the novice: ‘Oh, but she’s a grand fish, sir! Give her ‘the line; let her get a run, or she’ll brak your rod and rin awa!’ ‘Now, sir, she’s quiet; get in your slack; that’s it, sir. Just tak a ‘wee drap o’ *Long John* when you’ve time, sir, it will help your ‘hand. Oh! there, she’s off again! Let out, sir!—let out, sir, for ‘God’s sake! She’s a game bit of stuff. Now there’s time to ‘gather up; haul in, sir, quick. Eh, what a size! I saw her! she’s ‘thirty pund if she’s an ounce! ‘Oh, what a grand fish! There ‘she is again, a big fish whatever; now then there, let her ago, let ‘her ago, sir—ah!’ At last, after no end of repetition and coaching on the part of Donald, the fish makes a final spurt, but is again gently reminded that he is a captive. After, perhaps, an hour and twenty minutes of really hard, fatiguing work—a period of great anxiety—‘she’ is at length worn out by the united exertions of the angler and his boat’s crew, and is got on board, a fine specimen of *Salmo salar*, and is estimated at 23 lbs.

To the novice, of course, is given all the glory of the capture; to his assistants all the whisky—that’s what they like best, ‘drams’ as often as possible; and to kill a fish, and not baptize it with mountain dew, would be a niggardly act indeed—an act which would get the angler sent to Coventry, never to return.

The salmon as a beast of sport may be summed up as being at the top of the poll. Men who see a salmon of 30 lbs. weight lying dead, can have no accurate idea of the effort which has been made by his captor to get him from the water, or of the patience, perseverance, pluck, nerve and temper expended during the exciting work. I have mislaid a calculation that was given me of the force which a 25 lbs. salmon exerts in its native element against the angler, but I remember that the figure is so strikingly large that it is quite a wonder so many fish are captured. It is only by the exercise of coolness and the utmost dexterity that, by means of so fine a thread, the powerful animal can be secured. In the note appended to another page, about the value of the salmon to the angler, reference is made to the fact that it ‘pays’ to fish at the rates charged; but the real reward of the true sportsman consists in the sport supplied—that is priceless, and cannot be estimated as per invoice. In angling for salmon, the title of ‘the gentle art’ is not at all appropriate, as it is no gentle matter to grass a twenty or thirty-pound fish; to do

so requires a man to possess both muscle and wind, with abundance of nerve and a contempt for water. I have seen a man on the Spey, where the salmon are decidedly lively, breast-high in the water, and the rain pouring over him, a twenty-eight pound fish on his line—it was no sinecure, that position, proudly as it was borne and splendidly as the fish was handled. A strong rod, stout tackle, and delicate handling are required on the Spey; besides, a man must be alert and agile, with all his senses about him, to prove successful.

There is, as I have hinted, in some quarters grave apprehension that our salmon supply is on the wane; but that is not the case: there are as many fish in our rivers as ever there were; and what is of equally great importance, they are, on the average, bigger and better fish. The salmon angler, in my opinion, will have plenty of work on the Scottish rivers for the next half century, beyond which period I have not the courage to look.

### FRED COX.

UPON the title-page of this volume we place in the hands of our readers a likeness of Fred Cox, the huntsman of Sir Nathaniel Rothschild's staghounds. His first place in a hunting establishment was with that mighty foxhunter, Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq., of Tedworth. Mr. Smith hunted his own hounds in the open four days in the week, whilst old George Carter went out, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, in the big woods on the south side of the Tedworth country. For three seasons Cox whipped in to Carter, and had the advantage of being initiated into the mysteries of woodcraft under the tuition of that famous huntsman. From thence he went for a couple of seasons to the Vale of White Horse, during the Mastership of Mr. Henry Villebois. Cox was extremely loth to leave the service of Mr. Villebois, but he was over-persuaded by his fellow-servant, John Dinnicombe, to come and whip in to him with the Puckeridge. During the time that Cox lived with Mr. Parry, the Puckeridge had extraordinary sport. They were two remarkably good scenting seasons, and the men had little else to do than to take the hounds to the meet and to bring them home at the end of the day.

The following year saw him with the Cottesmore, but at the end of that season Mr. Burrowes resigned the Mastership, and sent his hounds up to Tattersalls'. Fred accompanied them, and, in the old green-yard of Hyde Park Corner, he was engaged by Baron Lionel de Rothschild. For three seasons Cox whipped in to that brilliant horseman, Tom Ball, whom he then succeeded as huntsman of the Baron's hounds, and has held the horn ever since, a period of twenty-two seasons. As might be expected from his training, Cox thoroughly understands his business in kennel. His hounds look well in their coats, and the head which they carry at the end of long



tiring days, which they often have to go through, is a convincing proof of their condition. It is almost needless to add that he takes a great pride in his hounds. Upon one occasion, when Random, a great favourite of his, made a famous hit, he was heard to shout out : 'I would not take a thousand guineas for him.' 'Oh, wouldn't you?' said a light-hearted sportsman who happened to be near him. 'No, that I wouldn't, if I had the Baron's money,' was Fred's earnest rejoinder.

Civil and courteous to all classes of persons, his good temper is sometimes sore tried by those ardent spirits who, in their eagerness to gain an unfair advantage over other competitors, seem to consider any foul riding with staghounds justifiable. Not an oath, not even a rough word escapes from his lips, but, occasionally, when his hounds have got the best of the crowd of Marplots, as he sees them streaming away, in the fulness of his heart he may be tempted to exclaim, 'Look at the beauties ! why don't they override them 'now?'

Being a light weight, and mounted upon the best of cattle, Cox rides well up to his hounds. In so strong a country he naturally has had a share of hard knocks, but his having escaped many bad falls may be accounted for by the excellence of his hands. All horses go pleasantly with him, but we take it that, if he had to ride for his life, All Fours would be his selection.

## BEER, AND SOME OF ITS COUNTERFEITS.

BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE, M.D., LL.D.

THE 'Medical Examiner' lately gave circulation to the two following paragraphs, and as they treat of a matter of almost universal interest the few comments offered below may perhaps be acceptable to the numerous readers of 'Baily.'

'The Japanese Government, with a view to introduce a new industry into their rising country, have sent a young native to Berlin to learn the art of brewing. What have the Good Templars been about? They ought to have rendered such a thing impossible, and to have remembered that prevention is better than cure. However, if the Japanese don't brew better beer than the decoction which cheers the Berliners, or even surpass the lager beer of Vienna, the "new industry" is not likely to be either profitable, pleasant, nor cheering in its results.'

'*Apropos* of beer, would the Japanese kindly buy up our stock of "Burton "crystals," for rendering beer more sparkling. We could, perhaps, dispense with the "Bavarian bitter," one pound of which is recommended as equal to "sixty-four pounds of hops." Nor is it essential, perhaps, to either our health or our palate that "double humulin," one pound of which is equal to thirty-two pounds of hops, should supply the aroma we so enjoy in our "bitter." An Englishman will smell everything before drinking it, so "double humulin," which appears to give the aroma of hops, is made to tickle his nose as well as his palate. Large brewing firms don't use such stuff. But in how many casks of "nine-shilling ale" which find their way into our cellars is "Bavarian bitter" made to do duty for hops?'

The two paragraphs are so devoid of meaning, accuracy, and common sense, that it is necessary to offer a few words in explanation.

Surely it cannot be supposed that the 'Good Templars' are either sufficiently numerous or powerful to prevent the Japanese Government sending a native to learn the art of brewing? And if they are not, is it not absurd to say 'they ought to have rendered such a thing 'impossible?'

If the writer really knew what he was writing about he would not so recklessly and indiscriminately disparage such articles as 'Burton crystals,' 'Bavarian bitter,' and 'Double humulin;' nor would he advance the utterly untrue statement that 'Large brewing firms don't use such stuff.'

I do not pretend to have fully mastered the whole art and mystery of brewing and malting, but as I spent the seven best years of my life in the centre of the chief hop-growing district in England, and as I have bought some hundreds, nay, thousands of quarters of barley for malting purposes, and as I have paid some attention to the art of brewing and malting, both in theory and practice, their chemistry, &c., perhaps my little knowledge may be useful to those who know less, for I hardly expect that the large brewers will rush into print and let the public behind the scenes, or even initiate them in the secrets of their business.

The demand for English beer of late years, not only in this country, but in India, the Colonies, and some foreign countries, has increased so enormously that the barley and hop-growing districts of England do not produce half or one-fourth sufficient of those materials to meet the demand. Accordingly, various articles are allowed to be used as substitutes for malt and hops. But if nothing more deleterious than the three articles condemned by the writer of the paragraphs I have alluded to were made use of, the British beer-drinkers would not have so very much to complain of. Unfortunately, some years ago the Government in its wisdom—I believe at the instigation of Mr. Gladstone—permitted sugar, molasses, &c., to be used in addition to, or as a substitute for, malt. What has been the consequence? The beer has been of very inferior quality, and in some cases sold at a higher price; whilst the large brewers have grown enormously rich, being able to produce beer at little more than half the former cost; whilst, as I have said, they have been able—in consequence of the greater demand—to sell it at an advanced price. The princes of the brewing trade are rolling in wealth, whilst the beer-drinkers are not only being 'fleeced,' but half poisoned, though not by 'Burton crystals' and the other matters anathematised by the writer of the above paragraphs.

I can remember the time when barley did not fetch half the price of wheat, and when the farmer considered he had obtained a good price when he got thirty shillings per quarter for barley of the best quality. Things are vastly altered since then; barley of good quality now commands a very high figure, whilst wheat is so low in price

that it cannot pay the farmer to grow it; nor, indeed, can a great deal of it be made into bread without the admixture of Russian grain or of American flour. You, or your readers, or the writer of the paragraphs, may ask, why on earth the farmers of England do not grow more barley and less wheat? The question is a very natural one, but I have a triumphant answer to it. The greater part of the land in England which will produce wheat would not produce barley which the maltster would buy, or hardly look at. The surface of barley ground, then, being limited, whilst the demand for it has vastly increased, barley of the highest quality has 'riz' in price, like meat and most other articles of consumption. At the time I have mentioned, in most of the agricultural districts of England, straw had no market value whatever, but was thrown into the farmyards to be trodden down by cattle and pigs into manure. The manurial value of straw is infinitesimal, but it served as a kind of sponge to soak up the liquids in the sheds and yards, and so enabled the farmer to take it on to the land. Now liquid manure carts have superseded much of this, and straw has risen also enormously in value; so that it is nothing unusual to sell the wheat straw for more money than the farmer gets for the precious grain. Barley straw, on the contrary, is of little value and not nearly so abundant as wheat straw, crop for crop; for if the barley straw be abundant and long the barley will be of little value. According to my experience, the best samples of barley I have seen have been grown in Berkshire, the next best in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire; the Isle of Thanet comes next, then the district which ranges round Newark.

Within the last two years we have seen some good barley of foreign growth; some from Sarl, near Hamburg, was equal to the finest English malting barley. The French barley is also very handsome grain, the corns being plump and of good colour.

Such famous firms as Bass and Co. and Allsopp and Sons can afford to give, and actually do give, two shillings or more per quarter for barley than other brewers will give. They therefore have the monopoly of the best grain. The smaller brewers have to put up with the inferior sorts, or to use sugar and other substitutes. The very best sorts of barley are malted for the purpose of brewing what is now known by the name of Pale Ale, or Bitter Beer. When this beverage first came into vogue, some thirty-five or more years ago, it was called by the name of 'Export,' for the reason that it was largely *exported* to India, because it was not so liable to ferment, or turn sour, as the stronger sorts. Its bitterness at that time rendered it unpalatable to the English taste, and for every barrel consumed at home I should say at least five hundred were sent abroad. I am speaking roughly and from memory, and without statistics, but I believe my statement to be about the mark. The British taste has undergone a great change since then, and every whipper-snapper thinks it 'the thing' to call for a glass of 'bittar bee' or ' and a cigar. Accordingly the brewers have supplied us with a compound which

I should be sorry to drink in any quantity. Instead of being bittered with hops as formerly, various cheap bitter drugs, such as quassia, gentian, salicylic acid, &c., are used for the purpose of imparting a *bitter* taste. I believe the popular notion that strychnia is largely used for this purpose to be a popular error, and for the following reasons: strychnia is not produced in sufficient quantity for the purpose; secondly, it is much more costly than quassia; thirdly, it can be detected by chemical analysis; and it would be an awkward position for a brewer to be placed in who was detected adulterating his beer with strychnia. It was well said by the late Dr. Grant of University College, in words of eloquence beyond my command: 'That the vices of Nero, Caligula, and Caracalla have been surpassed by the refined enormities of our own days. Society, which develops the powers of man, gives refinement to vice as well as to virtue; and in proportion as vice has become more cunning the searching scrutiny of the chemist has redoubled its energies to hunt it out. Poisoning has been a subject of special study to the medical jurist. How many a victim has sunk unheeded into the grave, and left the murderer to steal unsuspected through the rest of his life! But *now*, the carcass gone to shreds, can be made to stand in appalling judgment against the murderer, and render him the poison 'grain for grain.' As I have mentioned, there are unerring tests for strychnia. I am not aware, and my knowledge of chemical analysis is not slight, of any chemical test for quassia. This bitter wood is very cheap, very abundant, intensely bitter, and it is therefore, I believe, the material used for imparting a bitter flavour to beer. But none of these bitters give the *flavour* of the hop; accordingly, either rank, strongly-flavoured hops, or the 'Bavarian bitter,' or the 'double humulin,' are made use of; for as there are, as I have said, certain districts which grow the best barley, so are there those which produce hops of various degrees of excellence and quality. The best and most delicately flavoured hops are grown in East Kent and around Farnham, in Surrey; the next best, stronger, though not so delicate in flavour, in West Kent; then follows Sussex, and the rankest flavoured of all are produced in Worcestershire. Bavarian hops are somewhat similar to the Worcester hops, having a strong, powerful flavour, and, as a little goes a long way, they are used by unprincipled brewers for 'masking' the flavour of quassia and imparting the flavour of hop; so that the whipster I have mentioned, when he calls for his glass of 'Bittar bee'or,' under the amiable delusion that he, at any rate, will be furnished with nothing but the purest malt and hops, will, in nine cases out of ten, be served with a compound of sugar or molasses, quassia, Bavarian hops, or the Bavarian bitter; the latter is, of course, an extract made from the Bavarian hops. The German chemists are great in this line of business, and prepare these extracts for the English market; and, therefore, as the 'bitter' occupies a much smaller compass than a pocket of hops, it is largely used by the brewers, who receive a consignment of the 'bitter' *for use*, whilst they keep on their

premises a few pockets of English hops for *showing* to any one who may have his suspicions that all is not *en règle*. If the suspecting party, or the Government inspectors, could take note of the quantity of grains and of spent hops sent out from these breweries, in comparison with the quantity of beer produced and sent out, they might, as the Yankees say, get an 'eye opener,' and ascertain whether the article was really what the brewer pretended it to be or not. This would be a far more satisfactory test than any chemical analysis, made as it is, in nine cases out of ten, in a perfunctory manner, and by a person very imperfectly qualified for such a task. I suppose it is only because the brewers consider no amount of profit sufficient for their rapacity that they make use of spurious bitters, for hops have seldom been known so cheap as they are at the present time; and as the crop of last season was by no means a large one, but much below the average, a pretty good guess may be made that the brewers make an extensive use of substitutes of some sort or other for the English hop. The price of the latter is now, or has been lately, about 5% per cwt., or less than a shilling per lb. Indeed, I was offered the other day very good hops, of Sussex growth, at 75s. per cwt. I have known the time when they have fetched four or even five times this amount, and that, too, when the hop crop was more abundant than it was last season. Some eight or nine years ago I purchased some hops for a friend who wanted to brew some home-brewed beer, and I had to give 26% per cwt. for them. I could purchase finer hops now at less than a fifth of the price. What do these facts prove? Why, that although the consumption of beer has been on the increase, but very few hops find their way into its composition. Now three lbs. of hops, which would cost less than three shillings, would be amply sufficient to bitter a barrel, or 36 gallons, of beer, which would leave the brewer a very large margin of profit; but so limitless is the rapacity of the producer that he thinks little or nothing of half poisoning the consumer, provided he can make an enormous profit for himself. A barrel of beer might be bittered with less than a pennyworth of quassia! Though I have said I am not aware of any reliable *chemical* test for quassia, there is a *physiological* one, which may generally be depended upon. If I were to drink a couple of glasses of the whipster's 'Bittar 'bee'or' I should experience considerable fulness about the head, between the temples. An infusion of quassia chips produces precisely the same symptoms. So that when I drink the 'Bittar 'bee'or' I have pretty conclusive evidence that I am partaking of a decoction or infusion of quassia, slightly flavoured with strong hops or the 'double humulin.'

Most of the inspectors or analysts go to the retailer of the 'bee'or,' and try to find him out, instead of going to the fountain-head—the brewer; for, as Sancho Panza remarked: 'A tub leaks as often at the top as it does at the bottom.' But I suppose the brewing interest is so powerful inside as well as outside of Parliament that the inspectors and detectives think it safer to pounce upon the

publican, instead of the chief sinners. My opinion is, that when the retailer sins it is with the long-tailed cow—the pump, and not with drugs. But he must either be very clever or very careful with ‘the cow,’ for it is not every class of ale which will stand lowering without spoiling it entirely.

The ‘Sanitary Inspectors’ are wonderfully expert in the art of straining at gnats; whether they swallow camels or not I am unable to say. But the papers of the date of January 22nd furnish a nice example of the tyranny which may be practised by those jacks in office. The landlord of a tavern is summoned before a magistrate for selling porter which, on analysis, was found to contain 91 grains of common salt to the gallon; and, as the magistrate did not know whether the retailer or the producer was the culprit, he adjourned the case for a fortnight. He ought to have dismissed it; but I suppose it was pretended (though the newspaper report does not say so) that the salt was *injurious to health*! For I recollect that at the same court a milkman was brought up for selling milk which contained 30 per cent. of water, and which the medical officer of health testified was therefore *injurious to health*! The poor milkman was fined in the sum of ten pounds, and was told that if found offending again in a similar way he would be sent to prison for two months, without the option of a fine. Ye gods! just fancy milk-and-water being injurious to health. It might have been a fraud on the part of the milkman, or some one else; but I never before heard it contended that milk-and-water was injurious to health. And for the matter of that, *all* milk, as it comes pure from the cow, contains a greater or lesser percentage of water. It is notorious that the milk of some cows is richer than that of others, and even the milk of the best cows varies at different periods of the year, and as grass is greater or less abundant, or as the season is wet or dry. Therefore milk may vary as much as 50 per cent. in water without being tampered with in any way by the milkman. It is time these sanitary inspectors and analysts had their wings clipped. They effect no good whatever, nor do they insure the supply of a better or purer article; but the consequence is that the public has had to pay to a pretty smart tune for their officious meddling or ignorance; the milkmen, to protect themselves, have raised the price of milk from 50 to 100 per cent. ! But to return to the porter; suppose it did contain 91 grains of table salt in the gallon, what of that? That is about a salt-spoonful of salt, and what man, I should like to ask, who does not take as much as that with every mutton-chop or beef-steak he eats. I should take double that quantity with my chop. And who, I should like to ask, drinks a gallon of porter at a meal? Because he would have to take that quantity before he could take a spoonful of salt. Salt, instead of being a ‘poison,’ as these busybodies would have us believe, is supposed by some less impulsive persons to be one of the necessities of life. In India, so desirable is it supposed to be, that in the Budget lately promulgated, Sir J. Strachey thought an increased tax upon salt the most desirable

means of 'raising the wind,' and providing for the deficit in his Exchequer.

*Cocculus Indicus* is another drug used by unscrupulous brewers in their beer for the purpose of producing intoxication, and supplanting the place of malt. Although it can be known when in berry by its outward appearance, or analysed if treated *before* being used in porter—and it is more frequently used in porter brewing than in any other kind of beverage—there is no chemical test for it *after* it has been so used, and the brewers are aware of this; accordingly, but few of them keep it on their premises in its natural state, or except it be mixed with something which will baffle the art and skill of the most expert chemists. But there is a *physiological* test for this adulterant, though it is doubtful whether a conviction could be obtained by reason of the symptoms it induces, viz., giddiness, convulsions, and stupor, unless some very strong corroborative evidence were forthcoming. Porter itself, without the intermixture of *Cocculus Indicus*, is such a complex compound, consisting, as it usually does, of some five to ten known ingredients, according to the whim of the brewer, to say nothing of the 'waste,' which is always returned by the publican to his brewer, for the purpose of being brewed afresh into porter, and which 'waste' consists of heaven knows what—the emptying of pots and jugs of all kinds—that it would be difficult to detect the presence of such a drug as *Cocculus Indicus*.

Another compound, now largely used by brewers, though but recently introduced into the trade, is 'manbrè,' which is a sweet kind of hard paste, of an amber colour. It is, I believe, like other curses, of German origin, and is intended to supply the place of malt, and to facilitate the fermentation or cleansing of beer. Its taste is rather pleasant, but whether there be any method of testing its presence chemically, or if it produces any well-defined symptoms, I am not aware. I have tasted it, and did not find any unpleasant effects result from the small quantity of which I partook.

But a drug not mentioned in the 'Medical Examiner' is bisulphate of lime. This salt is very extensively used, and by the large brewers too. Its use is to prevent inferior ales from turning sour or undergoing a second fermentation. Cheap beers, therefore, pass muster, and the brewer gets credit for producing a good sound extract of malt and hops, when the fact is there is but little of either in the liquor. Bisulphate of lime is very cheap, and has been a godsend and proved a mine of wealth to some of the very large brewers.

Picric acid is another addition of recent adoption.

It may not be beside the question now under discussion to briefly mention the symptoms produced by the various exhilarants partaken of by the public at large. If a man, for example, partakes of too large a quantity of good sound wine, or malt liquor, he usually staggers about from side to side, his gait is very unsteady, and if he comes to grief and to mother earth, he generally falls on one side or the other. If he takes too much whisky, especially that abomination which goes by the name of Irish whisky, he is almost certain

to be seized with an irresistible impulse to fall forward on his face. If he gets drunk on cider or perry, the latter more especially, he is certain to fall down suddenly on his back, and apparently without any previous warning. I once saw a number of men, who had made too merry at a harvest feast, all fall down on their backs, get up again and fall down again in the same manner. I had never witnessed anything of the like kind before, and was not a little amazed as well as amused. The farmer, who was a very shrewd Herefordshire man, told me that that was the effect invariably produced by perry, of which his men had that day partaken liberally. I have since that time seen several isolated cases, which have corroborated the farmer's version of the action of an overdose of perry or cider. Habitual drinkers of cider or perry are more liable than other persons to paralysis of the limbs; probably this may be due to the sugar of lead with which some cider-makers 'perfect' their beverage. It would appear, then, that the various drinks act on different parts of the cerebro-spinal system which preside over locomotion, or act upon the various parts in a different manner, or why these varieties in the method of falling? There is evidently yet much to be learned on this subject, and a fine field is offered for cultivation by a sanitary enthusiast.

To obtain beer with what is called a good 'body,' dextrine, which is made from wheat, is a thing far superior to malt; but then the Government prohibit the use of wheat for brewing purposes. I see no reason why they should, when they allow the use of sugar, and wink at other irregular substitutes for malt. I am not aware whether the prohibition extends to the use of wheat for such a purpose by persons who brew home-brewed beer for their own household only, and not for sale. I have tasted strong ale brewed from malted wheat, and it was equal, if not superior, to the best barley malt I ever drank. Of course, if this were made use of as a substitute for malt, a duty would have to be imposed; but this would be far better than permitting, nay, even licensing, the use of various saccharine compounds. And inasmuch as wheat is at a discount in price, and barley very high, it would be a great boon to agriculturists and to the public generally; for wheat which is unfit for bread-making could be utilised for the purpose of making good sound beer.

I had omitted to mention, when treating of hops, that many brewers—small brewers especially—spoil them by *boiling* them. They ought never to be boiled; an infusion made with hot water is far better; but if it is desirable to keep in the fragrant aroma of the hop, a *cold* infusion should be made, or if the beer be required for keeping, what is still better, hops in their dry and natural state should be put into the barrels which have been filled with well-fermented decoction of malt. Many old women, fond of a good strong cup of tea, miss their mark by pouring boiling water upon the tea, adding a bit of soda, and then covering the pot over with a 'cosie.' They think that in this manner they 'draw out' all the strength of the tea; in one sense they do so; they get out a lot of



extractive matter, but they evaporate the fine delicate aroma of the best bohea. This can be proved in a couple of hours by any one of my readers to-day. Let him (or her) take a couple of tea-cups, put in each a small quantity of tea of the same quality, then fill one of the cups with *cold* water, the other with *boiling* water, and cover the latter over. Let them stand for a couple of hours, stirring them two or three times in the interval if they please. Then let the operators taste the tea in each of the cups, and if they don't say that the cold infusion far surpasses the hot one in *flavour* and *aroma* I will eat my hat. Of course, if after that they would prefer to drink the tea as most people do, *warm*, they can warm the cold infusion, after pouring it off from the leaves, without spoiling it by making it hot to boiling. There are a number of people who say they like cold tea to quench their thirst, but they spoil the thing by making it with boiling water in the first place. Let them make it as I have indicated, and I will warrant that nine out of ten will prefer it to tea made hot and allowed to become cold. Besides, there is less trouble in the matter; it saves the nuisance of keeping up a fire in the summer time in order to make the 'kettle boil' for tea.

Lastly, as to the 'Burton crystals,' condemned by the paragraphist I have referred to. It is, perhaps, one of the 'things *not* generally known,' that the water from the deep wells at Burton, instead of being, as usually supposed, *soft*, is, on the contrary, uncommonly *hard*. It owes this hardness in great part to magnesian limestone, with which it is impregnated, and which serves to extract the most desirable qualities of the malt. Now if this solution of magnesian limestone, combined with other salts which enter into the composition of the famous Burton water, is vended in the shape of 'crystals,' or in solution, for the purpose of brewing at places elsewhere than at Burton, I cannot see that any harm is done to the public, whilst the honest brewer may be the better enabled to extract the qualities of such malt as he can manufacture or purchase. The analysis of the Burton water is no great secret. It has been through the process by many chemists, and always with the same or nearly the same result; and as the magnesia, lime, and other sparingly soluble salts which enter into its composition, exist in this country in millions of tons, I cannot see any reason why crystals containing these elements should not be openly sold to the brewers in all parts of the kingdom. I suppose that if the scribe were smitten down with ague he would prefer a mouthful of 'bark,' consisting for the most part of woody fibre with a very small quantity of quinine, instead of having the alkaloid served up to him in the shape of quinine divested of extraneous and worthless matter. Or if thirsty, and he could not make a pilgrimage to Seltz in the Bas-Rhin, he would disdain to take a bottle of Seltzer water procured from thence or made at Brighton or elsewhere, of the same materials. Or, if lemon juice were not to be had, he would turn up his nose at its active principle, citric acid. All I can say is that tastes differ. This epistle is, I am fully conscious, already too long; but as beer

and its adulterations now occupies a prominent position in the popular mind, you may perhaps find room for this impartial commentary of a thirsty soul.

Two years ago I made several analyses of the Burton water obtained from various wells in that locality; the samples varied somewhat in their chemical salts, but the following is the mean average of its composition. I have intentionally omitted decimals, and give the results approximately in round numbers. In a gallon of water I found—

	Grain.
Sulphate of magnesia . . . . .	10
Carbonate of magnesia . . . . .	2
Sulphate of lime . . . . .	19
Carbonate of lime . . . . .	14
Sulphate of potash . . . . .	6
Chloride of sodium . . . . .	8

There were slight traces of iron and silica, but too insignificant to be of importance for good or harm.

P.S.—Midsummer Day, 1880.—This paper was written two and a half years ago, which will account for one or two anachronisms, for example, Sir J. Strachey's proposal to put an increased tax upon salt used in India.

As Mr. Gladstone's recent Budget repeals the malt tax, and places a duty upon beer, farmers and others will now be enabled to malt wheat.

## A CHAPTER ON FALLS.

'A CHAPTER on Falls! Not a pleasant subject,' perhaps some one will say, and with justice on his side, I admit, but as we must all accept the inevitable, and put up with them, if we would acquit ourselves like men and ride across country, perhaps it will do us no harm to think a little about them before they come, and see how far it is possible to neutralise the effect of a cropper. No man is in such a false position, I take it, as he who finds that his horse has put his knees *under* a strong top rail of fence or gate instead of over it, and in consequence is in the act of turning over, tail first, into the next field instead of landing in the ordinary way, especially if he has no knowledge as to how the difficulty should be encountered and safety, as it were, plucked out of the very jaws of danger. There are men who can accomplish such feats as this and think little of them, though I must admit that their name is not legion, and that nine out of ten who hunt lose their heads directly their horse loses his legs. I don't know that I should have entered on such a subject as this had there not been a discussion towards the end of the season just past, in the pages of one of our principal sporting papers, as to whether a man going down should let his horse go and leave his hold of the bridle for fear of being kicked or hold him tight, the first named plan being advocated by one of the special correspondents of the said journal. What the ideas of the younger generation on such matters

may be I know not ; but I do know what some of the greatest masters of the art of crossing a country thought on the matter ; and perhaps it will be no bad plan to remind the younger ones of their maxims. Certainly, as far as I have been able to ascertain, they did not advocate letting your horse go if you could possibly hold him, and I think most of them would have risked the chance of being kicked by a bad-tempered one rather than be indebted to a brother sportsman for bringing back the truant to them, or trudge across a field or two in boots to find him tied to a gate.

Few will deny, I apprehend, that the greatest rider this country has ever known, was also the greatest faller. I allude to Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, who hunted himself the Quorn and Burton countries for some years, and afterwards made the Tedworth, and I believe used to say that he had fallen into every field in Leicestershire, which was no doubt true to the letter, as the size of a fence never stopped him as long as he had a chance to fall on the right side of it. But where, let me ask, would he have been had he not stuck to the bridle when down, and how many runs would he have seen if he had constantly let his horse go ? No one ever gave them more liberty in every way than he did, except the liberty of running about riderless. Let us see his own opinion on the subject. Turning to his life, at page 56 we find the following anecdote :—“Screwdriver, whose acts have been already mentioned, ‘once fairly dislodged the Squire into the middle of a gorse cover. ‘He was finding his fox in some very high gorse near Conholt Park, ‘and sitting loosely on Screwdriver—who, by the way, even after ‘Mr. Smith took to him, always retained his untameable temper—‘when the wilful animal started aside and kicked him over his head. ‘Nothing, owing to the height of the gorse, could be seen of the ‘Squire, but Screwdriver kept kicking and plunging round him. ‘“Let go the bridle, or he will be the death of you !” said a nervous, ‘well-meaning farmer. “He shall kick my brains out first,” was ‘the reply of the still prostrate sportsman.’ Again we read that he said, ‘Nothing is so low as running about, after a fall, saying, ‘Catch my horse ; pray catch my horse !”’

The same author says : ‘His presence of mind when falling never ‘deserted him ; he always contrived to fall clear of his horse, and ‘*never let him go*. The bridle-rein, which fell as lightly as breeze ‘of zephyr on his horse’s neck, was then as in a vice. In instances ‘with horses which he knew well he would ride for a fall, where he ‘knew that it was not possible for him to clear a fence. With Jack ‘o’ Lantern he was often known to venture on this experiment. ‘. . . “I never see you in the Harborough country,” he observed ‘to a gentleman who occasionally hunted with the Quorn. “I don’t ‘“much like your Harborough country,” replied the other ; “the ‘“fences are so large.” “Oh,” observed Mr. Smith, “there is no ‘“place you cannot get over with a fall.” To a young supporter ‘of his pack who was constantly falling and hurting himself he said, ‘“All who profess to ride should know how to fall.”’

'Nimrod' wrote in 1841: 'No man knows so well as Mr. Smith does *how to fall*, which accounts for the trifling injuries he has sustained; and I once saw an instance of his skill in this act of self-preservation. He stuck fast in a bullfinch, on his tall grey horse, his hinder legs being entangled in the growers, and there was every appearance of the horse falling on his head into a deep ditch below him. A less cool man than Mr. Smith might have thrown himself from the saddle, in which case, had the growers given way at the moment, for the animal appeared suspended by them, his horse might have fallen upon him ere he could have gotten out of the way. Mr. Smith, however, sat quiet, and by that means the well-practised hunter got his legs free, and landed himself in the next field without further difficulty. At one time it appeared to me as if nothing could prevent both falling headlong into the ditch' ('Hunting Reminiscences,' p. 297). No doubt in this incident 'Nimrod'—who knew as well as most men what riding across a country ought to be—has hit on the singular freedom from injury which Mr. Smith enjoyed, although he came down perhaps as often in a week as many men did in a season—his coolness in danger, and knowledge as to the best way to encounter and get out of it. Let us, for argument's sake, reverse the picture, and say that he threw himself off, as many nervous men would have done, and that the loss of balance thus occasioned prevented the horse regaining the use of his legs. What would have been the consequence? Mr. Smith would have, no doubt, come into the ditch and have endeavoured to extricate himself as soon as possible; as it was a deep one, probably just as he was doing so his horse would have come on him with fearful violence and have literally crushed him on the edge of the ditch. On the other hand, supposing the horse could not recover himself and was at last obliged to come down, a very little extra spring from the fulcrum of his back (and we know how he could use it to spring from one horse to another) would have sent him out of harm's way at the right moment with the reins in hand ready to mount again as his horse emerged from the ditch. There is a vast difference in having a horse absolutely fall on to you, and falling *with a horse*, which no doubt Mr. Smith knew well enough. On this subject I shall have more to say when speaking of another celebrated authority farther on, who, I think, bears out the views I have advanced. Let me turn to Jack o' Lantern, and the way he was educated, and see how far the theory of letting your horse go when he fell would have answered in his case. Mr. Tom Edge thus relates the circumstance:—'We were riding to covert through a line of bridle gates, when we came to a new double oaken post and rail fence. "This is just the place to make my colt a good "timber jumper," said the Squire, "so you shut the gate and "ride away fast, from the fence." This was accordingly done, when the Squire rode at the rails, which Jack taking with his breast, gave both himself and his rider such a fall that their respective heads were looking at the fence they had ridden at. Up

'rose both at the same time, as if nothing very particular had happened. "Now," said Tom Smith, "this will be the making of the "horse; just you do as you did before and ride away." Edge did so, and Jack flew the rails without touching, and was a first-rate timber fencer from that day.' One more anecdote of his prowess in the art of falling, and I have done with the Tedworth Squire. It is this; and as it is told on no less an authority than that of Major Whyte-Melville, there can be little doubt of its truth. 'Instances of Tom Smith's daring are endless. How characteristic was his request to a farmer near Glen Gorse, that he would construct such a fence as should effectually prevent the field getting away in too close proximity to his hounds. "I can make you up a stopper," said the good-humoured yeoman, "and welcome; but what be you "to do yourself, Squire, for I know you like well to be with 'em "when they run?"'

'Never mind me,' was the answer; 'you do what I ask you. 'I never saw a fence in this country I couldn't get over with a fall.' And, sure enough, the first day the hounds found a fox in that well-known covert, Tom Smith was seen striding along in the wake of his darlings, having tumbled neck and crop over the obstacle he had demanded in perfect good-humour and content.

Now it seems very clear to me that when Mr. Smith demanded that such a fence should be put up, he knew perfectly well that he should fall over it, and had not the slightest intention of letting his horse go when they came down; but would, on the other hand, hold on like grim death to the reins if there was occasion, which in his case there seldom was; for, going slantwise at his fences, he generally rolled off rather than was thrown, and was up again ready to mount as soon as his horse rose; thus never giving him the chance to get away. I remember seeing Dick Webster get out of a fall in the Agricultural Hall in this way once when riding a four-year old. I forget his name at this moment, though I fancy it was Nugentstown, but know that he has since carried Frank Beers, the Duke of Grafton's huntsman. He cut a good many gambols while in the ring; and at last, finding that he really could not unseat Dick, who only laughed at his futile efforts, he suddenly went down and rolled over. This Webster seemed as well prepared for as his other efforts; he left him just as he touched ground and stood calmly by his side, the moment he began to rise, he threw his leg across the saddle, and, no doubt to the colt's great astonishment, he got up again with his rider on his back, the same as ever. No doubt matters would have been very similar if they had fallen at a fence, except in the case of chesting a piece of timber and turning a complete somersault—a thing not very likely to occur with Dick's handling. The whole matter was over in much less time than it has taken me to write it, and I verily believe many in the building never either saw or knew it. But I must say it enlightened me very much as to how Mr. Smith managed matters, as well as to his idea of going slantwise at his fences and

slowly ; both would materially assist a man who did not lose his head in a fall, as alas ! so many do, in getting clear of and retaining a hold on their horse. At any rate the great master of the art of falling hunted until he was over eighty years old ; in his Leicester-shire days averaged between eighty and ninety falls in season, and even when an old man scored three a day, and never was seriously hurt but twice in his life. These look to me like very strong facts in favour of sticking to the bridle at all times and seasons.

Let us hear what another good sportsman, no less a one indeed than the author of 'Riding Recollections,' himself says of the matter, and he, be it remembered, had a great deal of experience with young horses as well as old ones.

'That the man he carries can hold a horse up, while landing, I believe to be a fallacy ; that he gives him every chance in a difficulty, by sitting well back and not interfering with his efforts to recover himself, I know to be a fact. The rider cannot keep too quiet till the last moment, when his own knee touches the ground, then the sooner he parts company the better, turning his face towards his horse if possible, so as not to lose sight of the falling mass, and, above all, *holding the bridle in his hand*. The last precaution cannot be insisted too strongly. Not to mention the solecism of being afoot in boot and breeches during a run, and the cruel tax we inflict on some brother sportsman, who being too good a fellow to leave us in the lurch, rides his own horse furlongs out of his line to go and catch ours, there is the further consideration of personal safety to life and limb. That is a very false position, in which a man finds himself, when the animal is on its legs again, who cannot clear his foot from the stirrup and has let his horse's head go !

'I believe, too, that a tenacious grasp on the reins saves many a broken collar-bone, as it cants the rider's body round in the act of falling, so that the cushion of muscle behind it, rather than the point of the shoulder, is the first place to touch the ground ; and no one who has ever been "pitched into" by a bigger boy at school can have forgotten that this part of the body takes punishment with the greatest impunity.'

Again, the same writer says : 'I have seen men so flurried when their horses' noses touched the ground as to fling themselves wildly from the saddle, and meet their own apprehensions halfway, converting an uncertain scramble into a certain downfall. Now it should never be forgotten that a horse in difficulties has the best chance of recovery if the rider sits quiet in the middle of the saddle, and lets the animal's head alone. If his seat is not strong enough to admit of such tenacity, let him keep at least firm hold of the bridle ; that connecting link will, so to speak, preserve his communications, and a kick with one foot, or a timely roll of his person, will take him out of harm's way.'

My own experiences cannot for one moment compare with those of the men I have here quoted ; nevertheless, like others, I have had

my misfortunes, and know the feeling of the soil when you recline on it against your will, in many counties of England, and I must say my own idea always was to stick to the ship as long as I could ; but when a separation became inevitable rise as quickly as possible, *with the reins in my hand*. By this means I remember one instance, many years ago, in which having jumped third into a field in a very good run, I was able to jump third out of it again, notwithstanding having landed in a rabbit burrow, which ensured a rattling fall as I landed over the first fence. How I should have got out had I let go I can't say, probably on foot, as my horse was very fond indeed of hunting, and from what I remember of him would not easily have been caught in that country. As I was at least twenty-five miles from home, I am glad the experiment was not tried.

During the last season I saw a young gentleman get down who did not keep hold of his reins, and, in consequence, had to run two or three miles, as his steed took his place gallantly in front, charged all his fences in line with the rest, but most religiously refused to allow any one to approach him, until the chase led through a farm-yard, where some high gates were clapped to, and he was caught as it were in a trap. I think those who do not like running after hounds had better scorn new ideas, stick to the old plan, and when down hold fast to the bridle, for many more reasons than one.

N.

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CRICKET.

HAD the early promise of May only been fulfilled, there would have been in all probability some very high scoring to have been recorded in this month's 'Baily.' The experience of the first few weeks of the season, in spite of a succession of cold easterly winds, was all in favour of run-getting, and there seemed every reason for hoping that we were going to be spared the visitation of rain that had marked the two previous summers. So far the predictions of dry weather for the enjoyment of cricketers had been verified ; but, unfortunately, there the success of the prophets closed. The rain which brought May to a close spoiled, more or less, every match played during June. Middlesex and Surrey were fortunate enough to be able to decide their first engagement of the season before the wet had set in, and the result, as was only to be expected, from the composition of the two elevens, was some heavy scoring. Neither side had been able to boast its full strength, and with only Messrs. C. T. Studd, Robertson, and Cottrell to bowl on the one side, Potter, Blamires, and Mr. Lucas on the other, on a dry and easy wicket, it was a certainty that long totals would be reached by both elevens. Had the game only been finished, the match would have been sure to have produced an aggregate of over a thousand runs, and as it was, eight hundred runs had been got for twenty-eight wickets, when play was stopped at the end of the second day. An

early start had been made each morning to get the game over if possible, to admit of the commencement of a match between Huntsmen and Jockeys, which had been fixed by the Marylebone Club for the Saturday. Every effort had been made by the captains of the two elevens to get rid of the difficulty created by the M.C.C. in promising the use of their ground for a day when in all likelihood, had the laws in force at Lord's, or indeed the acknowledged rules of county cricket been carried out in their integrity, there was only a very remote chance of its being brought off. How the Committee of the Marylebone Club, acting through their representative, practically refused to allow the conclusion of this county match, in direct violation of their own rules, to admit of their fulfilment of only, we believe, a conditional agreement in the matter of the meeting between Huntsmen and Jockeys, is now matter of history, and can only be very deeply regretted by all who are accustomed to regard the Committee of the Marylebone Club as the custodians of the honour of the game and the champions of cricket morality. In the interests of county cricket we are bound to protest against such an unwarrantable procedure; but the blame rests entirely with the M.C.C. in allowing the establishment of such a dangerous precedent, and certainly not with those who worked so hard for the faithful fulfilment of their contract with the public in the matter of the match between Huntsmen and Jockeys. No doubt in some measure the uncertainty with regard to the finish of the county fixture interfered with the numbers that would have been present on the Saturday to have assisted two such deserving institutions as the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society and the Bentinck Benevolent Fund; but still, upwards of four thousand spectators paid for admission into the ground, and, what is more, in more than one instance were rewarded by witnessing some very fair cricket. The chief object of the meeting was a charitable one, and there was no pretension on either side to first-class cricket, so that the depreciatory remarks made by some of the critics were a little out of place, although there was more than one player well known to fame on the cricket field. R. I'Anson, who has been more than once asked to play for the county of Surrey, and Captain Middleton, on the side of the Jockeys, and Bailey, of the Essex, acquitted themselves very creditably; but it would have been much more advisable to confine the Jockeys to solely professional riders, and as the match is sure to be an annual affair, it is to be hoped that this arrangement will be made for the future.

Some extraordinarily low scoring marked the first match of the season between Marylebone Club and Ground and Oxford University, played at Oxford University, and not one of the four totals reached a hundred. Marylebone had a fairly strong eleven, though not a very dangerous batting side, but this was hardly such a material loss as might have been expected, as the ground was all in favour of the bowlers, and the highest score in the match was Mr. W. A. Thornton's second innings of 30 for the University. The



finish was a little out of the common run, as Marylebone had only 40 runs to get to win when they went in a second time. Messrs. Hornby and Heath, Lord Clifton, Lord Harris, Messrs. J. Studd, Evetts, Foljambe, and Barnes and Wild, were all dismissed for 21, and it was left to the two last batsmen, Shaw and Morley, to turn the scale in favour of M.C.C., who won, amidst some little excitement, by one wicket.

The authorities at Kennington Oval have been singularly unfortunate on the few occasions when they have attempted an important fixture in May, and the match between Daft's American Eleven and England, the commencement of which was fixed for the 31st of May, proved no exception to the rule. The English Eleven, in the absence of Mr. W. G. Grace, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Messrs. A. G. Steel, A. P. Lucas, F. Penn and others, was in no way a representative one, although, had the weather been fine and the wicket easy, no doubt plenty of runs would have been got. Unfortunately, the rain, which fell incessantly during the whole of the first day, caused the wicket to play very queerly, and the cricket was consequently deprived of much of its interest. Allan Hill, who has not been very successful for the last two or three seasons, found a spot which caused him to be very deadly; and in the first innings Daft, who played better cricket for his 38 than he had shown for some time, and Barnes, who is this year about the best all-round professional player (42) were the only ones of the American Eleven to play with any confidence. It was solely owing to a resolute stand made by Richard Humphrey (35) and the left-handed Nottingham batsman Scotton (52) that the Eleven of England were able to boast an advantage of 30 runs on the completion of an innings; and had the match been played there was just a chance of an exciting finish. England, who were left with 106 runs to win, had lost five wickets in the attainment of 42 of them, when the game ceased, and as there were, besides Mr. Hornby, Humphrey, and Flowers, only Pilling, Hill, and Peate left, it was quite an open question as to which side would have won.

Kent opened its season well on the second day of the month with a victory at Lord's over an eleven representing the Marylebone Club and Ground. It was certainly not paying a very high compliment to the county to place in the field against it such a team as the following: Lord Clifton, Hon. W. N. Hood, Messrs. J. E. K. Studd, Foljambe, Stratford, and Turner, with five ground men, W. Hearn of Herts, West, Clayton, Sherwin, and Rylott. There was, in fact, only one batsman—Hearn, to wit—who could in any way be accounted as dangerous, and, with the exception of Rylott and Clayton, certainly not a bowler who ought to cause any uneasiness to a county team. The Kentish Eleven, in the absence of the Hon. Ivo Bligh and Mr. Frank Penn, had nothing like its full batting strength; but Mr. R. S. Jones (79) and Lord Harris (65) each scored more than the whole Marylebone eleven in their first attempt; and Sherwin, a good wicket-keeper but not a very capable bat, en-

joyed the novel position of being the chief contributor on the side of M.C.C. with a score of 18. Thanks to a useful innings of 66 by Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the Club was able to make a better show in its second attempt; but Kent—as was only to be expected—always had plenty in hand, and the verdict in their favour was an easy victory by ten wickets.

The match between the Gentlemen of England and Oxford University, at Oxford on the same days, presented a very strange contrast to that in which the Gentlemen had taken part at Cambridge against the Cambridge eleven a week before. The ground at Oxford is, of course, of a very different kind to that on which the Light Blues are fortunate enough to practise, and this alone would, in a great measure, explain the remarkable disparity in the scoring observable in the two matches. The Gentlemen were, perhaps, not quite so strong as they had been at Cambridge, as Messrs. Pearson and Welman were hardly fitting substitutes for Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Frank Penn with the bat. In bowling there was no material change, but the ground was, on the second occasion, in no way favourable for batting, and this time it was not necessary to let every one of the side have a turn with the ball, as was the case at Cambridge. Messrs. Evans and Jellicoe, the latter especially, in the second innings bore the brunt of the Oxford bowling, and Mr. H. Rotherham, one of the few amateur fast bowlers of the present day who can fairly be described as straight, must have been well on the spot, as eight of the ten wickets accredited to him in the match were bowled. The sides were equal on the second innings, but the University had allowed their opponents to obtain an advantage of 32 runs on the first, and it was by this number that they lost. Middlesex and Yorkshire, with anything like representative elevens, ought to be well matched, but unfortunately in the first engagement of the season, the former, though fairly strong, was certainly not able to boast all its available forces. The brothers Lyttelton would, of course, have been an acquisition, but still with Messrs. I. D. Walker, A. J. Webbe, C. T. Studd, T. S. Pearson, G. F. Vernon, Robertson, and F. T. Welman, who has proved of some use to the county as wicket-keeper, in the absence of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, there were at least seven of the best eleven present. Messrs. I. D. Walker and A. J. Webbe commenced to score, as they had against Surrey on the same ground just a week before, at a very rapid rate, and there seemed just a chance that with luck the two old Harrovians might be able to approach closely to the Yorkshire total of 153 before they were parted. As many as 60 runs were got in the first forty minutes, but Messrs. Pearson and Vernon alone rendered any material assistance after this, and at the end of an innings Middlesex could only boast an advantage of 44 runs. Hall's unwearied defence took the edge off the Middlesex bowling in the second innings, and when this was done there was nothing to prevent the Yorkshiremen scoring freely, especially as the field showed a disinclination to accept all the chances that were offered. Middlesex had by no means an

easy task when they went in to get 264 runs against the bowling of Hill, Peate, Emmett, and Bates, though they made a fairly good start. Luck was certainly a little against them in the condition of the ground, and Emmett, Peate, and Bates were in no way easy to play. Mr. A. J. Webbe again showed some good hitting for his 44; but the odds were all in favour of the Yorkshiremen towards the close, and there was a majority ultimately in their favour to the extent of 88 runs.

Surrey, apparently mindful of the poor exhibition it made on its last visit to the Trent Bridge ground, sent a fairly representative eleven down to Nottingham to play the first match of the season against Notts. Rain spoiled the wicket, as well as materially interfered with the game throughout, and finally robbed the home eleven of a certain victory. The Southerners suffered heavily by the absence of Pooley, who was absent owing to a domestic affliction, and the inefficiency of the substitute who took his place proved a serious disadvantage to the Surrey men, especially at the critical point of the game. Messrs. Lucas, Strachan, and M. C. Clarke were the chief scorers on the Surrey side, and it was a fairly good performance for them to get rid of the Nottingham eleven for 106. The Northerners had the match fairly in hand on the third afternoon, but unfortunately for them, when they had obtained 71 out of 85 wanted to win for the loss of only two wickets, the rain descended in torrents, and never gave them an opportunity of securing the victory which was almost within their grasp.

The following week was perhaps the busiest we are likely to have this season, and as many as seven county matches were decided during the course of the six days. On Monday Surrey, Kent, and Sussex were all engaged in the North, at Manchester, Huddersfield, and Leicestershire, against Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Leicestershire respectively, and all with the same ill success, though the rain converted what would probably have been a Kentish defeat at Huddersfield into a drawn game. Surrey felt the inconvenience of a series of five consecutive matches, and with Messrs. Lucas, Strachan, Read, Pooley, and Southerton, all absent, had reluctantly to entrust its interests to a very inferior eleven at Manchester. The brothers Shuter, Jupp, and Humphrey, were indeed the only batsmen likely to make anything of a score, and the tail, represented by the last six batsmen, fully proved their incapacity by together contributing 3 runs in the first and 5 in the second innings. The brothers Shuter were alone accountable for 60 out of 66 runs obtained by Surrey from the bat in their second venture; and, indeed, the one small point in which the Southerners were able to derive consolation after a crushing defeat by an innings and 41 runs was, that they did not give one extra to the Lancashire total of 196. The Sussex tail was, singularly enough, demonstrating its weakness in a very similar way at Leicester about the same period, and in the first innings of their match against Leicestershire, Charlwood and A. Payne subscribed as many as 57 out of 76 runs from the bat. Small scoring was the most con-

spicuous feature of this match, and the three last of the four totals only varied to the extent of 9 runs. Five bowlers were tried on the Sussex side, but Rylott and Parnham performed the somewhat uncommon feat of bowling throughout the match unchanged for Leicestershire, and it was to their efficiency that the Southerners chiefly owed their defeat by 41 runs. Kent had all the worst of the luck in its engagement at Huddersfield against Yorkshire, and, indeed, in all the three matches played by the Kentish eleven in the north the weather was persistently hostile to their chances. The Yorkshiremen in going in first had all the best of the wicket, and it was in no way a surprise to find them accredited with a total of 245. Kent had been able to muster a fairly strong batting side, but rain had materially interfered with the condition of the ground before their turn came to bat, and Peate and Bates between them had little difficulty in getting the eleven out for a small total of 73. A useful and steadily-played score of 38 by Mr. W. B. Pattison, who seems to have somehow got mixed up in the newspaper reports with Mr. W. H. Patterson, of the Oxford eleven, was of great use to his side; but the weather did not admit of the match being finished, and, when the game was finally stopped by the rain, Kent still wanted 113 runs to save defeat in an innings, having eight wickets to fall. At Manchester, at the end of the same week, the Kentish eleven were even less fortunate, and the Lancastrians' victory by 136 runs was in point of fact a very similar success to that gained over Surrey on the same ground three days before. The tail of the Kentish team figured almost as ignobly as had that of Surrey against the bowling of Watson and Barlow, as the last six batsmen on the side were only responsible for 10 runs in the first and 29 in the second innings. Lancashire introduced an apparently very useful *débütant* in the person of Mr. R. Wood, the Charterhouse School slow left-hand round-arm bowler of 1876, but his services in this department were hardly required, and the Kentish defeat was in a great measure due to the very effective bowling of Watson, who in all delivered eighty-three overs and two balls for 49 runs and twelve wickets, a wonderful analysis.

More than usual interest was attached to the match between the Australians and Yorkshire at Dewsbury, although the fixture had not the official sanction of the Committee of the Yorkshire County Club. Ulyett was not among the Yorkshiremen, refusing, it is said, to play against the Australians on account of the treatment to which Lord Harris's eleven were subjected at Sydney, but otherwise the pick of Yorkshire was pitted against the Colonials, so that the victory of the latter was in every way a creditable one. Palmer, the Australian slow bowler, who had previously, against the Derbyshire at Derby, shown that the reputation he had gained at home was not ill deserved, had, owing to the rain, a wicket to suit him to a nicety, and naturally the same circumstances favoured the slow trundlers of Yorkshire, Bates, Peate and Emmett, the first-named in particular. With such good bowling on each side, and with a ground altogether

unfavourable for run-getting, no wonder that the scores were small. Hall, Lockwood, Grimshaw, Walker and Peate, all failed to get a run on the Yorkshire side, and with a total of 65 the Australians were able to boast an advantage of 10 runs on the first innings. When the Colonials ultimately went in a second time with 91 runs wanted to win, there was every reason to predict an exciting finish. It was evident that in the condition of the ground such a comparatively small sum as 91 would take some trouble to get. Bates and Emmett bowled up, as Yorkshiremen know so well how to do in an up-hill game, but unfortunately at the crisis they were in no way properly supported. Had the fielding, indeed, only been up to the mark, with Murdoch, Bannerman and Groube all out, the chances of Yorkshire ought to have been of the best. As it was, McDonnell, a fine young cricketer, and perhaps the most dangerous batsman in the Australian team, was allowed to have more than one life, at a time when the slightest mistake was serious, and his 47 practically gave the Colonials the victory by five wickets.

Surrey has often before upset calculations in its matches with Gloucestershire at the Oval, and the first engagement of the present season was so far a surprise in that Surrey's victories have not, of late, been so numerous as to make defeat a novelty. Neither side had its full strength, as Messrs. Townsend, Bush, Moberley, and Cranston were all away from Gloucestershire, and Messrs. Strachan and Read and Southerton from Surrey. The wicket was at first slow, but the Gloucestershire captain did not gain much advantage by putting his opponents in owing to the short innings on both sides. Gloucestershire, an eleven not as a rule given to slow scoring, were in over two hours for a total of 84, and this was a feather in the cap of Potter, who bowled sixty-one overs (forty-two maidens) for 31 runs and seven wickets. Surrey scored precisely the same number (114) in each innings, and they managed, chiefly through the good bowling of Mr. Lucas and Potter, to get rid of the Gloucestershire Eleven in their second attempt for a ridiculously small total of 62, the last eight wickets only realising 21 runs. At one time, when Messrs. W. G. Grace and Gilbert were together, there seemed a chance that the western eleven would be able to get the 145 runs wanted to win without any serious difficulty, but directly the pair were separated, the tide turned in favour of Surrey. When Mr. G. F. Grace was bowled by Mr. Lucas the game was almost over; and finally, Gloucestershire had to suffer defeat by 82 runs. It was Mr. W. G. Grace's first appearance of the year in London, but he had to be content with 36 runs in the two innings, and in all the three brothers were only responsible for 75, though even then their collective scores represented more than one-half of the County's aggregate. The following Monday saw the same Gloucestershire team, with the exception of Mr. Cranston in place of Woof, in opposition to a very strong Middlesex eleven at Lord's, and here they came out in something like the old colours. E. M. Grace, who had had no chance of displaying his peculiar and varied style of hitting at the Oval, began well by

scoring 32, while W. G. was making 7; and as both W. G. (62), and G. F. (83) were this time in form, the Middlesex bowling was rather heavily punished, the two brothers alone on this occasion obtaining more runs than did the whole Gloucestershire eleven in their two attempts against Surrey at the Oval. Mr. W. G. Grace gained a considerable advantage in winning the toss for his side, and he was fortunate in being able to get rid of a strong batting side like that of Middlesex for such a small total as 96, though most of this success was due to the very efficient bowling of Midwinter, who was credited with seven wickets at a cost of only 29 runs. Middlesex had to follow on under a disadvantage of 185 runs, but this gave Messrs. I. D. Walker and A. J. Webbe the opportunity of showing some of the fastest scoring that has ever been attained in a first-class match. How far the two old Harrovians would have gone had the weather only kept up no one can tell, but they began by scoring 63 in the first half-hour, a prodigious rate of run-getting, and on the third day, after increasing the runs to 86 without the loss of a wicket, rain caused the match to be drawn.

The revival of the matches between the two once great shires of Sussex and Hants cannot fail to recall recollections of days when cricket was almost entirely confined to the home counties, and the supremacy had not as yet passed away to the North. Since Mr. Ridley ceased to support the Hampshire management the eleven has not prospered, and it is open to question whether it has gained any material addition to its strength during its absence from the field of county cricket. That the Committee have acted wisely in not attempting a too ambitious programme seems evident enough, and if the result of the opening contest at Brighton is to be regarded as a genuine test of their capabilities, the eleven are quite as weak as, if not weaker, in bowling than when they temporarily retired a few years ago. They began well enough at Brighton with a long score of 252, but the weakness of their bowling caused even this sum to be of little real value, and at the end of an innings they were 131 runs to the bad, eight of the Sussex eleven having got double figures. It would have been a strange finish had the Hampshire Eleven been beaten in one innings, after opening so successfully with a score of 252; but it was only a very plucky stand by Captain Baldock and Mr. A. Bencraft that averted this disaster for the lesser one of a defeat by ten wickets.

Kent had to wind up the third of its series of northern engagements with a defeat at the hands of the Derbyshire Eleven at Derby. In the absence of the Hon. Ivo Bligh, Messrs. F. Penn, Foord-Kelcey, and Jones, the Southerners were very imperfectly represented, but they nevertheless made a good fight of what was throughout essentially a bowler's match. On the completion of an innings, Kent, though only credited with a total of 102, was still 3 runs to the good, but the Southerners, again out of luck in the important matters of the wicket, fared badly after this. Derbyshire, with 94 runs to win, commenced their task badly with three wickets down for 13, but Foster, who fairly won the match for his side, and Mr.

R. P. Smith together knocked the Kentish bowling to pieces, and the result was the first win of the season for Derbyshire by six wickets. On the same day, and in the same neighbourhood, Surrey and Yorkshire were battling at Sheffield, as the finish showed, without any material advantage to either. Surrey, in the absence of Messrs. Lucas and Read, as well as of Southerton, could hardly be described as very formidable, but a very fine performance by Jupp and Mr. Strachan enabled them to make a good show, far better, indeed, than they have had at Sheffield for some years. Mr. Strachan and Jupp, while they were together, put on as many as 149 runs; but the feature of the match was the performance of Jupp, who went in first and carried out his bat for 117, all got without the semblance of a chance, and even with hardly a false hit. It may be remembered that in the match between Surrey and Yorkshire, at the Oval, in 1874, Jupp went in first in each innings, twice carrying out his bat; and it is a little singular that this is the fourth time he has taken his bat through an innings against Yorkshire bowling.

The trial matches of the Universities in London in anticipation of the Oxford and Cambridge contest, which is just commencing as these lines are penned, were hardly productive of the same interest as usual. With the exception of the sensational scoring of the Cantabs at Cambridge against the Gentlemen of England, there had been really nothing to create any marked enthusiasm in favour of either university. It was generally conceded that the Light Blues, although several of the old choices were obviously a little out of form, were the better eleven, although they were really not to be compared with the team commanded by the Hon. Edward Lyttelton in 1878. Rumour had spoken very slightly of the chances of the Oxonians from the very commencement of the season, and there had been certainly very little in their form either with the bat, ball, or in the field to warrant any very great belief in their chances. The preference for the Cantabs was, it is true, justified, but hardly to the extent of laying such odds as were laid on them at one time; and, indeed, the careful analyses of the two matches played by each eleven in London favoured the idea that neither was quite up to the best standard of university cricket. Cambridge, mainly through the batting and bowling of two of its members, Messrs. A. G. Steel and C. T. Studd, defeated not the strongest eleven of Surrey by seven wickets, but there was a marked inequality in the batting, and neither the bowling nor the fielding were so formidable as was the case in the Cambridge elevens of 1878 and 1879. Oxford on the same days made a very poor show against a rather inferior team of Middlesex at Lord's, and, considering the calibre of some of the county representatives, there was nothing to predispose a belief either in Oxford's bowling or batting powers. The two contests with the Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's showed very much the same difference, with still a very similar, though by no means overpowering advantage in favour of the Light Blues. Messrs. Steel and C. T. Studd were again the chief contributors on the Cambridge

side, but still it was not a bad performance to get within 49 runs of victory of such a strong batting eleven as had been collected by M.C.C. To all appearances the Cambridge bowling possessed much more sting than that of Oxford; but still the Dark Blues got rid of their opponents fairly well, with the exception of Barnes, who went in first and, with one life early in his innings, carried out his bat for just one-half of the total, 118 out of 236. Their defeat by nine wickets was, of course, more decisive than that administered by M.C.C. and Ground to Cambridge two days before, and this difference may be said to have really represented the superiority of the Cantabs over their opponents on public form.

Lancashire, a county that has of late years been somewhat fortunate in the discovery of promising youngsters, received its first defeat of the year at Manchester at the hands of the Nottinghamshire Eleven. Mr. A. G. Steel would of course have strengthened the Lancastrians materially, but they had the satisfaction of making an excellent fight with perhaps the best county team of the season. Considering the excellence of the bowling on either side, there was a serious difficulty in the way of long scores, but Mr. Hornby and Robinson, an ex-Yorkshireman, both acquitted themselves well for Lancashire; and on the other side, Scotton, a left-handed batsman, who has improved wonderfully during the last two years, made more than half the first total, scoring 63 out of 121. It was a very even thing on the third morning, when Notts went in with 101 to win and seven wickets to fall; but rain made the ground easier for the batsmen as well as more difficult for the bowlers, and Barnes and Flowers, by the determined resistance they offered at the crisis, fairly won the match for their side by five wickets.

Derbyshire, whose eleven, by the way, had early in the month been all dismissed at Lord's by Shaw and Morley for a total of 26, would in all probability have followed up their defeat of Kent at Derby by a victory over the Sussex Eleven on the same ground. Sussex has received a valuable addition to its batting strength this season by the assistance of the brothers Lucas of Warnham Court, but its batting is still in need of considerable improvement, and it was this weakness that would most probably again have proved fatal to its chances at Derby. The team did well at the outset to get rid of the Derbyshire Eleven for 130; but in the second innings their bowling was severely punished by Rigley, Mr. R. P. Smith and Foster; the 65 of the first named being the highest score of the match. Sussex, after going in with 235 runs to win, had obtained 43 of them with the loss of one wicket, when rain caused the game to be abandoned, and as 192 yet remained to be got against the bowling of Mycroft, Hay, and Platts, the draw could hardly be accounted as in favour of Sussex.

The Australian Eleven up to the present time have not suffered defeat; and as among their vanquished may be numbered Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and some very strong local eighteens, it appears as if their home reputation was thoroughly justified.



The Canadians, after a long series of disasters, have enlisted in the place of the deserter Dale, alias Jordan, a young Nottingham professional, named Wright; and thus the trip, conceived in a weak moment, has collapsed so far as the primary object, the display of Canadian cricket, is concerned.

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### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THAMES yachtsmen have enjoyed assuredly a plethora of sport during the past month, as, in addition to a host of minor events, occupying every desirable day, as well as some which turned out quite the reverse, the three great London clubs brought off their cutter matches, and a fortnight later the races arranged for schooners and yawls, though the latter rig was indeed conspicuous mainly for its absence. The feature of the month's yachting has undoubtedly been the *début* of Vanduara, a north-country cutter, built of steel for Mr. J. Clark of Paisley, and named after the ancient name of that thriving town. She astonished everybody by beating last year's crack, Formosa, handsomely, and the Prince of Wales, who has but recently bought Mr. Sloane Stanley's clipper, had certainly bad luck in meeting the new ship, and being practically beaten in all the cutter races, as, though on the Royal London day Vanduara and Cuckoo were disqualified for passing the starting-line too soon, the glory even of that match lay with Mr. Clark.

The New Thames had the earliest fixture, and secured a big gathering at the starting-point, Rosherville Pier. The large class consisted of Cuckoo (Mr. Holms-Kerr), Vanduara (Mr. J. Clark), and Formosa (H.R.H. the Prince of Wales). The forties were last year's old rivals, Coryphée (Mr. R. Y. Richardson), and Bloodhound (Marquis of Ailsa), with Major Ewing's Norman, which was not raced last season, Vivandière (Mr. M. Byles), and a new forty, Wraith (Mr. Fitzherbert). The last proved very slow, and her best trim has probably not yet been hit upon; anyhow she had no chance with the others, and was practically astern right through. Amongst the small class was a new clipper Freda (Mr. Freke), and Marahanec, a ten tonner, owned by Mr. Barton, and the latter just managed to get home within her time from Freda, a very creditable performance. With a good northerly breeze they had a leading wind down to the Mouse and back again, and Vanduara showed to great advantage, leading the Cowes crack in Sea Reach, and throughout the rest of the match, though the north-country vessel did not get further away after rounding the lightship. Amongst the forties Wraith made a bad start, and Coryphée a good one, but Bloodhound caught her off Sheerness, and came home first. Both Norman and Wraith carried away their topmasts just after rounding, so Coryphée took second prize easily. On the following day the Royal London's match was, as usual with this club, started in the Lower Hope. Entries were the same again in the principal classes, and as already stated Vanduara and Cuckoo were out of it from the start for crossing the line too soon. Conditions of wind were also pretty similar, but Formosa did a trifle better against Vanduara, getting ahead in Sea Reach, and leading three or four lengths all day, of course not enough to win, counting the time the Prince's vessel had to allow. Cuckoo showed up better, keeping well within hail of the others. Amongst the forties conclusions were reversed, Coryphée and Norman now securing the prizes, with

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Bloodhound third, Wraith again nowhere; while in the small class Sayonara and Louise, in Freda's absence, took the honours. On the Royal Thames day matters were altered, the breeze shifting a bit westerly, and giving us a chance of seeing Vanduara on a wind. The same vessels were entered for the chief events, and Formosa ran away down river ahead of everything. Below the Nore the breeze became very fickle, but Formosa, with the Prince and his sons on board, held her own down to the Mouse, though both Vanduara and Cuckoo were too close to be pleasant. Beating back against the ebb was a tough job, and Vanduara soon showed her quality with a foul wind, going about very smartly, while Formosa seemed slower in stays than ever. Cuckoo's topsail yard smashed, which put her astern for some little time, while Vanduara weathered Formosa, and eventually got home five minutes ahead of her. The Princess of Wales, with the King of Greece and a large party, went down on Lord Alfred Paget's steamer Amy, and although they must have enjoyed the fine weather, it being in every respect a lady's day, did not witness the wished-for triumph of Formosa. Amongst the forties Bloodhound and Norman were first and second, Coryphée this time making bad weather of it, and sagging away in anything but her best style. Freda won again in the twenty class, Mr. F. Taylor's fifteen tonner Maggie getting second prize. At the end of the three days' cutter-sailing none could dispute the great merits of either Vanduara or Freda, and both will prove veritable Tartars in their classes.

Two clubs arranged matches from Southend to Harwich in view of the capital regatta annually held there, the New Thames offering prizes for all rigs, and the Royal London announcing a cruisers' handicap. Both started together, and had a fair entry, though the day proved a tedious one, owing to the old complaint, 'no wind.' The three big cutters engaged in the Thames matches, with Bloodhound, Norman, and Wraith; Fiona (Mr. E. Boutcher), Miranda (Mr. G. C. Lampson), and Pantomime (the Commodore), were the schooner contingent; and Latona (Mr. Rowley), Opal (Mr. E. Willis), and Hypatia (Mr. W. Gordon), yawls made up the entry. Vanduara soon slipped her fleet, and reached Harwich an hour ahead of the next in, Latona. Both took prizes for their rigs, and the schooner's money would have gone to Pantomime, but Miranda protested against her for starting under weigh instead of having an anchor down when the gun fired. The Royal London's cruisers match was of course a much slower affair, and did not finish until past 7 o'clock P.M., having started about 8 A.M. Owing to sundry protests the prizes were not awarded.

Harwich Regatta promised well, but light, flukey winds spoil the day's sport, the yawl match being especially an illustration of this, as Latona had established an enormous lead from Hypatia, until the breeze dying away, the latter finished within her time. Vanduara again beat Formosa and Cuckoo, while Norman took the forties' prize from Bloodhound and Coryphée. As if, however, to atone for the muddling character of the match down Swin, the Harwich Club's race back to Southend was specially favoured as to weather, a strong N.N.W. wind holding right through. All rigs were well represented, if indeed two can claim to be a *quantum* for yawls, the popular rig of a season or two since; but as none of the yawl prizes offered by the London clubs produced much of an entry, a couple must be reckoned a fair allowance for Harwich; Latona and Hypatia were certainly good specimens. Mr. Hughes's two hundred tonner, Australia, with Miranda, Pantomime, and Fiona, formed the schooner division, and the cutters were more than adequately represented. Vanduara made very bad weather of it, and just

beyond the Maplin Light sprung her mainboom, thus losing all chance of the match, in which, however, she was already pretty well distanced. Australia and Miranda passed Southend Pier first, the second schooner winning by time. Pantomime's rudder got jammed, and she ran on to the mud, narrowly escaping a collision with the pier. Latona, third home, took the yawl prize, and Formosa and Cuckoo finishing within a second of each other, the latter's allowance gave her the cutter prize easily. Altogether the match was in marked contrast to the outward one, and served to give gluttons as well as fine-weather craft a look-in.

Schooners and yawls—such is the designation adopted in arranging club programmes; but this season, as we hinted last month, most of the famous yawls seemed to have retired from racing, though several clippers of that rig are in commission, and the Jullanar was sailing about during the schooner matches. The Royal London, indeed, did rather better with yawls than with schooners, as Pantomime being rudderless, and Fiona not ready, Miranda had a bloodless victory, while though the yawl entry did not fill, they had an impromptu affair between Hypatia, Henriette (M. Pilon) better known as the Surf, owned successively by Messrs. Frank Lambert and Fredk. Williams, and Arethusa, Mr. S. Lane. The first came to grief before starting, and Henriette working ahead, rounded the Nore with five minutes' lead, winning easily. The New Thames day opened most inauspiciously with heavy rain, which no doubt kept many intending visitors away from Gravesend, but by mid-day all was bright, and a soldier's wind from the south gave promise of fast sailing. Miranda made short work of Fiona, and in the yawl class Arethusa won with a lot in hand from Opal and Hypatia. The Royal Thames had no yawl match, but the struggle between Fiona, Egeria, and Miranda proved excessively interesting, and would have been more so but for the wind falling dead as they neared the Mouse. Starting from the Lower Hope Egeria led the way, Fiona next, Miranda, whose jib was ripped, lying last, but before Sea Reach she had another sail up, and was leading Fiona. Off Southend Pier, indeed, she looked like passing Egeria, but further down Mr. Mulholland's vessel crept ahead again, and was nearly two minutes ahead as they rounded the Mouse. Turning up there was so paltry a wind and so strong an ebb that they lay all of a heap, and the party were soon joined by the Nore Club forties, Bloodhound, Norman, and Coryphée; so the half-dozen remained in close company, until a slight puff drew the schooners ahead, and Egeria held a bare lead home, Miranda well within her time, but as both protested for some cause unintelligible to the authorities on board the club steamer, the award was left to the sailing committee. In the Nore Club match Norman got to Rosherville a long way ahead, the month's honours among the forties being thus pretty equally divided. The day's sailing grew very tedious towards the close, it being nearly half-past seven before the schooners passed the winning flag.

The Transatlantic proceedings of Hanlan and his opponents have now entered upon a fresh phase, so that, without looking between the lines, public form is more topsy-turvy than ever. For the much-discussed Hop-bitters prize Hanlan met Courtney recently, and disposed of the athletic carpenter without an effort. On this occasion one, J. H. Riley, of Saratoga, deeply aggrieved the Canadian by taking a start and rowing ahead of him, which Hanlan considered an unfair proceeding during a match. Now, in a five mile race at Providence, Rhode Island, Hanlan and Boyd, who journeyed from Newcastle to try his luck in America, finished last, the winner turning up in Wallace Ross, who came over here and beat Emmett easily. Riley was

second, and the rest of the competitors, including G. W. Lee, a quondam competitor for the Henley Diamond Sculls, tailed off considerably. If this form be reliable, it makes English oarsmen worse than ever; but our consins' sporting proceedings, whether in pugilism or aquatics, are eccentric, to put it mildly, so that the next record may show an utter upheaving of recent data.

Of course rain fell at Henley, and at an awkward time of day, but those who came late missed it, and after the first morning the weather was all that could be desired; the wind blowing up-stream off the Berks shore made the tow-path station more than usually favourable, and Leander, being the best crew on, and having the coveted station, had no difficulty in beating Jesusc and Thames. Of these the former, who won last year, were greatly fancied, but in the race Thames, admirably stroked by Hastie, cut them down at the Point and took second place by a length and three-quarters. In the next heat the German crew spurted away from the station, something in the style of Eton boys, and held a lead for half the distance. London, on the Bucks side, came on, and were able to cross in front of the Frankfort men at the Point, winning easily; Kingston last. In the final Leander again had the station, and, though pushed at first, were never headed, winning easily. For the Ladies' Plate, Eton, thanks to the station, beat a good Exeter crew and a bad Caius one. Trinity Hall, a remarkably neat boat, sliding perfectly, and altogether admirably together, did as they liked with Radley, and beat Eton in the final. On this occasion, however, the boys had the worst berth, and made a gallant fight of it, leading half way in spite of careless steering. In the Thames Cup, the unwonted and unwelcome excitement of a downright scrimmagey foul relieved the monotony of the proceedings, Thames from the centre boring Twickenham towards Berks until they collided, and the latter boat suffered considerable damage. Trinity Hall, who had been astern from the start, of course drew on, and came in first; but the umpire, disqualifying Thames, ordered the others to row again in the evening, when Twickenham, four of whose crew had in the meantime rowed a hard race in fours, beat Trinity Hall, who had just won an easy thing against Radley. London disposed of West London hands down, and won the final almost as easily from the worst station, the crew being unusually good for a second eight. If none of the Stewards' fours were equal to the best of a few years since, in Thames and Bath there were two crews much above the average; the former won, the latter lost their heat for fouling, otherwise these would have met and made a grand race, the result of which would probably have depended on the station. The London Wyfold were also a neat crew, and won the final right away from Third Trinity, who beat Trinity Hall for the Visitors. Each of these was above the average for second fours, but in watermanship the Londoners had the best of it. The Public Schools Cup brought out half a dozen boats, of which Bedford proved the best, though their coxswain deserved but a small share in the victory. It was pleasant to see the Westminster pink afloat again, after so long an interval, and we may hope to find them improved next year. This time Magdalen College School were too much for them. It is very chivalrous of Eton to stand out of this race, but having taken their best eight for the Ladies', they might allow themselves to put on a four. The Diamond Sculls seemed, and was, a gift for J. Lowndes, last year's winner, and as long as Playford holds off, the Oxonian who now hails from Derby should repeat his victory. The Pairs brought together those old rivals Hastie and Eyre, and Gulston and Labat, as well as Leader and Payne. The issue was never in doubt, the Thames men jumping

off with a lead, and doing as they pleased right through. Halfway up Paine collared Labat, and took second place.

The regatta was certainly as successful as ever, but what with recent increase in the number of events, and larger entries for each, the racing must ere long be extended to three days. This time heats were arranged for the first day, from mid-day until half-past seven, and, owing to the Thames foul, in fact continued nearly an hour later. This is too much for either performers or spectators, not to mention honorary and other officials. Owing, it was said, to the more than usually exorbitant demands of the inhabitants, the town was less crowded than on recent anniversaries, visitors preferring to quarter themselves in comfort at some of the picturesque outlying villages. The numbers afloat, in craft of all sorts and sizes, was certainly as great as ever on the second day, and the fleet of launches, houseboats, and other nondescript habitations must have added considerably to the receipts of the Thames Conservancy in their passage up and down stream. Rowing was perhaps below the best Henley form, while the unfairness of the course stood out more conspicuously than ever. The regatta remains, however, a great fact in aquatic annals, and though the executive may be persistently written down and abused, occasionally not without reason, it will be long before the prestige of Henley is likely to be eclipsed.

Coming the day after the great meeting, Maidenhead and Marlow Regatta, held alternately up-stream above Bray, and down-stream by the Bisham Woods, both gains and suffers thereby. This year the morning was so unpropitious that many declined the risk of a visit to Marlow, and thereby lost a charming day. The principal results are usually a good deal discounted by Henley running, though, as much depends on the condition of the competitors, unexpected turns-up are often witnessed. The Kingston eight, strengthened by the accession of Hockin and Gurdon, were strongly fancied, but after achieving the defeat of Twickenham, had no chance with Thames in the final. Bath Avon won the fours, their doughtiest opponents, Thames, not starting.

During the present month most of the important suburban and provincial regattas are fixed to take place, Barnes alone being set for August. The Metropolitan takes place on the 12th inst., when good sport is certain to be seen on the Putney waters. The Amateur Championship follows on the 14th, and if F. L. Playford stands down, looks open, though Lowndes's shoulder muscles should land him first at Mortlake.

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'Road and Sawdust, Course and Paddock.'

'HERE's to the speed of the Tantivy Trot.' Not that our modern coaches come up to that high form; but still, the sound of hoofs on the hard road, the rattle of bars and pole chains, recall the old time when what to-day is a pastime was then a somewhat stern reality. Curious it is to old stagers to hear people remarking on the threatening aspect of the weather, and its probable effect on a Magazine Meet. Curious to think that, if it does rain in earnest, we may miss the chesnuts of Captain Fitz-Jessamy, and the browns of Sir Fopling Flutter, both of these gentlemen having coaches and teams made beautiful for ever, and not to be smirched with even classic dust

or the vulgar mud. Far be it from us, however, to insinuate that our modern coachmen are of the featherbed order—no one supposes or believes that for a moment; but as there is an exception to every rule, so here and there among our Jehus is to be found a man whose sole idea of a drive is twice round the Park; who cannot bear a speck on his panels or a splash on his harness, and to whom coaching is indeed what it has been sneeringly called, 'the last new plaything.'

But these exceptions are very rare, and assuredly they were not at the Magazine that first Wednesday in June, when the Four-in-Hand made such a brave show, about the best we have seen for one or two seasons. And this was, in a certain way, a surprise, because it was the general belief that fewer coaches would come out this year than usual. The times were somewhat out of joint; in other words, money was 'tight,' or supposed to be, and it was whispered that many a good coachman would not be found either wearing the dark brown or the buff and blue. What a vain imagining! When thirty-three was the muster-roll of the C.C., and twenty-two of the Four-in-Hand, 'hard times' melted into thin air. There was not a sign of them, indeed. There was horseflesh representing thousands of pounds; there were the highest efforts of Holland and Peters; there were gay toilettes, and there was beauty galore. Of course the show attracted half the West End; but the senior club was rather unfortunate in the weather, and the crowd was not so great—to Inspector Bradley's great joy—as that which came to the meet of the C.C. on the 22nd of May. There were gaps in the ranks of the Four-in-Hand—chiefly, though, accidental ones. 'The Duke' was on the ocean wave; Lord Carington was unavoidably prevented from being present; Lord Sefton was standing down, or, to speak more correctly, was a passenger on, Lord Aveland's coach; and the well-known figure of one of the oldest members, Lord Abingdon, was absent from the scene, and we fear we shall not see him there again. Mr. Chaplin we have not encountered at a meet for the last two or three years, if our memory serves; Lord Haldon had probably not got his coronet ready on panels and harness; and the Duke of Sutherland has been so long an absentee that we should be rather chary of sitting behind him. Lord Cole's team was amiss; Sir Henry Thompson is not driving this season, neither, we believe, is Mr. Chaplin. Mr. Oakeley was busy at the Agricultural Hall; Lord Poltimore was not in town, and the latest member, Lord Hastings, was still such a sufferer in his eyes that his appearance was out of the question. But there was Lord Londesborough, who never misses; Sir Thomas Peyton, who says ditto to that noble lord; while among other *habitués* were Sir Henry Tufton, Mr. Eaton, Count Munster, Lord Fife, Mr. Adrian Hope, Lord Arthur Somerset, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Aveland, Colonel Dickson, Sir John Lister Kaye, Colonel Ewart, Lord Helmsley, and Mr. Walter Long. The show was a brave one: here and there was a scratch team, and perhaps Charley Ward, if he was present, might have criticised some of the coachmen, but the general effect was such as no other country or capital could show. All the horses looked wonderfully fit. Some had done the Epsom campaign; others were preparing for the Ascot one; and as they streamed out of the park at Albert Gate, Mr. Léon Say and his family were spectators of a scene which even the gay capital of France—Kingly, Imperial, or Republican—had never shown.

And now our thoughts turn to that small Berkshire hamlet in and around which there were soon to be such mighty contentions, such fierce encounters; where all the blue blood of England, as represented by men, women, and horses, were to meet for a brief week of high revelry and grand sport—a

week looked forward to with eager anticipations of pleasure, and of gain, some to be fulfilled; others, alas! to be blasted. What a space does not Ascot fill on the canvas of the London season! We doubt, indeed, if there is anything else approaching to it, not only in London, but in any other European capital, in the excitement and interest which centres round the gathering. Epsom is the Derby, and nothing else, but at Ascot every race is more or less a Derby, and we have such a surfeit of grand sport and riding that it is a wonder how we can rouse a languid interest in what is to follow. Then there is Ascot in its social aspect—and what does not that mean? It means kings and princes; queens of beauty and queens of society; great seigneurs and little lords. It means everybody who is notable in the world; an assemblage of blood, beauty, and brains such as we shall not see until Ascot comes round again. It means a great deal besides this; fun, frolic, and festivity; it means, perhaps, too strong flirtation—but that we will leave our readers to decide. They know more about that latter feature than we do. We, alas! cannot sport with Amaryllis in the shade, nor play with the tangles of Nereus's hair, and can only envy those who can and do. Ours is the business side of the question—the 6 to 4 side, and the landing of those extensive odds, if we possibly can achieve it. When did we last have a good Ascot—we mean from a backer's point of view? What between mud and hard ground, it seems to us to have ever been from childhood's hour that we have seen our fondest hopes decay, and the 'black Monday' following the meeting has become historical. There was no exception to the rule on this occasion, when, one race apart, it was only the layers of odds that won on the opening day. That race was the Trial Stakes, which seemed to lie between Ragman and Kaleidoscope, but the latter is not the Kaleidoscope of yore, and was easily beaten by the son of Friponnier, who won with more than a bit up Goater's sleeve. Then grief set in, and continued to the end, because we except the wins of Teviotdale and Jessie Agnes—foregone conclusions, on which, unless you were a plunger of the first water, you could win no money. That unlucky horse, The Abbot, again, could only get second in the Prince of Wales's Stakes; Petronel failed to stay, and the good-looking Zealot, who must have improved a trifle since the First Spring, won rather easily. It is only fair to say that The Abbot was badly interfered with in the race, for when Cannon attempted to bring him upon the inside he was very nearly sent over the rails, and it was only his cool head and skilful hand that prevented what might have been an ugly accident. The figures cut by Ambassadors, Mariner, and Ercildoune go to prove, if proof were needed, how very moderate the Two Thousand form was. Zealot's good looks we mentioned in our last 'Van,' and in case of anything 'happening,' as the phrase goes, to the two favourites, he is as promising an outsider as Teviotdale. The speedy Angelina found the finish up the trying hill in the Twenty-third Biennial just a trifle too much for her, and Sir Charles wrested the prize from her in the last few strides. A very good-looking colt is Sir Charles, though a trifle high on the leg, and as he subsequently proved this running to be true, and not the fluke some people ignorantly supposed the race to be, we may congratulate Mr. Legh on having a good horse, and one that will do credit to Pero Gomez. Very gratifying to Weever too, for Sir Charles is from his own mare, Prosperity, and Bourton-on-the-Water has produced a good horse at last. Scobell was only a neck behind Angelina, so there is hope for him yet, and he may justify the high opinion formed of him by his stable before Northampton.

That Teviotdale would win the Ascot Stakes was such a *fait accompli*

that odds were laid on him at last. It was simply a question of whether he was a boy's horse or no; and though he was rather fractious at the post, and tried to get rid of Kellett more than once, he settled down kindly to his work soon after rounding the Hotel turn, and ridden by his jockey very judiciously, waited until one by one his horses were all settled, and then Kellett let him out, and he left Prologue standing still. So there is another promising Leger outsider to exercise the talents of backers and the pencils of bookmakers in case anything goes wrong. Jessie Agnes beat the lot opposed to her in the Twenty-sixth Triennial in the commonest of canters; and Josyan, a sister of Sir Bevys, won the hogshead of claret for Mr. L. Rothschild, and a few sovereigns to boot. It was a Tuesday hardly up to Ascot week in some ways, because on that day we generally see the cream of the racing—but that was to come.

Nothing could be more dispiriting than the prospect on arriving at the course on Wednesday, when the rain began to descend in a manner which seemed to forebode the continuance of 'bookmakers' weather' for the day. The ground, however, was in a far more satisfactory state than when Reconciliation literally 'stuck in the mud' in the Coronation last year. On this occasion the race in question brought out a field of nine, far better as regards quantity than quality, though Bonnie Marden, the second for the Oaks, and the Champagne winner Evasion were amongst the runners. It looked, on the Oaks form, as if Bonnie Marden held Evasion pretty safe, and the 'talent' troubled their heads about nothing beyond the pair, though there were four maidens in the field, one of which, L'Eclair, by Hermit out of old Lightning, came away at the turn, and making use of her allowance, won, after a good deal of punishment, by three-quarters of a length from Bonnie Marden, who met with a slight mishap, and the dark Witch—Evasion, we may add, looked all over a winner at the distance, but, in spite of Tom Cannon's tender handling, shut up, as usual.

Then came the Ascot Derby, after the decision of which no 'punter' should ever—during the week at least—have wanted money again, for the fielders asked for no more than 2 to 1 about Mask, who had, of course, no difficulty whatever in squandering his extremely moderate opponents, though one of them was his conqueror in the Column, Merry-go-Round, and another Ercildoune, who according to the semi-official statement had been tried good enough to win five Derbies out of six! For 'wrong' running there is certainly no meeting like the Craven, as the defeats of Silvio, Charibert, Mask, and Robert the Devil bear witness; but there is nothing to be surprised at in this, for no sensible trainer dreams of winding up a good weight-for-age three-year-old so early in the year, and the moderate ones, when right up to the mark, are frequently able to beat the good ones when little more than half trained. Immediately after the easy victory of Mask—who but for that enormous hock would be a very charming horse—Mr. Brewer took 5500*l.* to 2000*l.* about him and Robert the Devil, coupled, for the Leger—and a very good bet, too.

The Ring were no less kind about the Old Mile Biennial, in which Petronel met Prince Bladud, Brotherhood and another. Instead of the odds on the Two Thousand winner being 10 to 1, only 'twos' were demanded, in consequence of Mr. Beddington and Arnall, who were confident that they could reverse the 'Guineas' positions of Petronel and Brotherhood. The former won by three lengths, which could have been a great many more, if Fordham had wished; and we fear it will be a long time before the latter, who was beaten a head for second money by Prince Bladud, wins a race of any kind.



Soon after Petronel's canter the rain ceased, and then came the event of the day, the Hunt Cup, for which an exceptionally large number of horses competed. Every one, except, of course, handicappers themselves, voted the race a gift to Ruperra, who was let off with 6 st. 12 lb., though as a two-year-old he had won here in such gallant style that 10,000*l.* was offered and refused for him, had afterwards gone on and won the July, and, as a three-year-old, had lowered the colours of Wheel of Fortune, in the Great Yorkshire, and had finished second to Rayon d'Or for the Leger. The ever-overrated Sir Joseph was second favourite, close up, and Japonica, Scapegrace, Parole, and Silverstreak were tips in general circulation. The favourite, after the first break away, was never in the race, which was confined to Strathern, Lord Clive, Sir Joseph, Tertius, Sutler, Scapegrace, and Strathblane, the last of whom compounded about three and a-half furlongs from home. Strathern won in a canter from Lord Clive, who in the hands of the resuscitated Maidment, got off well and ran much kinder than usual, Tertius—who will probably bear out the 'Old Castilian's' observation, and never be much better than a place investment—being third. The winner—though his stable fancied Silverstreak in preference—should have been backed by the general public as well as by his owner, Mr. Foy, for after Ruperra, who had given him a stone beating in the Ascot Biennial as a two-year-old, he was by far the best handicapped horse in the race. In spite of the assurances of Mr. Foy, whom every old racing man was glad to see win a good race, few people took to Strathern. The chief winner was the horse's former owner, Mr. Beddington, whose retirement from the Turf we hope, for his own and William Arnall's sake, will be only temporary, Mr. John Foy, Messrs. Leopold and Alfred Rothschild, and, as very often happens, the prophets were 'floored to a man'—except him of the 'Field,' who, disregarding the private form of Silverstreak, went right out for Strathern and Ruperra. Tafna, in the Fernhill, not *apparently* backed for a shilling, made mincemeat of Douranee, with whom she seriously interfered soon after starting, and Toastmaster, who got badly off, but who is sure to win a good race later on; and Kuhlborn, the Duke of St. Alban's happily-christened colt by King of the Forest out of Tisiphone, by gameness, fitness and Jim Snowden, got home a neck in front of Town Moor by Doncaster out of Euxine, who should not have been run here, but who will uphold the name of Doncaster next year *if* his heart be in the right place, as we rather inclined to doubt. Reveller, a long-preserved rod in pickle that no one expected to see wasted just yet, cantered away from Muley Edris and Schoolboy for the Visitors' Plate, for which The Star, if he had not fallen, might have given him some trouble; and so ended the third and least pleasant day. *Apropos* of Muley Edris, we were pleased to see Archer looking much better than at Epsom, and, we trust, on the high way to recovery in time for the Leger.

Thursday was something like Royal Ascot—in the heat, the crowd, the throng of beauty, the abundance of luncheon, the grand sport. The South-Western did their duty, we believe—at least, we heard fewer complaints than usual of first-class fares and third-class carriages, and the trains on the return journey were despatched with prompt regularity. Our personal experiences were not South-Western, it being our misfortune to be beholden to the South-Eastern, which latter railway for bad management, bad accommodation, official rudeness, and consumption of time, could have given the former a stone, and then won. But these are bygones. Our wrath was stirred at the time, and we should have liked much to have expressed our feelings to the traffic manager, if he had been in the way at West Ascot Station (so

called) at 5 P.M. on the Cup Day; but fortunately he was not, and as using bad language to porters is useless, besides being manifestly unjust, we subsided meekly into our third-class carriage, having first been peremptorily ordered to show our first-class ticket, about which proceeding there was a touch of grim and impudent humour that almost made us smile. Clearly the South-Eastern is top weight. But these are trifles. We had a glorious day, and we saw the greatest horse that ever contested the prize take the Cup. Of course it was a foregone conclusion for him, and there was really nothing so remarkable in his win. After he had taken the Manchester Cup we were prepared for anything, and good horse as Chippendale undoubtedly is, we could not see what chance he had with the modern wonder. Wadlow's stable, however, thought otherwise, no doubt, for they all backed the horse, and many people followed their lead. He ran a very good horse, good enough to have won eight Ascot Cups out of ten; but then he met Isonomy. That explains everything. It explains also why we have been getting on at such a pace, overrunning the hounds, for which we shall now have to hark back with many apologies to our readers.

The day was about the worst of the four for backers, and the first race, the Seventeenth Biennial, was remarkable for the lot of money that went on that moderate horse Discord. He was 'better class,' so said the clever people, and as Petronel had run badly in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, there really seemed nothing that could beat him, unless Cipolata, who once showed her likeness for a hill by taking the Criterion Nursery at Newmarket, was able to do it. The connections of the stable, however, made no sign, at least that we could discern, as Cipolata started at 20 to 1. We confess to having a rather mean opinion of Discord ourselves, and it has been a matter of surprise to us how it was that Mr. Christopher refused the handsome sum he did for him. We quite expected on this occasion that Petronel might do him, badly as he had run, but the Duke of Beaufort's horse did not stay, and seemed to tire on the hill, while Lord Rosebery's mare shook off Discord with such ease within the distance that the latter's owner must have repented he did not take the 4500*l.* offered him. We fear it will not be repeated. This extreme outsider win was a bad beginning, and so discouraged backers, that though Elizabeth was such a real good thing for the Eighteenth Biennial, there was not the plunging on her there might have been if all had gone well before. She was just on her own distance, the T.Y.C., and though she had Douranee, Valentino, Toastmaster, Flodden, &c., opposed to her, she beat them all very easily. There had been some of those curious people on the course on Tuesday who are always ready to doubt the result of a race. They are the people who discover that the jockey of the second horse 'never saw' the winner, or that he did not 'come quite soon enough,' &c. When Sir Charles beat Angelina in the Tuesday Biennial, there was quite a chorus of 'Race thrown away,' 'Fordham never saw Sir Charles,' &c. These were bold words, and the idea of George Fordham not seeing anything and everything in a race is one that does not commend itself to us on the ground of the common sense of the originators thereof. George, of course, heard what was said, but only remarked, with a quiet smile, 'You will see where Angelina will be when they meet again.' And now on Thursday they met in the New Stakes, and the result was the same. The severity of the pace and the hill told on Lord Calthorpe's filly before they got to the Stand, and though she and Tristan struggled on and made an interesting race of it, they could not reach Sir Charles, who, running with great gameness, won by three parts of a length. We suppose we must handicap Sir Charles at top

weight for the present among the two-year-olds. He possesses undeniable stoutness, but still there were some young ones running at the Royal Meeting that may beat him if they meet later on.

There were all sorts of reports about Isonomy, as to what Mr. Gretton meant to do with his great horse. People affecting to be 'in the know' declared he would not start for the Cup, and that the great ambition of his owner was to meet and defeat Rayon d'Or either in the Hardwicke or the Rous Memorial. We are not in Mr. Gretton's secrets, and cannot say how that was, but it did not seem probable that that gentleman would let the Ascot Cup slip from his grasp when he might have it for simply stretching out his hand. Isonomy was very well. The soreness consequent on his severe race at Manchester had disappeared, and really after that exhibition of his wonderful powers, it seemed useless looking for anything to beat him. Count de Lagrange declined with Rayon d'Or, and ran Zut, a good horse, who will win a cup yet, unless we are mistaken. In Chippendale, Lord Bradford has a horse good enough to win six Ascot Cups out of eight, and it is unfortunate, as far as he is concerned, that he should have to meet an Isonomy. The latter allowed him to make all the running, and, though Cannon had to move the favourite at the distance, or apparently to do so, he had Chippendale fairly beaten opposite the stand, and won, we consider, very easily by a length. As usual after all his races, he looked as fresh as when he started, and apparently had had only an exercise canter when Mr. Gretton led him back to the enclosure. A wonderful horse indeed!

The All Aged Stakes was an Ascot mystery past explanation. How Japonica, on whom odds were laid, compounded before she had gone half the distance, and the once great Hackthorpe was beaten in a canter by Edentino before they got to the stand, this was about the greatest facer that backers had, because those who did not lay odds on Japonica, backed Hackthorpe, and faces were long when the Rothschild blue came rolling in. No one much cared about laying 4 to 1 on Rayon d'Or in the Rous Memorial, after this certainty, as it was, nor did 100 to 30 on Bend Or for the St. James's Palace Stakes look tempting either. Some surprise was expressed at the Duke of Westminster running the Derby winner, but the stake was worth going for, and the others were held in light esteem. It was rather a risky proceeding, for Fernandez joined issue with the favourite from the distance, and, after a slashing race, the latter only won by a head—an easy head some people affirmed—but of that we have doubts.

The Friday was about the nicest and best day we can remember on a racecourse. Lovely weather, lovely women in less sombre *toilettes* than on the other days, no crowd to witness fine finishes between good horses. Mr. Rothschild's Favo, who has improved marvellously since Quicksilver beat him at Windsor, gave 2 stone and a sound drubbing to Pelleas. Scapegrace, who has been crammed down our throats as long as we can recollect, at last won, and certainly this time, in the High Weight Plate, handsomely, the ungainly, but not ugly Sword Dance being second, and L'Éclair, winner of the Coronation, running nowhere with the bottom weight, and thus *fuge suspicari*, dear reader, exposing the nakedness of the land of the fillies. The three-year-old Triennial was held to lie between Muncaster, 8-st. 3lbs., and Zealot, 8-st. 10lbs., against each of whom, in a field of seven, 5 to 4 was laid, and a tremendous race from the distance ended in favour of the young one, admirably ridden by Templeman, a nephew of old Sim's, who rides in most of the Russley trials, but who has never, we believe, ridden in public before, and Lord Bradford's horse, steered by John Osborne. It struck us that Muncaster

was 'all out,' and weight tells so much more at Ascot than elsewhere that we have little doubt the match A. F., in which Zealot has only to give 4 lbs., will be a good thing for the top weight. Twenty-three contested the Wokingham, for which Falmouth, who will do better at the 'back end,' Discount, Sutler and Elf King were much fancied, and Warrior at 100 to 8 fairly backed. The latter, ridden by John Osborne, who was instructed not 'to bustle him at starting'—scarcely 'Johnny's' custom of an afternoon—won in a common canter, and landed a respectable stake for Captain Machell and his friends and acquaintances. We congratulate the Captain on his judgment in picking up a good horse so cheap.

The Alexandra Plate brought out only four runners, but they were Thurio, Westbourne, Inval and Ruperra. The first-named was, of course, favourite at evens, but 9 to 4 was taken freely about Westbourne, and some outsiders backed Inval at 9 to 2. Inval, in front all the way, ran very well into the straight, but he was then done with, and the race looked in Thurio's power, for Westbourne, who put his ears back in his preliminary, refused steadily to try a yard, when all of a sudden Ruperra, who had been lying a long way out of his ground, began to move up at the distance, and John Osborne ultimately came with a rush, which was worth going down to Ascot and back to see—a rush which was only unsuccessful because Thurio is the gamest of the game—and Rossiter was very wide awake. Ruperra is a truly unlucky horse, but why Mr. Houldsworth and Ryan should deliberately have thrown the Cesarewitch into the fire is 'one of those things no fellah 'can understand.' Perhaps the most interesting affair of the day was the Hardwicke, where Rayon d'Or gave 10 lbs. to Exeter—Discord, of whom we may say *à tout à l'heure*, and Abbot also being in the field—Exeter, who has grown into a beautiful horse more like any cathedral in Europe than the one he is named after, made all the running to the distance, when Rayon d'Or obtained a trifling advantage. A fair fight then ensued, and the weight telling fearfully up the severe finish, the young one won a short head, as we imagine he always would do on this course, though according to the *quidnuncs*, Rayon d'Or jumped the rails before starting, was interfered with in the race, and Jim Goater broke a stirrup leather! The Abbot, who in 'Meteor's' happy phrase is more of a 'wicked sluggard' than 'a game bit of stuff,' was four lengths off, and Discord last.

The Windsor Castle Two-year-old Stakes fell an easy prey to Capuchin, who, like Favo, seems to have been quite out of sorts at Windsor, and Charibert wound up the meeting by cantering away from fat and unsavoury Phénix, who is pretty sure to rise from his ashes before the year is out, for the Queen's Stand Plate. We have never beheld a greater horse than Isonomy, and the meeting at which he ran was not unworthy of him. Can we say more?

Archer, since his Derby victory, has been sojourning at the Royal Hotel, Rupert Street, a hostelry patronised *par excellence* by all the leading trainers and jockeys. We are glad to be able to state on inquiry there that Archer is progressing so satisfactorily that his intended trip to America has been abandoned.

Wednesday June 16th felt more like a hunting day than favourable for standing about in a show ring, but hunting men care little for weather (barring prolonged frost, which interferes with their favourite sport in winter time), and in spite of dull clouds and drizzling rain that fell at intervals all day, making cover-coats and macintoshes a necessity, there was a great meet of well-known sportsmen at the third annual hound show at Peterborough. It

will be remembered that on the first occasion, July 14th, 1878, when the great hound show, which had been annually held at York under the auspices of Mr. Tom Parrington, was moved to Peterborough, it was visited by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales; and again, on the 19th of June, 1879, H.R.H. repeated his visit. Favoured also by superb weather, the success which attended those occasions has now thoroughly established the show at Peterborough. Besides the well-known importance of such a show amongst masters of hounds and huntsmen, it is now looked upon as an institution by hunting men, bringing them all together from all countries, many of whom have few other chances of meeting during the dull summer months. The absence of H.R.H., the President of the Show (who was otherwise occupied introducing his brother-in-law to the civic dignitaries of 'the little 'village' far away), combined with the unpromising day, no doubt had some effect in keeping the outside public from attending in such large numbers as on previous occasions; but if the quantity showed a falling off, the quality was all that could be desired, and few of the regulars were missing. Amongst the company were the Earl Fitzwilliam, President of the Agricultural Show, Marquis of Huntley, President of the Hound Show, the Marquisses of Worcester and Waterford, Earls Ferrers, Yarborough, Zetland, Craven, Carysfort and Macclesfield, Lords Castlereagh, Waterpark, Willoughby de Broke, Burleigh, Kesteven, Esme Gordon, Douglas Gordon, Burghersh, Ilchester and Ravensbourne, Charles Russell, Marquis de Talons, Honourables W. H. B. Portman, C. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P., and T. W. Fitzwilliam, M.F.H.; Sirs Vincent Corbet, R. Glyn, and J. Majoribanks; Colonels J. Anstruther-Thomson, Luttrell, Buchanan and Montessor, Major Dent, Rev. C. Russell and Cecil Legard; Captains Tempest, Whitmore, Slingsby, Park Yates, Elmhirst, Dr. Adams. Of M.F.H., ex-M.F.H., and general company, there was a great gathering, amongst whom might be noticed Messrs. Arkwright, Macan, Corbet, Egerton, C. Hoare, Gosling, Godman, Long, G. Lane-Fox, Foljambe, Howard, Langham, Soames, Oakley, Tom Parrington Rolleston, Wemys, T. Pain, A. Hammond, Wells, Swarder, J. M. Richardson, Fenwick, Custance, C. Miles, A. Wilson, Walker, Hervey, Wickstead, and many other well-known sportsmen. Of huntsmen as spectators, Frank Beers, Tom Firr, Frank Goodall, Fred Cox, Gillard, Neil, Bentley, Stovin, White, Gosden, Gilson, Kennett, Grant, Vincent, Price and Nimrod Long, late huntsman to the Brocklesby. Packs represented and attended, as usual, by their huntsmen and whips in hunting costume were the Old Berkshire, Brocklesby, Burton, Cumberland, Fitzwilliam, Grove, Sir H. Johnstone's, West Norfolk, Oakley, Puckeridge, Pytchley, Mr. Rolleston's (the South Notts), the North Shropshire, South Staffordshire, Tynedale, Vale of White Horse, the Vine, Warwickshire and Earl Zetland's. Of these, the best known and most successful at previous shows are the Brocklesby, Burton, Fitzwilliam, Oakley, West Norfolk, Pytchley and Tynedale. We missed the Cottesmore, Earl Fitzwilliam's and the Rufford, which have been shown before, but fresh packs have entered the list—the Old Berkshire, Cumberland, Puckeridge, South Staffordshire, V. W. H., Vine, and Earl Zetland, and it is to be hoped next year more still will come forward. There is no change in the management or arrangements of the Show. The Skating Rink is again the scene, and it is to be questioned not only whether a more suitable place could be found for the purpose, but, as a very keen sportsman remarked, could the building ever be devoted to a better purpose? Mr. Core, Mayor of Peterborough, Messrs. Buckle, Gordon, Walker, Percival and other members of the committee

were there, courteous and obliging to all. Old Turpin is still in charge of the ring. The only change is in the judges, and it is here that such excellent selection is always made. On the first occasion, it will be remembered, the Earls of Coventry and Macclesfield, with Mr. Tom Parrington, officiated, and last year found Squire Drake, Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, with the Marquis of Waterford, so England, Scotland and Ireland were represented. This year Earl Coventry was again to the fore, with Col. Fairfax and the Rev. John Russell. The veteran Parson Jack, known and beloved not only in his own western country, but wherever he goes, from the highest in the land to the poorest cotter on the wild moors, he has won all their hearts. Soon after eleven they began their duties, and it may be as well to say here, their judgment gave general satisfaction. Class 1, best couple unentered dog hounds, brought out Brocklesby, Burton, Cumberland, Fitzwilliam, Oakley, Puckeridge, and two couple from the West Norfolk—a splendid lot of young hounds—and, after a keen competition, the Burton, Archer and Woldsman were awarded first, Oakley, Warrior and Clasper second, while the West Norfolk Dryden and Regent ran them pretty close. Class 2, best two couples entered hounds, under seven seasons. The Fitzwilliam, with four couples, took both prizes, though many fancied the Oakley. Masters of hounds do not mind being beaten by such splendid hounds as the Fitzwilliam, but by keeping their eyes open at the Show, and making use of hounds as Sultan, Statesman, Reveller and Selim, they may run the veteran George Carter on better terms in future years. Class 3, for stallion hounds, is the most interesting to those who care for kennel details. The Fitzwilliam again took first honours, with Sultan, five years, by Selim—Rosamond, while Nicholas Cornish takes home the second to Mr. Fenwick's northern kennel with Viceroy, three years, by Milton Richmond—Venus. The Pytchley Comus, second to Brocklesby Glyder in 1878, is a foxhound all over, and was much admired; so was Mr. Rolleston's Stormer, but the decision was right. Now, turning to the ladies. Class 4, best couple unentered. The Grove came to the front with Pansy and Sylvia, and second prize went to Earl Zetland's Woodlark and Warrant, and they may well be proud of their ladies for the Old Berkshire, Burton, Oakley, Pytchley (two couples), North Shropshire (two couples), Tynedale (two couples). V. W. H. and Warwickshire were all represented, and a more beautiful lot of young ladies would be hard to find. Class 5, best two couples entered, not older than seven years. Here the Fitzwilliam were again ahead with Rhetoric, Sarah and Sunbeam, that have been successful at previous shows, and Stylish. The Oakley ran next with Flighty, Varnish, Triumph and Lady. Many fancied the Warwickshire Skylark, Audible, Affable and Alice, the three latter by Quorn Alfred, that will be remembered as the champion hound at the Alexandra Palace show in 1875. Others, again, looked longingly at the Tynedale, and the Pytchley ladies had many admirers; but the judges knew best. Class 6, for matrons, reversed the judging for 1879, for Fitzwilliam Rhetoric took first, while the prize winner last year, Oakley Flighty, was placed second. The Champion Cup, presented by the Marquis of Huntly for the best three couples of hounds from one kennel, post entries. For this, George Carter scored another victory for the Fitzwilliam, with Statesman, Shiner, Selim, Sultan, Reveller and Rhymer, the Oakley and Tynedale opposing him with their ladies. If any M.F.H. could secure the lot, what a foundation for a pack! This brought the show of 1880 to an end, and, in spite of the weather, all agreed that it had been a success, for a finer lot of hounds could hardly be got

together. Many hunting men, true hound-lovers, gather together on these occasions, masters, huntsmen and their followers all intent on one object—the welfare of foxhunting; and long may it flourish, while year by year may they all assemble to enjoy the pleasant day at Peterborough Hound Show in midsummer.

Saturday in Epsom week saw us once more at the Agricultural Hall, attending the seventeenth anniversary of the Islington Horse Show, and we must compliment Mr. Leeds and Mr. Sidney upon the greatly improved ventilation of the place. Judging the heavy-weight hunters commenced at eleven o'clock—an hour behind time, to be sure; but then time was made for slaves, and not for the smart gentlemen who do the judging at Islington. Disappointed exhibitors, as a rule, find fault with the award of the judges, and they were sure to say that the Duke of Hamilton's brown horse Gentleman, winner of the 1st prize for weight-carriers, was not 'equal to 15 stone,' as required by the conditions. The discontented division allowed that Lord Cole knows a horse well, but then they said that in the Sister Isle horses are reckoned to be up to a stone more weight than they are in England, and that the two judges associated with his Lordship were light-weight gentlemen. The like objection could not be raised against the taker of the 2nd prize, Mr. Harvey Bayly's Whitebait, with his great power and substance, a rare horse to stand behind. Whitebait did not appear to be at all at home in such a novel situation as the Islington circus; he never got his back down, and went careering round the ring with his tail in the air, just like a nag that had been overdone with ginger by some low coper. Those who had seen him carrying his owner with The Rufford and the Grove hounds, informed us that he was a remarkably temperate hunter. There was a powerful, well-bred horse in this Class, Chieftain, by Dalesman, for which a gentleman at the ring-side bid 400 guineas. As might be gathered from our remarks last month, we were not the least surprised that, in the class for horses without condition as to weight, the Manchester decision was reversed, Mr. Harvey Bayly's Black Jack turning the tables upon Mr. Ford's Waverley. Mr. Cattle's Cigarette by Baron Cavendish was placed second, the same positions that these two horses occupied when they competed as four-year-olds last year at Alexandra Park. Amongst the forty-two defeated candidates was Mr. Phipps's Hurricane, a winner here and elsewhere last year, who was turned out of the ring in the very first batch—so widely do judges differ. To the real lover of the horse, the class of the most interest is always that for four-year-olds, fresh from the breeder's hands, just as they come to a fair, before they have been made up by dealers or exhibitors. The Islington judges, however, seemed to have entirely ignored the condition that this class was for horses intended to make hunters. The colt selected by them as the best, Comet by Newmarket, was bought by Mr. Cattle at last Lincoln Fair for 80*l*. This is a level-made colt enough, but rather on the small side, light of bone, and with joints that do not look like wearing. Their next selection, Mr. Harvey Bayly's The Merchant, by Cavendish, although never likely to be up to much weight, is all liberty, and goes like winning a steeplechase. But what shall we say of their commendation of a mere weed, which at the best might make a lady's riding horse? At the same time they were passing over several upstanding young horses that a fairly heavy hunting man would like to have in his stable. We had a good look at Mr. Andrew Brown's Victor by King Victor, the Manchester winner, a fine bloodlike colt with very deep girth and splendid legs, but his hind parts are scarcely in keeping with his fore, his quarters want filling up and his second thighs are somewhat deficient in muscle. Any

chance of scoring a win was quite done away with by his appearing to be slightly lame on the near hind leg from a recent accident. A colt that we took a great fancy for was Mr. John Elliot's Royal Charlie by Blood Royal, bought by his present owner from the breeder at last Punchestown Races, remarkably powerful and bloodlike, but which one of the judges condemned as being 'too big.' Mr. Foord Newton showed a strong useful colt by Promised Land, bred in Dumfries-shire, which, although not possessing the quality of the two last-named, is sure to grow into a weight carrier. The Stand Stud Company of Manchester exhibited a very big but well made chestnut colt, perhaps a little long on the leg, by Vulcan, which the judges would not look at. This colt had won the three-year-old prize last year at the Kilburn Show. But size and scope seemed to be at a discount in the show-yard at Islington. We fully expected that the champion prize for the best hunter in the show would have fallen to the lot of Black Jack, but that honour was bestowed upon the Duke of Hamilton's horse. We were not present at the judging of the hacks and riding horses, but we heard that Gipsy Jack followed the example set him by his betters, and declared, in the forcible language peculiar to himself, that the horse placed before his own was nothing better than a butcher's hack.

How we always enjoy the pleasant gathering of the horsey world upon the sunny slope of Alexandra Park! Nor was this year an exception, although we were sorry to miss from the ring-side the familiar faces of many from York, Lincoln, Devon, and other shires, who, in consequence of the badness of the times, had remained at home upon their farms. It was a piping hot day as we took up our accustomed position under the shade of the Grand Stand, with a very good lot of four-year-old hunters parading before us. The greater space at Alexandra Park enabled The Merchant to show his action to better advantage, and the judges could not get away from awarding him the first prize, and then placed Mr. Rawnsley's The Rock by Cricklade, a low, old-fashioned stamp of horse, and a good mover as well, second. The latter has, however, rather a common head, and his hocks are exceedingly small. The third one, Mr. Darrell's Barton by East Coast, has decidedly short shoulders. We should have preferred Mr. Lett's Landlady by The Baron, one of the late Sir George Cholmeley's breed, a good goer in all her paces; but then, you see, small animals were still in the ascendant. In the class for hunters up to not less than 12 stone, or more than 14 stone, Black Jack appeared in the ring, looking better than ever, when suddenly it was perceived that he was lame. Whether this arose from his having been recently shod, or whether it was from an incipient splent, Professor Coleman, who was called in, was unable to determine. Under these circumstances the judges disqualified the horse, and in the propriety of that course Mr. Harvey Bayly, like a good sportsman, thoroughly acquiesced. The red rosette was thereupon handed to the rider of Cigarette, beating Waverley and a very middling lot of others.

For hunters up to not less than 14 stone the judges had little difficulty in placing Gentleman first, Whitebait second, and Cashbox, the property of a lady from Cheltenham, that went as well as anything in the show, third. They highly commended Mr. Hall's Osman Pacha by General Peel, which might well be called 'a useful horse,' seeing that his owner, a heavy man, hunted him twice a week all last season with the Heythrop and Warwickshire hounds, rode him in his troop of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, and used him upon his farm on odd days. The champion prize was a foregone conclusion for Gentleman, but we should have much liked to have seen him and Black



Jack fight their battle over again before the more experienced judges who did duty at Alexandra Park. Those gentlemen concluded their labours by giving the first prize for hacks and roadsters to Perfection, a very beautiful chesnut horse, for which the Earl of Breadalbane had given Mr. Fred Allen a hatful of money. Gipsy Jack called it 'a foreigner,' but its pedigree, 'by 'King Tom, dam by Woodpecker,' sounds 'genuine Saxon by the soul of 'Hengist.'

The cricket match between the Huntsmen and the Jockey's at Lord's in the Derby week was hardly the success, from one point of view, that its zealous promoters hoped for. Not that it failed in a pecuniary sense. The receipts were good, we believe, and the two excellent institutions for whose benefit the match was played have received welcome additions to their funds. But the match was not what it was intended to be, certainly not what the M.C.C., when they granted the use of the ground, intended, nor what those gentlemen, who, on behalf of the huntsmen, interested themselves in getting up the match, intended either. We refer to the presence of the amateur element among the jockeys, which we have reason to know gave the greatest dissatisfaction, not only to the Committee of the M.C.C., but to the club generally. It was expressly understood that professional jockeys were alone to play, as huntsmen (in the common meaning of the word) were alone to compose the opposite eleven. No master who hunts his own hounds, and who, therefore, is certainly in one sense a huntsman, thought of playing on that side, and it was confidently anticipated that the same rule would apply to the jockeys. It was therefore with much surprise that the names of Captain Middleton, and Messrs. Cunningham and Birkett, were found among the Jockeys' Eleven, and that in violation of a direct understanding that amateurs were not to play. Those gentlemen who had more particularly exerted themselves in getting up the match, Hon. Robert Grimston, Mr. W. N. Heysham, &c., were much annoyed, for they knew the ground would never have been granted, nor would the privilege of lunching in the members' writing room (only allowed in Oxford v. Cambridge, and Eton v. Harrow matches) been given. We feel sure that Mr. McGeorge, who took a great deal of trouble in getting together the jockeys' team, did all he could to make it what it was intended to be, and it is to be regretted that his efforts were not successful. Great disappointment was expressed at Custance not playing, which we believe he was anxious to do. If this match is to go on and be an annual affair, and we believe the M.C.C. will see that the Saturday in the Derby week is reserved for it, it must be on the understanding that it is strictly confined to professionals. If this provision is complied with, then the club will give the ground, &c., but not otherwise. The match was not intended to be the one-sided affair which the introduction of amateurs made it this time, but to be really a sporting match, a fair stand-up fight, not marred by petty jealousies and private piques, and we trust next year that so it will be. Everyone hopes this, and we believe if the conditions on which the match was based are complied with, it will become a very popular fixture.

We must add to our gastronomic notes in a 'Van' or two back the mention of another candidate for gourmand suffrages, and one likely, we think, to take an A 1 place on the roll. All our readers, of course, know the Grand Hotel, for it is not at all the sort of building born to blush unseen, or waste its sweetness on the London air. There may be differences of opinion about its architectural beauties as it presents what we may call its bows to Trafalgar Square and the Nelson Column, but there can be but one

on its internal economy, and, what we are at this moment chiefly concerned in, the excellence of its *cuisine*. Furnished throughout with a luxury and taste hitherto foreign in English hotels, the management of the Grand have evidently directed their best thoughts and energies to the way in which the guests of all nations flocking thither shall be fed. The outcome of these thoughts and energies is, as far as we can judge from *table d'hôte* experiences, very high perfection. In a *salle* of noble proportions, where the light is tempered by stained glass, and the footfall is hushed by double pile, where attentive and well-drilled *garçons* move noiselessly, and the hum of small talk so spreads itself that no ear is offended, is served every day from six to eight a very good dinner indeed. We have tried it on two or three occasions, and can speak of it in high terms. The price is moderate, everything is served hot, there is the greatest liberality, and what particularly recommends it to us is the excellence of the service, and the absence of noise. We dined in company with some hundred and fifty people, and if we had closed our eyes should not have been aware of the fact. The heretofore inevitable clatter of a *table d'hôte* was hushed. Beyond the popping of an occasional cork, and a subdued murmur of many voices, there was nothing to remind us that it was 'feeding-time.' Now this is a very noteworthy circumstance, one that, combined with well-cooked and delicately-flavoured food, immediately enlisted our sympathies with the Grand Hotel. There must be a head at the head of affairs, and a *chef* among *chefs* in that establishment. We are speaking as one of the outer crowd—the tribe of London diners-out who are only too glad to welcome any addition to the places where they can get a really good dinner, and, what to an Englishman is always such a recommendation, their *quid pro quo*. If the *table d'hôte* at the Grand is an example of the rest of the hotel, if the stranger and foreigner is as well cared for in other respects, as are we the *flâneurs* of London life, then is the new venture an institution of which our metropolis may be proud. It has been rather a reproach to us as a nation within the last half century that we did not contrast favourably with other countries in our hotel management; but this reproach we think recent additions to our London caravansaries have taken away from us. With the Midland, the Charing Cross, and the Grand, we can hold up our heads, and no one shall make us ashamed.

With the advent of the cricket season, an invention avowedly with the object of abolishing not only the old-fashioned net, but also the hitherto indispensable 'man behind the stumps,' has been brought forward by Mr. Jeffery, one of the masters connected with Epsom College. As is implied by its name, 'the Fag' is capable of taking and returning, through a shute, to the bowler's feet, bowling as fast as Jackson's or as slow as V. E. Walker's. The contrivance, which is anything but a cumbersome one, has been subjected to several highly satisfactory trials at Lord's, under the superintendence of Alfred Shaw, and bids fair to become an acquisition to the cricket field. We wish the new venture every success.

Mr. Belton, of 26, St. Paul's Crescent, Camden Town, has produced, quarto size, a very graphic photograph of the crowd in Fleet Street opposite the 'Sporting Life' office, on the Derby day, waiting the arrival of the news. It is a marvel of photographic art, and powerfully illustrative of the public interest taken in the great race.





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